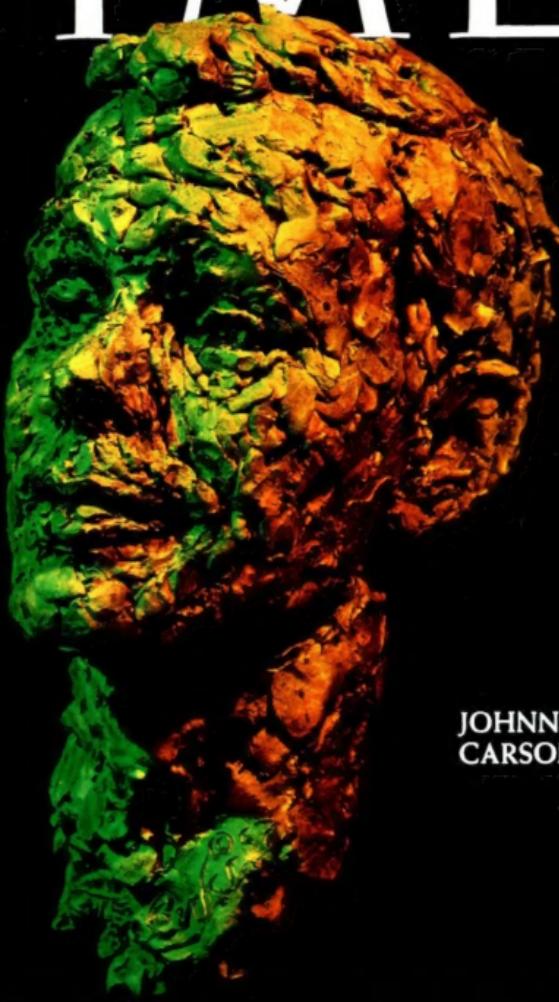


FIFTY CENTS

MAY 19, 1967

HUMOR IN THE NIGHT

TIME



JOHNNY
CARSON

VOL. 89 NO. 20

1967 U.S. PAT. OFF.



Note: Our "steeplechase" Ford came from a dealer showroom floor, with standard suspension and tires, and heavy-duty shocks (available as optional equipment). Only addition: a skidplate underneath the car to further protect the oil pan.

Ford puts you ahead with strength that stands up to the toughest kind of tests. The strongest, quietest Ford we've ever built still rode new-Ford quiet after a pell-mell chase over eight punishing steeplechase jumps. That's strong.

The "almost perfect" Ford Custom scored 29 out of a possible 30 points in acceleration, braking and fuel economy in the Union/Pure Oil Performance Trials—an all-time record.

FORD

You're ahead in a Ford...
quieter because it's stronger;
stronger because it's better built.



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Avoid Runaway Cooling

Get a Whirlpool Air Conditioner. It knows when to stop.



Who needs a pain in the neck?

The thermostat shuts off your air conditioner's cooling unit automatically when the room temperature gets below where you set it. And it turns it on again when the room temperature climbs above that setting.

Simple? Yes.

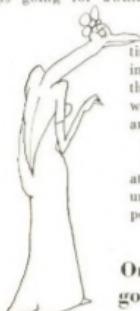
Effective? Not quite.

Even though the cooling unit shuts off, the cooling process still keeps going for awhile.

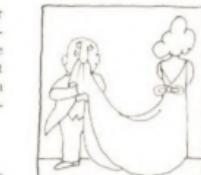
Long enough to pull the temperature down below your thermostat setting. And if you think this runaway cooling doesn't make much difference, just think back to how you shivered when you walked into those chilly movie theaters and department stores last year.

So what do you do?

Well, you can always set the thermostat at a higher level. But then the cooling unit won't go back on until the room temperature gets that high, too. Which means



Or bareback goose pimples?



Or summer sniffles?

Before you go running out in a panic to buy an air conditioner after a few blistering, sleepless nights this summer, simmer down.

You could end up jumping out of the frying pan and into the freezer.

You see, almost any air conditioner of the right capacity can do a good job of cooling things off. Sometimes too good, in fact. That's why it has a thermostat.

you get warm again before you get cool again.

Of course, you can keep getting up to change the thermostat setting. But then you become more automatic than your air conditioner.

Actually, there's a much simpler way to handle the problem. Just buy a Whirlpool air conditioner.

Whirlpools smooth out the ups and downs of the cooling cycle.

Because we've given them a special sensing device called Comfort Guard® control—a sort of thermostat for the thermostat.

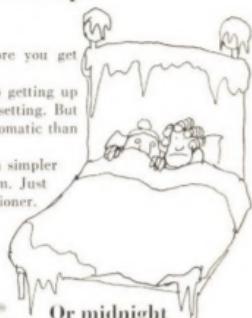
With Comfort Guard control, you don't get cooling overdose or underdose.

It simply shuts the cooling unit off before the temperature gets down to your thermostat setting.

And it starts it going again before the temperature gets above the thermostat setting.

You might say it thinks ahead.

Which is all we're really asking you to do.



Or midnight frostbite?

 **Whirlpool**



come
on
strong!!

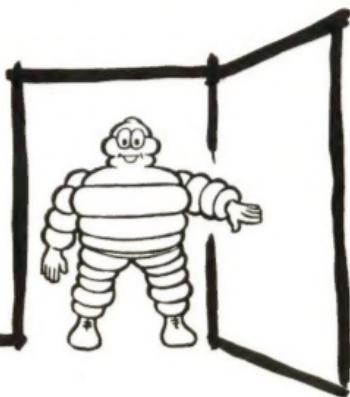
CLOTHES BY PARADISO/SHAW, TAILORING BY KILLING BY SERENDIPITY 3.

Get that "strangers-in-the-night" feeling in Forward Fashion Suits. With the exclusive Daroff slim silhouette. The last word in elegant color. You're with it all the way in the Forward Fashion Suit by 'Botany' 500.

Wear it. Compare it. Even to higher-priced clothes. See what the Daroff Personal Touch can do for you. See smarter fit. Looks that last. Superior, pre-tested fabrics—exclusive Dacron® and worsted blends. Looking for the hand-tailoring and quality that pay dividends in satisfaction? Discover 'Botany' 500 Forward Fashion Suits \$69.95 to \$110.00, Sport Coats \$45.00 to \$69.95, Slacks \$18.95 to \$32.95.

'BOTANY' 500 tailored by **DAROFF**

For name of nearest 'Botany' 500 dealer, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Industries). Prices slightly higher in the West. Linings Sanitized® treated for hygienic freshness. Also available in Canada, Peru and Australia.



Have we ever met? My name is Bibendum, the Michelin tire man. I've been making tires since 1891. In fact, I was the first to put cars on tires. Today, I'm still opening new doors in the tire industry. For more information write:



MICHELIN TIRE CORPORATION
P.O. BOX 217, Woodside, N.Y., 11377



Don Q was meant for better things.

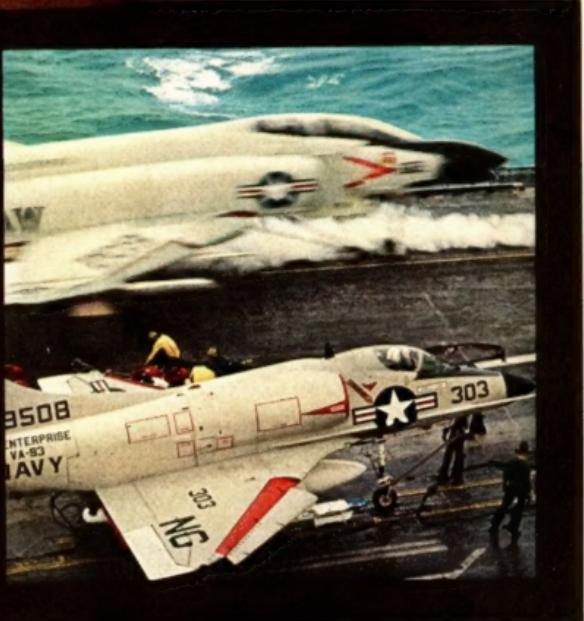


Like rum and soda. And rum on the rocks. Where you can appreciate the exceptionally light, dry, smooth flavor of Don Q.

A lot of people prefer Don Q in their Daiquiris for those very qualities. All we can say to that is, Salud!

PUERTO RICAN RUM, 80 & 151 PROOF, DON Q IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA.

The problem we shared: The Navy needed an aircraft carrier catapult grease. The grease, in addition, should be suitable for use in automotive and ground support service. It should be able to function in (1) low speed, (2) high load, (3) salt water and (4) live steam environments. **And solved:** An American Oil research team developed SUPERMIL® Grease No. 94532. SUPERMIL Grease passes all requirements for load, resistance to corrosion, oil separation, boiling water immersion, evaporation resistance, high temperature performance and stability in storage. Do you have a lubrication problem? Come to the company willing to share it. With the resources big enough to handle it. STANDARD OIL DIVISION, AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois 60680.



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CR1



Families are bored at most big hotel chains.
Not at Loew's. Loew's Hotels have different personalities
and come in different sizes, just like families do.

Some are right in the middle of big city excitement. Some are right
on the beach with built-in excitement. There's one perfect for
your vacation, considerate of your budget.

*And in just six short years, families who like to have fun together
have made Loew's one of the three largest hotel corporations in the world.
That's why families will always be important to Loew's Hotels.*

*All Loew's, each different: New York City: The Regency, The Drake,
The Warwick, The Americana, The Summit, City Squire Motor Inn,
Loew's Midtown Motor Inn. Chicago: The Hotels Ambassador.
San Francisco: The Mark Hopkins. Miami Beach: The Americana of Bal Harbour.
Puerto Rico: The Americana of San Juan.*

At City Squire Motor Inn

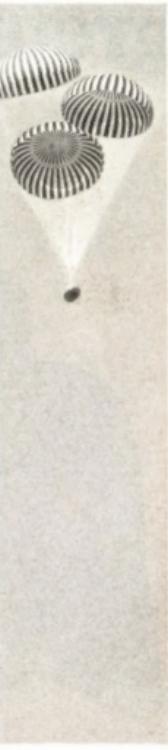
This family doesn't know how big or important we are.
But we know how important they are.

That's the big difference at



Preston Robert Tisch, President

The five Northrops.



Aircraft.

We make the F-5 tactical fighter, which is operational or on order for the air forces of 15 Free World nations. It is also fighting in Vietnam for the U.S. Air Force. Our T-38 is the world's only supersonic trainer, the safest trainer in USAF history. We make portions of all Boeing 707 and 720 commercial aircraft and will make major sections of the giant Boeing 747 and the SST supersonic transport.

Communications.

Our subsidiary Page Communications Engineers designs and installs communications networks of every kind and size on every continent. Customers range from newly emergent nations to the U.S. Department of Defense. Page is also leading the world in the design and technology of mobile earth stations for satellite communications.

We hold a one-third interest in the United States Underseas Cable Corporation. We recently acquired the Hallicrafters Corporation, a leading manufacturer of short-wave transmitting and receiving equipment.

Weaponry.

Our activity in developing advanced weapons is mostly secret but is broadly based. It covers such areas as airborne countermeasures systems, missile and rocket launchers, warheads, battlefield illumination, underwater demolition, rockets, and chemical warfare items.

Electronics.

Our work in electronics covers a broad range of advanced technology. We have pioneered in the development of automatic test systems, electro-optical trackers, inertial sensors, inertial guidance and navigation systems for missiles, aircraft and surface ships; airborne computers, information display systems, and voice warning and monitoring systems.

Space.

We have designed and built two wingless research aircraft to test landing concepts for tomorrow's space vehicles. We are responsible for the structure and mechanical subsystems of the 1969 *Mariner Mars* spacecraft. We are designing and building a third OV-2 satellite for the U.S. Air Force, and we have many support responsibilities for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at Huntsville, Houston, and Edwards Air Force Base.

We make the parachute landing systems that bring all U.S. manned space vehicles down to earth.

Hertz has a home for grounded stewardesses.



If you've decided to turn in your wings just because you've gotten married, we have a place for you.

Behind a Hertz counter.

And we guarantee you'll feel right at home. Because we have a lot of former stewardesses working for us. And nobody knows how to take care of people better than a stewardess.

There'll be times when you'll have to return a smile after being presented with a scowl. You know how.

There'll be times when someone will ask for a special kind of car, other than the kind

that was reserved.

You're good at getting things.

There'll come a time when you'll set a new speed record for filling out a rental agreement, and the customer may ask why it took you so long. And you won't say what you're thinking.

There'll be a time when a customer will ask you to do something that isn't really your job. But you'll do it.

Because that's the way things are done at Hertz.

Having employees who do more than just

their jobs is what makes number one, number one.

And now that we have a competitor who's trying very hard to make us number two, we can't afford anything less.

So naturally, we're after you. You've graduated from the best training school there is.



Hertz rents Fords and other good cars.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO WORK FOR HERTZ, WRITE: DEPT. E, 660 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10021 AND WE'LL SEND YOU AN APPLICATION. ALL QUALIFIED APPLICANTS WILL RECEIVE CONSIDERATION FOR EMPLOYMENT WITHOUT REGARD TO SEX, RACE, COLOR OR NATIONAL ORIGIN.

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Now. Precise movie exposures automatically... our solid-state electric eye is behind the zoom lens.



Start at wide angle. The Optronic Eye gives you perfect exposure automatically. Now . . .



zoom in. You still get exact exposure as the Optronic Eye sees only what the film sees.

The BELL & HOWELL touch: we did more than just give our new Super 8 camera an automatic exposure system. We gave it our precise solid-state Optronic Eye[®], developed through years of intensive research. And we placed it where it belongs—behind the zoom lens—to measure only the exact light that exposes the film.

Indoors or out, the Optronic Eye gives you perfect exposures every time; whether you power zoom from wide angle to extreme closeup, or from brightest light to dimmest shade. All you do is concentrate on the action.

And what action! With exclusive Power Focus, this superb 5-to-1 zoom camera gives you razor-sharp shots every time. (You get the same basic lens system we designed for the Surveyor Moon Shot Program.) And you can go into dramatic slow motion instantly—right in the middle of a shot.

The Bell & Howell touch? More than a promise, it's a commitment to extra precision and care that makes all our cameras fine photographic instruments. Isn't it time you gave your movies the Bell & Howell touch?

You'll need a new projector to show Super 8 movies. We have a brand new one that shows both Super 8 and regular 8mm.



BELL & HOWELL



Shakespeare's Works,
the Mini-dress and Gordon's Gin.
Ah, the great things England
has given us all.

Think that over, as you
sip a martini made with
glorious Gordon's dry gin.
Created by Alexander Gordon
in England, 1769.



Gordon's Gin

Biggest selling gin in England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U.K. 40% alc/vol. © 1968, Gordon's Gin Ltd., London, E.C. 1.

What will the English think of next?

Carrier.
The winterized air conditioner.



Winters can be as hard on air conditioning equipment as summers. Maybe harder. That's why Carrier units have Weather Armor to protect the entire casing and critical internal parts. This all-weather metal even takes scratches and dents without rusting. Another reason why more people put their confidence in Carrier than in any other make.

Carrier

Air Conditioning Company

Dacron®...in swinging stripes.

WONDERFUL THINGS HAPPEN WHEN
YOU WEAR A HASPEL WITH DACRON®.
Just try this slim, trim pinstripe. After a day
at the office, it's ready to go where the fun is!

The fabric? A cool tropical of 65% Dacron®
polyester, 35% Orlon® acrylic. Feels great,
looks great. Through all kinds of action, in all
kinds of weather. About \$50.

Ask for a Haspel EXEMPLAR® suit with
"Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

*DuPont registered trademark. DuPont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



Better Things for Better Living
...through Chemistry



Tom Hansen built his business on planning, perseverance and a Ph.D.

How can he pass this on to his kids?



We're not much on genetics. Our line is money management.

And when a person with unusual talents has made money, we can put that money to work, making more money for his heirs.

We administer trusts, manage estates, supervise investments. We advise, consent, research, explore, suggest, caution, encourage, and direct.

Investments? We have research analysts on our staff who do nothing but track and evaluate securities in all major areas of industry.

We also have experts in real estate, agriculture, petroleum, gas, and many other specialized invest-

ment fields. And our trust officers, who supervise your accounts, meet regularly with you and our various specialists so that this fund of knowledge may be applied most effectively to your personal needs.

May we meet with you and your lawyer to talk about your estate?

Just call 828-3530 and tell us when.

CONTINENTAL BANK

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231 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



We've changed our name, but not our job!

Effective April 17, the Goodman Division of Westinghouse Air Brake Company, Chicago, Illinois officially donned a new name. It is:

**Westinghouse Air Brake Company
Mining Equipment Division
4834 South Halsted Street
Chicago, Illinois 60609**

The only change will be one of identification. The same organization will conduct the same manufacturing operations from the same locations as in the past—and produce the same

high quality equipment for mining, construction and general industry applications.

Purpose of the change? To better identify our association with Westinghouse Air Brake Co.—one of America's 300 largest industrial complexes, with plants in thirteen states and offices throughout the free world. WABCO produces 35 major product lines, ranging from micro-miniature satellite components to rock crushers and mass transit control systems. So the name WABCO on our

products carries the added assurance of fine quality from a company which has commanded worldwide respect since 1869.

WABCO

Where a blend of technologies—hydraulics, electronics, geology, pneumatics, physics, biochemistry, avionics—brings forth products for the world's profits.

If Rose's is made for gin gimlets and vodka gimlets, what's it doing in a brandy gimlet? (And a rum gimlet?)



Some people think a gimlet is a small carpenter's tool. And some people think a gimlet is a delightful mixture of one part Rose's lime juice to four or five parts gin or vodka.

But there is still another group. They mix our lime juice with brandy or rum. That's a gimlet to them.

To these nonconformists we say, "Bravo!"

Our Rose's adds a calypso twist to distinctive brandy and rum flavors. Why? Because Rose's is made of tropical limes, sun-yellow Caribbean limes from the island of Dominica. Rose's isn't as tart as green untropical limes. Not as sweet as ordinary lime juice. It's tart-sweet. Deliciously calypsonian.

What about a bourbon gimlet? Well, a Rose's by any other name...

If you were a producer of quality steel roof deck, would you have the guts to list your name with the "big guns of the industry"?*

Why not?

Deck is our middle name.

Metal Deck, Inc.

Wheeling Steel

H. H. Robertson

Republic Steel

Inland Steel

Ceco Steel

Bowman Steel

*The boss's mother is working with us part-time, and typed this ad. If there are any errors, blame them on a mother's love.

METAL DECK, INC.

Pittsburgh, Pa. East Brunswick, N.J.

Out of the 1,266 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange,

which should you buy?

The stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange represent a wide diversity of investment opportunities.

There are opportunities for dividend income. At the end of 1966, 361 common stocks had yields of 5% or more (calculated by dividing dividends paid during the year by the price at the end of the year). 172 stocks had yields of 6% or more.

There are opportunities for long-term growth. During the past 10 years, the average price of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has about doubled.

There are opportunities for capital gains. In the first three months of this year, 590 common stocks increased 20% or more in price.

Some stocks declined in price

during the first quarter — 106 of them. But even these represented money-making possibilities for the speculative-minded, since they could have been sold short.

As an investor, you want to know which stocks are going to go up in price, which are going to drop precipitously, and which are going to pay healthy dividends in 1967 and future years.

Nobody can give you positive, sure answers. But it is generally agreed that the best way of determining the probabilities is a combination of:

1. Collecting and correlating voluminous up-to-date information about specific companies, economic conditions, business developments, etc.

2. Having this information analyzed by competent, skilled, experienced security analysts —



Walston & Co.

a staff large enough so that there may be specialists in specific activities and groups of stocks.

3. Analyzing recent price patterns of hundreds of stocks.

That's what the people in our investment research departments do. From thousands of common stocks, preferred stocks, and bonds traded on the exchanges and over-the-counter — from the many possibilities in commodity futures — our research people select those they believe are most likely to make money for investors.

It's the job of our account executives to match these wealth-seeking ideas with the needs and desires of our clients.

So if you're wondering which of the thousands of possible investment moves you should make next, visit a Walston & Co. office.

Ask a Walston & Co. account executive for some useful wealth-seeking ideas.

Walston & Co.

has 94 offices located from coast to coast and overseas, with two in Metropolitan Chicago. One office is located at 111 West Jackson Blvd., Telephone (312) 427-7100. And the other office is located at 201 South La Salle St., Telephone (312) FRanklin 2-4900.

stock brokers stay at The Hotel of La Salle Street

because...

It's located right in the heart of Chicago's financial center. The Midwest Stock Exchange is just a few steps away. Guest accommodations are second to none with meeting rooms for 15 up to 1000 people for conferences, banquets and meetings.



La Salle

The Hotel of La Salle Street

La Salle at Madison

Chicago

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 17

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 8-10:45 p.m.): Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Myrna Loy and Ina Balin star in *From the Terrace* (1960), based on John O'Hara's novel.

Thursday, May 18

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.): The summer replacement for Stage 67 will be a series of 16 specials on subjects in the news. First off the ticker: "Free Press, Fair Trial," a transatlantic debate conducted via satellite by leading jurists and journalists in Britain and the U.S.

Friday, May 19

CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.): *Because They're Young* (1960), with Dick Clark riding herd on a bunch of rambunctious high-school students, among them Tuesday Weld, Michael Callan, James Darren and Duane Eddy.

Saturday, May 20

COLONIAL NATIONAL INVITATIONAL (ABC, 4:55 p.m.): Australia's Bruce Devlin defends his title against 71 top golfers vying for the \$115,000 purse. Live from the Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth, Texas. (Continued Sunday afternoon, 4:30 p.m.)

THE PREAKNESS (CBS, 5:55-6:45 p.m.): The second of the three classics that make up thoroughbred racing's Triple Crown. Live from Pimlico Race Track in Baltimore.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.): The Grand Prix of Monaco, second of ten auto races toward the 1967 World Driving Championships, plus the third annual Masters Surfing Championship, from Redondo Beach, Calif.

PICCADILLY PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.): Britain's answer to the *Hollywood Palace* with British comedians Eric Morecambe and Ernie Wise and Pop Singer Millie Martin. The Dave Clark Five guest stars. Premiere.

MISS U.S.A. BEAUTY PAGEANT (CBS, 10:15-11:30 p.m.): One girl will be chosen from 15 semifinalists to represent the U.S. at this summer's Miss Universe Beauty Pageant. June Lockhart, Buddy Greco and Bob Barker will emcee the broadcast live from Miami Beach. Among the judges: Benny Goodman and Columnist Hy Gardner.

Sunday, May 21

LAMP UNTO MY FEET (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.): Donald Swann, singing half of the British comedy team of Flanders & Swann, presents a folio of carols to "Sing Round the Year."

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6:45-7 p.m.): Giendesci Domemaker Buckminster Fuller, *Scientific American* Editor Gerard Piel, Biochemist Isaac Asimov, French Journalist Bertrand de Jouvenel and New York Times Science Editor Walter Sullivan assume roles of "The Futurists," discussing what the next century holds for mankind.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.): Dinah Shore, Comedian Alan King and Dancer Peter Gennaro. Live from Monreal's Expo 67.

THE SAINT (NBC, 10-11 p.m.): Simon Templar (Roger Moore), alias "The Saint," finds that he makes a devil of a

All times E.D.T.

TIME, MAY 19, 1967



Millions of housewives in 25 states cook with natural gas we supply to their areas.

You might say we're home on the range.

Tenneco has a finger, culinarily speaking, in a lot of pies and cakes and roasts and steaks that go on our nation's table.

As America's largest pipeline system, we supply natural gas through a 14,000-mile network . . . \$460 millions worth annually. Enough gas to cook the meals and heat the homes of a city like Nashville for over 80 years.

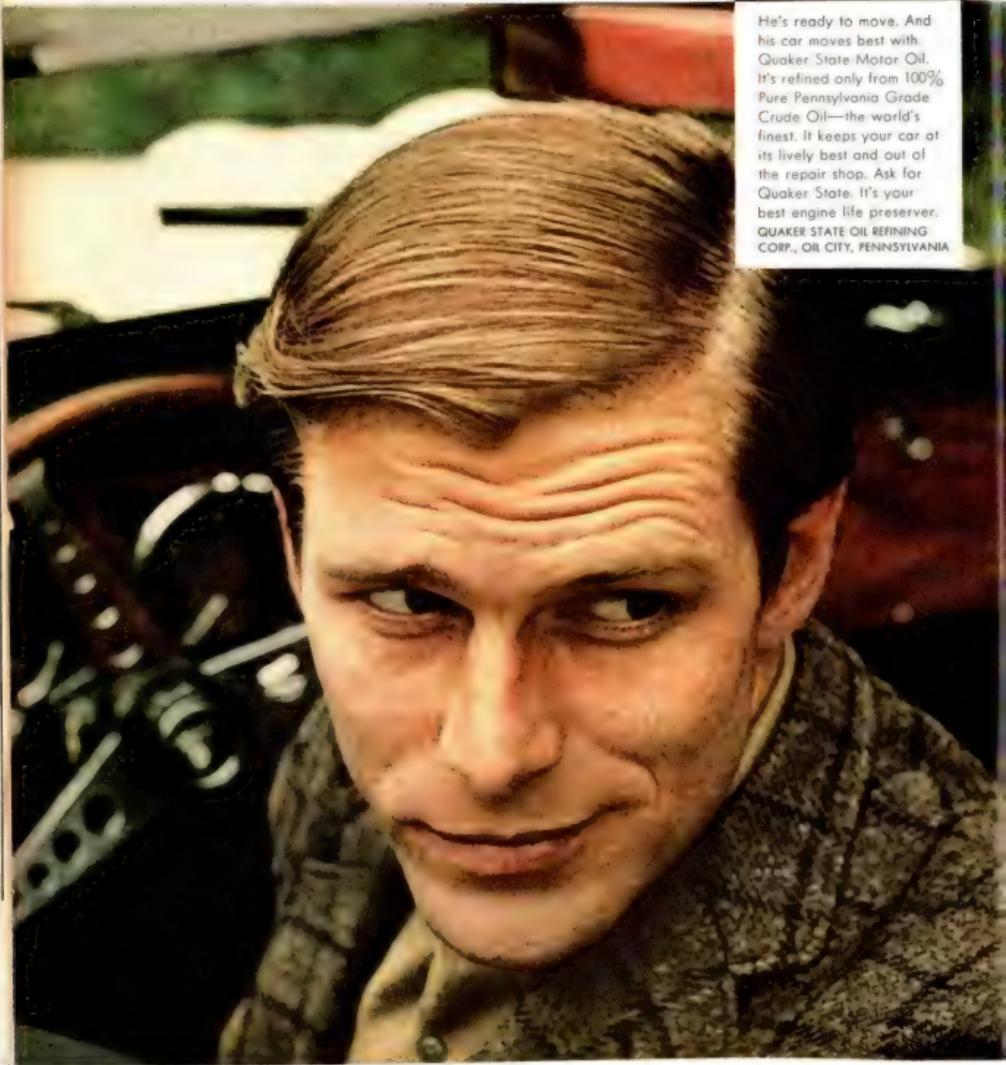
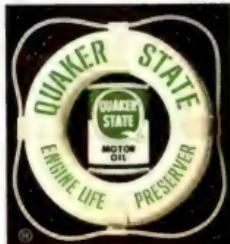
Healthy business—pipelining natural gas.

Still it's only one part of the growing world of Tenneco. We're also big in oil. And chemicals. And packaging. Put them all together and you have a 3 billion dollar industrial complex. Strong in four basic areas and growing yearly in each.

Which means that, if we plastered our name on everything we have a hand in, life might look like one big Tenneco billboard. Inside and outside the kitchen.

 **TENNECO INC.**

Quaker State your car_to keep it running young



He's ready to move. And his car moves best with Quaker State Motor Oil. It's refined only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the world's finest. It keeps your car at its lively best and out of the repair shop. Ask for Quaker State. It's your best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



Ever been across on the ferry?

The big ferry?
To Europe?

Every week one of our big ferries
leaves America for Europe.
And one leaves Europe for America.
More people sail with us
than with anyone else.
And a lot of the people who hurry over on
hurryplanes kind of wish they did too.

We have smooth British service.
We have spacious rooms, good food and
good times on the trip over.

And our big ferries are called the Queen Mary
and the Queen Elizabeth, which people like as well.
The first time or the next time you go
to Europe — enjoy the trip.
Hop on the ferry.
It sails every week from Pier 92, New York.

The big ferry

CUNARD

See your travel agent or write to us, 25 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004 • All Cunard liners are of British registry.

Like father, like son, like daughter... Like everybody likes BAJAZZO

Dad's day, grad's day, weddings in June, birthdays soon... every day's THE DAY when you give a Bajazzo portable radio by Telefunken. They zoom in world stations with the glorious sound of Telefunken. They play on battery or house current, or plug into the car battery and fill the countryside with concert volume melody. Car, beach or patio, Bajazzo is the swinging portable. Four masterpiece models, fully transistorized—more electronic marvels than any $12\frac{1}{2}$ radio at any price. Give them Bajazzo and they'll get the message.

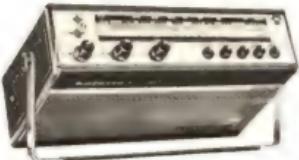


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target in *The Death Game*, a new series of Saint stories about the 20th century Robin Hood. Premiere.

Monday, May 22

PERRY COMO'S KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Perry plays host to Canadian Singer Monique Leyrac. Pianist Oscar Peterson and Comedian Don Rice.

Tuesday, May 23

THE NATIONAL DRIVERS TEST (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). All new questions on auto safety will be asked on this 1967 sequel to previous tests. The show is timed to alert drivers to the hazards of Memorial Day weekend travel.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). *Crime and Punishment*, Dostoevsky's tale of murder and eventual reckoning, starring David Collins and Patricia Hayes.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "UNIVERSITY POWER: A Conversation with Clark Kerr." The University of California's ex-president talks about higher education—it's past, its future, and its problems.

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING. Robert Anderson taps a rich vein of comedy in four playlets that deal with sex on the stage, sex in middle age, as a parental concern, as a dimming memory. Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard give a high polish to each nugget of humor.

THE HOMECOMING. In his play about the prodigal family of a visiting son, Harold Pinter uses words as the sea uses waves, catching his audience up in an inexorable rhythm, washing over them with sound, bringing forth currents and undercurrents of meaning.

BLACK COMEDY. Fireworks are best in the dark, and when the lights blow out in a London flat, a situation fraught with friction sets off sparks of hilarity. An agile and aerobatic cast keeps Peter Shaffer's latest dramatic exercise in amusing motion.

Off Broadway

TO CLOTHE THE NAKED. As a young governess who dies because she cannot keep alive a fantasy, Kathleen Widdoes handles her role with delicate authority. Although lesser Pirandello, *Naked* still demonstrates the Italian's mastery in dealing with intellectual questions while infusing them with emotional content.

HAMP. Based on a novel by J. L. Hodson, John Wilson's play is a critical examination of a court-martial and its decision in favor of discipline rather than compassion. Robert Salvo is *Private Hamp*, a World War I infantryman condemned to death after his fears and instincts caused him to flee the bloodshed of the front.

RECORDS

Instrumental

HOROWITZ IN CONCERT (Columbia: 2 LPs). Vladimir Horowitz is an artist of ex-erating insight, courage and magnetism. His own nobility leaves no room for banality in song or style—and he therefore gave Columbia a hard time before finally approving the release of these widely varied selections from two 1966 Carnegie Hall recitals. Perfectionist that he may be, Horowitz should rest assured that his most



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hard-bitten critics will find a multitude of moments to cheer in this moving album.

GARY GRAFFMAN: PROKOFIEV PIANO CONCERTOS NOS. 1 AND 3 (Columbia). Some performers create, some dominate, some execute and others merely recite. Gary Graffman executes, and Prokofiev is his perfect victim. Dazzling fireworks abound in this recording of two percussive concertos, and connoisseurs of pyrotechnics will find nothing missing in Graffman's display; others may hunger for heart in this admittedly impressive recording.

VAN CLEBURN: BEETHOVEN "LES ADIEUX" SONATA; MOZART SONATA IN C (RCA Victor). Cliburn's delivery of Beethoven's sonata of cheerful goodbyes and of Mozart's sonata of precise jollity is deft, fey and spacious, but Beethoven and Mozart have been known to reveal greater depths under more sedulously hands.

JACQUELINE DU PRÉ: ELGAR CELLO CONCERTO (Angel). Jacqueline Du Pré has enlisted her soul's services to a sylvan-voiced Strad. Only 22, she already qualifies as an almost unassassable artist, for she is able to make her master instrument sound like a jovial philosopher of impeccable taste and depth. In his down-and-out days, Sir Edward Elgar once taught music at an insane asylum; Du Pré's passionate intelligence spares the old knight's music any such reminiscence.

BENNY GOODMAN: NIELSEN CLARINET CONCERTO (RCA Victor). Those snipers who still underrate Carl Nielsen's compositions and Benny Goodman's artistry should hear this recording and swallow their words. Nielsen wrote his concerto for his favorite clarinetist, a gentleman of limited international fame named Aage Oxenvald. Aage may have been great, but Benny is fully capable of exploiting every ingenious opportunity Nielsen provides to indulge in clean-cut spectacles, while forcing the listener to sway with the wry, often morose moods that the concerto invokes.

FRANCESCATTI PLAYS VIOLIN SPECTACULARS (Columbia). There is enough syrup in some of these "spectaculars" to mend the broken heart of the saddest gypsy—or cocker spaniel. Those who don't fall into these categories will wonder how a fine artist like Zino Francescati could fail to inject backbone into the mournful, ornamental melodies written by Paganini, Farinelli and Vitali.

CINEMA

TWO FOR THE ROAD. Audrey Hepburn is surprisingly good as a Virginia Woolf-club; but Albert Finney is curiously unsympathetic as her husband in a union that keeps going on strike.

CASINO ROYALE. Several fine performances (David Niven, Woody Allen, Deborah Kerr), five directors (including John Huston, \$12 million and the rights to one of Ian Fleming's best James Bond novels have not prevented the movie from overspilling into incoherent vandalee.

NAKED AMONG THE WOLVES. This East German film about a small Jewish boy who is protected from the Nazis by his fellow inmates of Buchenwald is told in a stark documentary style.

ACCIDENT. The scene is Oxford. The story involves a won don (Dirk Bogarde) who tries to be a Don Juan with a male undergraduate while his wife (Vivien Merchant) is pregnant. Harold Pinter wrote the cryptic dialogue. Joseph Losey directed.

LA VIE DE CHATEAU. French Director Jean-Paul Rappeneau has an appetite for

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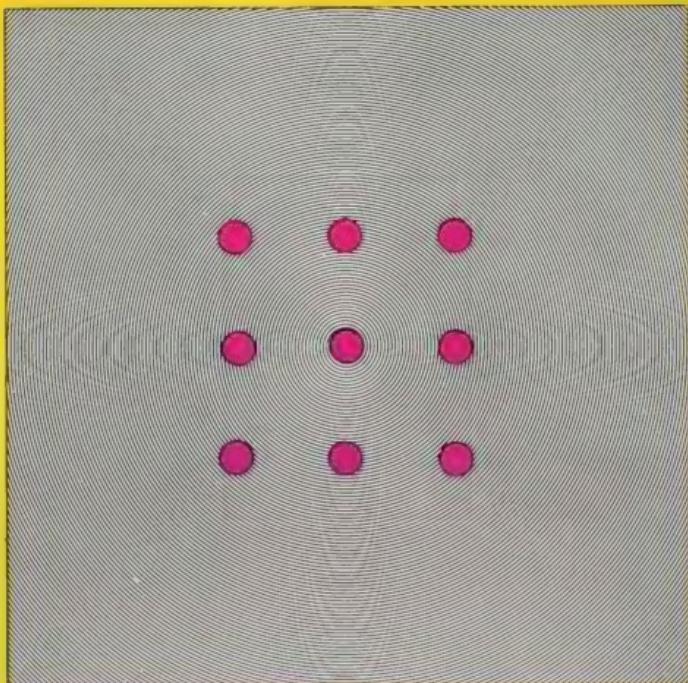
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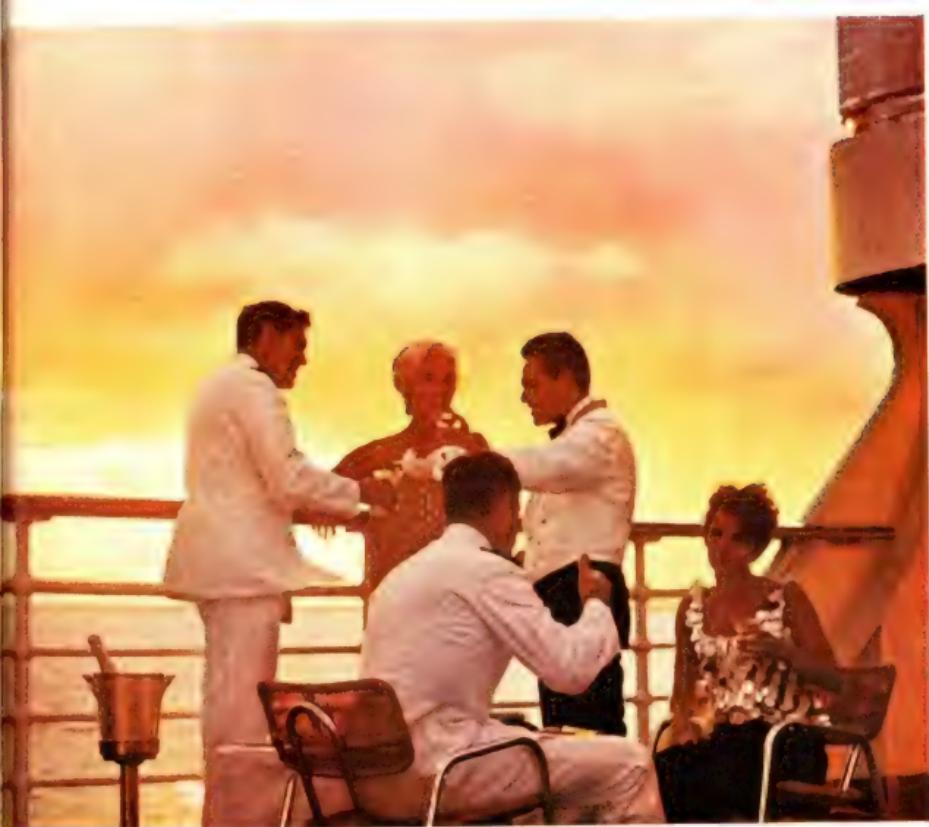
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the absurd and an unerring eye for casting in this fresh and funny farce about how in *Craig* all marriages seem to be divided into three partners.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FALLING HILLS, by Perry Lentz. An excellent first novel about the massacre at Fort Pillow, Tenn., during the Civil War.

TWO TALES, by S. Y. Agnon. In this English translation of his supernatural fables, the 1966 Nobel Prize-winner for Literature emphatically demonstrates for Western readers why his adopted land of Israel counts him a cultural hero.

A MAN CALLED LUCY, by Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet, recounts the career of Swiss-based Master Spy Rudolf ("Lucy") Roessler, who accurately warned the Allies of every invasion from Poland to Russia itself—and was not believed.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER: A HIGHLY SELECTIVE HISTORY OF THE THIRTIES, by Robert Bendiner. A notably underpricing recollection of the idiocies and ideologies that lent a special flavor to the Great Depression.

LANGUAGE AND SILENCE, by George Steiner. At 38, Steiner has earned a name as one of the leading U.S. literary critics and a possible successor to Edmund Wilson. This collection of essays shows why.

WE MAY BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? AND OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE, by Graham Greene. Though sex is the comic ingredient in this collection of short stories, Greene proves that there is no desire so deep as the desire for companionship.

A MEETING BY THE RIVER, by Christopher Isherwood. In his usual charming, disarmingly way, Isherwood tells of a dissembling rascal who tries every psychological wile to keep his saintly brother from taking his final vows as a swami.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, Old (1941). Mathematician-Philosopher Russell's own sprightly account of his early life clearly shows why he is Puck, Pan, Pythagoras and Peer, and helps explain in part why he is such a puzzle.

A SPORT AND A PASTIME, by James Salter. A beautifully evoked love affair between a Yale dropout and a French girl.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (2)
3. *The Secret of Santo Vittorio*, Crichton (3)
4. *Tales of Manhattan*, Anchimloss (5)
5. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (4)
6. *Fathers*, Gold (6)
7. *The Captain*, Dr Hartog (7)
8. *Valley of the Dolls*, Sissann (8)
9. *Go to the Widow-Maker*, Jones (9)
10. *Under the Eye of the Storm*, Hersey (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (1)
2. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (5)
3. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (4)
4. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (2)
5. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (3)
6. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (8)
7. *Gomes People Play*, Betanc (6)
8. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (7)
9. *Disraeli, Blake*
10. *Inside South America*, Gunther (10)

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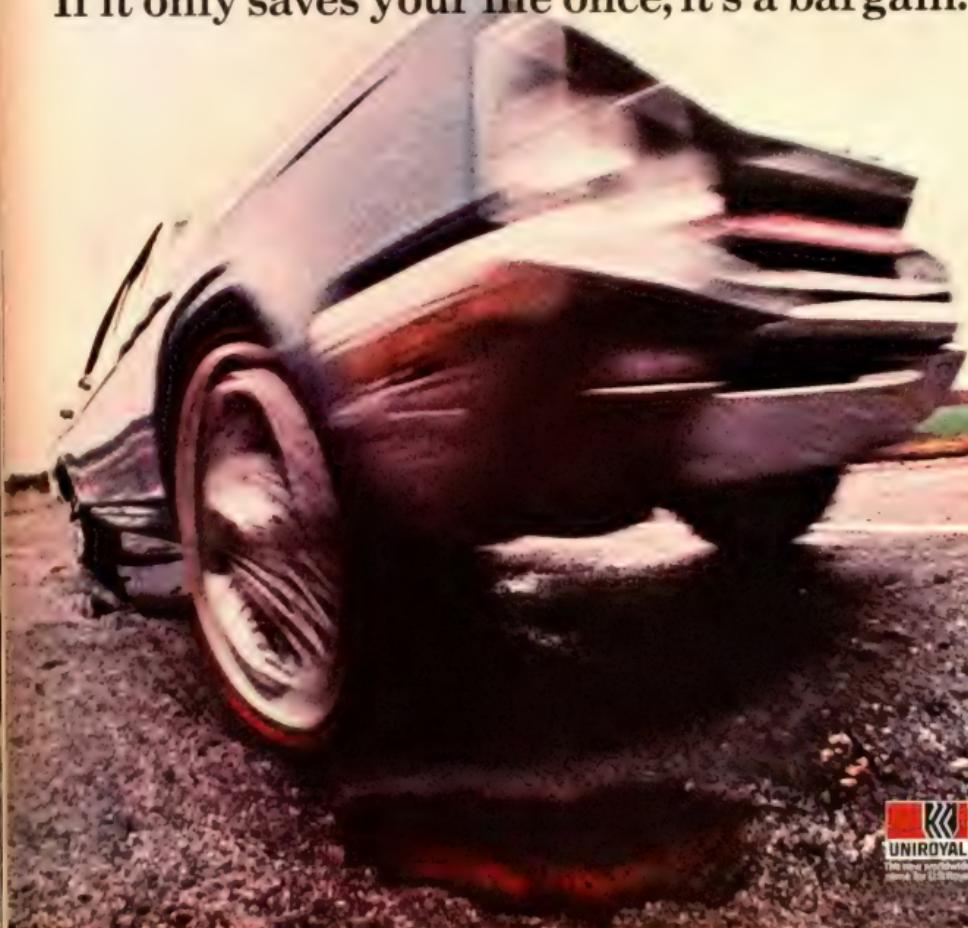
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LETTERS

Lonely Beacons

Sir: Federal Judge Frank Johnson [May 12] and many others like him make it possible for me to have pride in being from Alabama—which is a difficult thing nowadays. In the end it will have to be Alabamians who win the battle of darkness against George Wallace and the ideas that he represents.

THOMAS A. BLOUNT
North Carolina State University
Raleigh

Sir: Your choice of Judge Johnson as a cover subject was a wise, albeit a too-long-delayed one. Many of us native Alabamians have long admired Johnson's clear, courageous and compelling legal decisions—many of them lonely beacons of judicial reason on a small island of sanity in the midst of a wild, raging sea of irrationality.

JIM VICKREY
Auburn University
Auburn, Ala.

Sir: As a former Southerner (I was brought up in Columbus, Ga., and attended Auburn University for a while), I was delighted to see your cover story on Federal Judge Johnson. It is good to see such a sane, sensible, rational and courageous man receive this attention in your magazine. For too long, unfortunately, the South has been characterized in the national news media by people like the Wallaces and other such mongers of hate and prejudice. While, in a democracy, they are entitled to be heard, they have received far more coverage than they deserve. Your article will help to redress this imbalance, I hope, by having presented an excellent portrait of another kind of Southerner and a truly great American.

Judge Johnson would make an excellent Supreme Court Justice, but it would be a shame to take him away from his Alabama district, where he has done such a magnificent job.

CHARLES E. PATTERSON JR.

Assistant Professor of Government
Lehigh University
Springtown, Pa.

Salute Returned

Sir: Somewhere between George Washington, who could not tell a lie, and Franklin Roosevelt, who could not tell the truth, lies (pun intended) Lyndon Johnson, who evidently can't tell the difference. I do not like the man. But I wholeheartedly support America's efforts in Viet Nam.

Your cover story on General Westmoreland [May 5] succinctly captured the whole range of our commitments and intentions for carrying that war to its inevitable conclusion. Had Johnson thus forcefully and unmistakably phrased our goals long ago, we would now be much closer to a victory, with no nation unaware of our national resolve.

Let us not hide behind the declaration that we want the South Vietnamese to enjoy the blessings of the democratic way of life. We can hope that this will be one of the most beneficial side effects of our military victory there, but the truth is that Southeast Asia is still strategically a vital region in our national defense structure and must be defended. To that selfish but important end, I earnestly suggest that the nation get on with the job of supporting Westmoreland, whose interpretation of his

assignment richly deserves a return salute from the nation whose interests he so nobly defends.

RICHARD J. MYERS
West Nanticoke, Pa.

Sir: By using a field commander in time of war as a spokesman for his own conduct of that war, President Johnson reveals either gross tactlessness or, more terrible, ignorance or disregard for American tradition. Whatever the right or wrong of the Viet Nam war, those Senators and Congressmen who applauded this performance make the cause of democracy that much harder to sustain.

The U.S. will itself be sustained only by sounder practice of democracy and will be able to speak to the world only when its practice matches its profession. I don't suppose that Ho Chi Minh understood that dissent does not mean disloyalty; one would hardly expect that of Communists. But one might expect it of Americans. With the Administration doing its best to intimidate its critics, loyalty seems to be the only patriotic stance left to us.

PAUL S. SANDERS
Amherst, Mass.

Sir: I have read considerable criticism of permitting General Westmoreland to appear in this country to give his estimate of how the war in Viet Nam is going. Isn't it better to listen to someone who knows what it is all about than to listen to those doves, who only think they know all about it, and most likely do not? We have permitted enough expression of disagreement about this war. After all, four different American Presidents have seen eye to eye on it.

HOSEA D. ANDERSON
Austintown, Ohio

Sword & Shield

Sir: Your cover story on Greece [April 28] is as ludicrous as the present military regime in Athens, which thinks it can save Greece by naming miniskirts. You casually label former Premier George Papandreu a leftist. But George Papandreu was the Premier who put down the first Communists bid for power in modern Greece, and he resigned in 1963 rather than be kept in office by Communist-line votes in parliament. You paint a picture of Constantine as a vigorous, enlightened monarch "popular with the mass of the people." If that is true, why was the army so afraid the people were going to repudiate him in the May 28 elections

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by voting for Papandreu that it had to move in to stop them? As for the military men who carried out the coup, their 1964 decrees and pronouncements speak for themselves.

PETER WHITE

Boston

Sir: Three cheers for the Greek army! It has saved Greece from the Communist butchers twice in 20 years: during the Bandit War of 1947-49 and again on April 21, 1967.

Don't kid yourselves about Andreas Papandreu & Co.'s being anything but camouflaged agents of the Kremlin. In fact, Papandreu just about said so himself during a speech in Athens last February when he denounced U.S. involvement in Viet Nam as a "colonial war."

The Communists cannot fool all the people all the time. The Indonesians kicked them out, then the Ghanaians, now the Greeks. Splendid!

PETE MAKINAKOS

St. Louis

Between Us

Sir: "Canada Discovers Itself" [May 5] was a compliment to our often unrecognized northern neighbors.

Living in Detroit, mere minutes away from Windsor, Ont., I have often been guilty of considering Canada just a "sixty-cent bridge toll." Being of French-Canadian descent, I thank you for awakening me in an awareness and an appreciation of my Canadian heritage.

RENÉ M. CARTIER

Detroit

Sir: As usual, TIME zeroed in on its subject with an insight that is almost alarming. There was more truth than in your two-page Essay than there has been in the many tomes written on the Canadian character and personality to date. The most significant aspect of the Essay was that it appeared in an American publication. Your long-overdue realization that Canada is a strong, mature nation has, for Canadians, a far greater value than the U.S. pavilion at Expo 67.

ROGER D. YACHTHET

Hamilton, Ont.

Sir: One thing is the search for a Canadian soul; quite another is a "massive, historical inferiority complex . . . without question the biggest in the Western world." As a Canadian journalist who has visited and/or worked in every nation of the hemisphere—an advantage obviously not enjoyed by your Essay writer—I can objectively assure you that Canadians have a good deal less inferiority complex than

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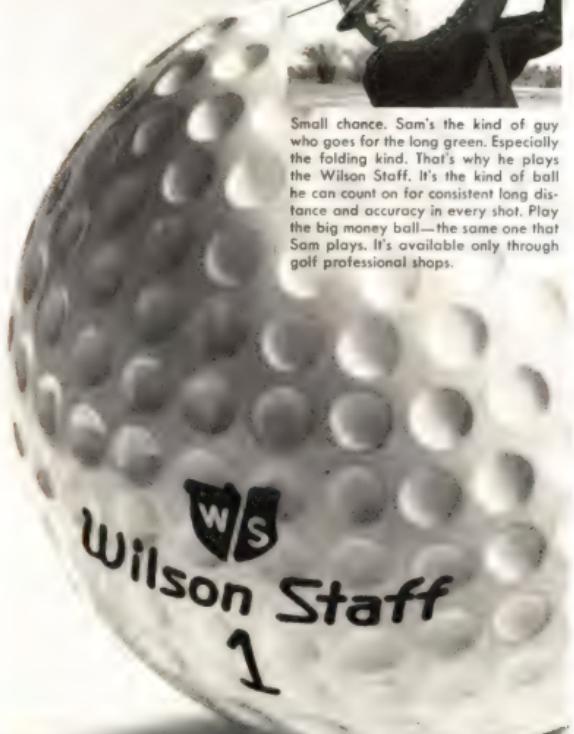
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JOHN ALIAS

United Press International
Mexico City

Sir: I found myself swelling with pride for "my home, my native land" as I read "Canada Discovers Herself." It contained the real truth of Canada's dilemma in its lead paragraph, relating to Canada's "massive, historical inferiority complex." Few have tried to explain that feeling of inferiority, but I was reminded of the words of one who did. John Fisher—broadcaster, writer and press secretary to former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker—who once said, "Between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. is the U.S. us."

Canada's real strength lies not in her natural wealth or in her proximity—geographically and politically—to the U.S., but in her people. I proudly chose to become a citizen of the U.S. some years ago, but I still retain my great pride in having been born a Canadian.

STEPHEN A. ROWAN

CBS News
Saigon

Sir: During five years on the sociology faculty of a major Canadian university, I became intrigued with the concern of Canadians with their "national identity."

A group of McGill University students probably summed up their own dilemma best in the school's annual show about ten years ago, when they had a Canadian guide respond to a mythical visiting prince's question about the "Canadian identity" as follows: "But don't you see: the trouble with Canadians is they spend half their time convincing the Americans they're not British, the other half convincing the British they're not Americans, which leaves them no time to be themselves."

RICHARD LASKIN

Associate Professor of Sociology
Illinois Institute of Technology
Chicago

Sir: The fact that Canada is not culturally, economically or politically a reality is becoming more and more obvious, as much amongst English Canadian intellectuals as in the French Canadian milieu. In fact, a united and bilingual Canada is a practical impossibility. How could you ask an English-speaking British Columbian or a French-speaking Gaspeian to learn a language he will probably never need? That would be like asking a New Yorker to speak Hawaiian for the good of the nation.

As far as U.S. influence is concerned, I would go further than your Essay and say that there is no visible, or even perceptible, difference between an American and an English Canadian. So much for the English Canadian.

But Quebec and French Canadians are a different matter. In fact, Quebec is probably the only place in Canada where the "American way of life" is not completely established. Canada is not nearly so united as you seem to think, and it is going to take more than that tasteless, ugly, maple-leaf flag to convince French Canadians that they are better off as Canadians than as Quebecois.

N. DEMERS

Université de Montréal
Montreal

Catapult from Suva

Sir: TIMI's Essay "The Churches' Influence on Secular Society" [April 21] is

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The logo for Bayer Aspirin, featuring the word "BAYER" in a large, bold, serif font above the word "ASPIRIN" in a slightly smaller, bold, serif font. The entire logo is set against a dark, decorative background.

a masterly *conspicuum*—accurate and balanced in its historical review, fair and perceptive in its contemporary description, sobering and challenging in its outlook toward the future. It is far and away the ablest and most trustworthy setting forth of these highly complex and controversial issues within two pages of which I know

Space permitting, it would have been rounded out by an account of the scores of novel untraditional and imaginative "ministries" through which some of the most gifted younger leaders are attempting to catapult the church into the mainstream of today's American society.

American society.

11200-2000

Sir: Your article "Easy Go" about the cashless society [April 21]—whether people want it or not left the question unanswered.

I, at least, do not want it.

I like the look of cash, the feel of cash, the pleasant way it makes my wallet bulge when it is full.

If we are to live in a computerized society where everything is tabulated and deducted as soon as purchased, I will have to live within my income, and I definitely do not want that.

Not more calculating how long before the large check I sent a company in the last will return to the local bank and be deducted from my account to see how much of a margin I have to purchase something I want now but won't be able to afford if the check comes back too soon.

No more deciding to pay the small bill instead of the large one so that I can have just a little more money for that beautiful new dress in the window that costs a little more than I have if I must pay for all the purchases immediately.

No more fun of knowing I have a little more in my account than is listed in my checkbook, because if something costs me \$14.20 I will deduct a round figure of \$15. If done enough times, this leaves a nice little unsuspected chunk of money.

No more using the pleasant tactic of putting the right checks in the wrong envelopes so that by the time the companies return the checks and give me a chance to send them to the right place, I will have enough in the bank to cover them.

the purchasing desk, the clerk, the company and the bank know whether or not I have enough to cover the purchase takes all the sport out of shopping.

Please, allow us consumers to have some fun!

By A. Schmitz

Baldwin Park, Calif.

Address comments to the Editor to LIME & LIFE and
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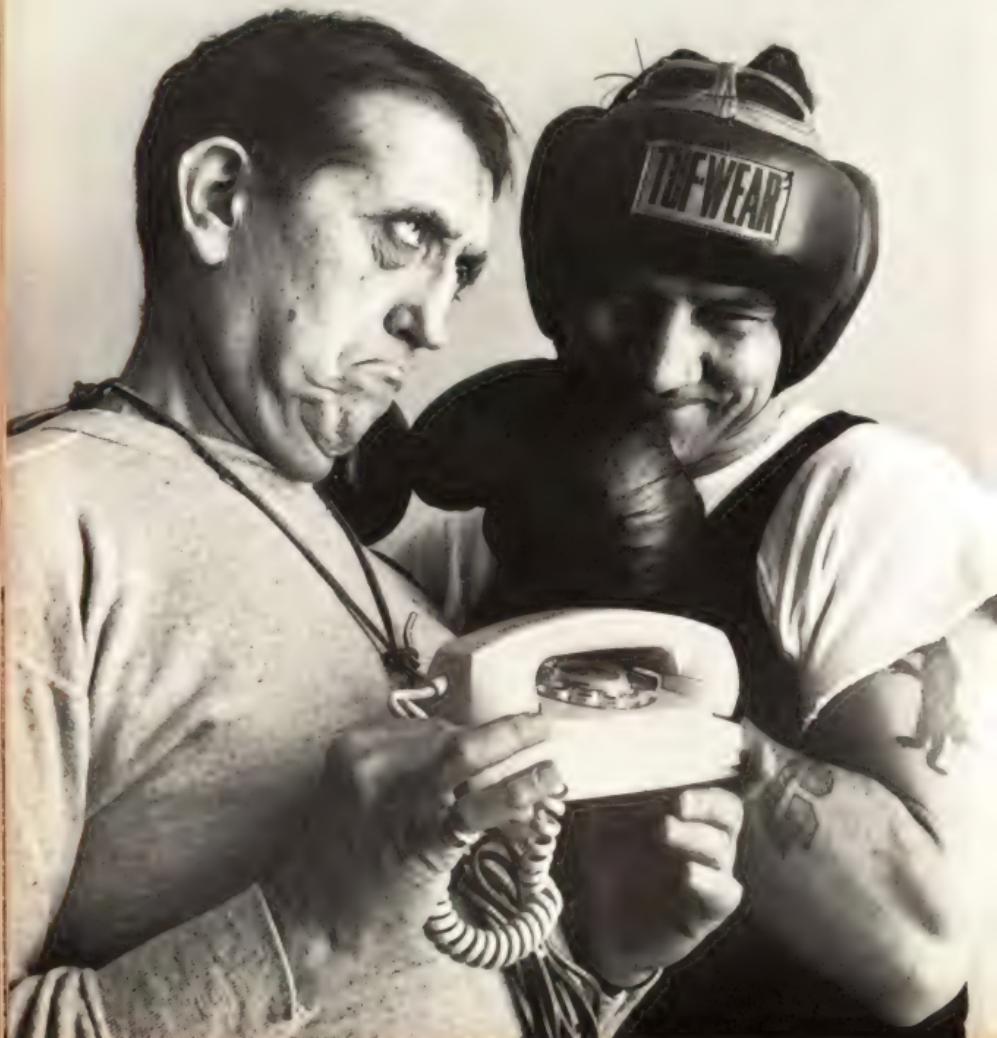
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It even amazes us how we can botch up the easy jobs while doing the hard ones so well. But it also distresses us. Installing the right phone in the right place is as important to us as developing the first solar battery, the

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

THE STATES

A Strong Start

To listen to Everett Dirksen, 1984 is just around the corner. "If the effects of this decision are not remedied," declaimed the Senate minority leader last week, the result may be "a centralized, all-powerful, Leviathan Federal Government, clothed with power to convert citizens into subjects, and gradually shear away the freedoms they once knew."

From the doomsday tone of Dirksen's Senate speech, it was not easy to deduce that he was talking about reapportionment. For the fact is that since 1962, when the Supreme Court issued the first of a series of "one-man, one-vote" rulings designed to redraw state legislatures and congressional districts, the effects have been surprisingly salutary.

Of the 99 legislative branches in the 50 states (Nebraska has the only unicameral legislature), 93 have been reapportioned since 1962, some of them a number of times. Far from shearing away any freedoms, the redistribution of legislative seats seems instead to have resulted in more equitable representation and enlightened legislation.

Different Tack. Nonetheless, Dirksen is determined to enact a constitutional amendment that would overrule at least part of the one-man, one-vote doctrine by permitting the states to select one house of their legislatures on a basis other than population. Twice, his efforts to push such amendments through the Senate were defeated by seven votes. Now the Illinois Senator is off on a different tack.

A total of 32 state legislatures have approved petitions urging Congress to call the first state-summoned constitutional convention in U.S. history to modify the reapportionment rulings. Only two more endorsements are needed to raise the total to two-thirds of the states, and Dirksen claims, "We've got six states, possibly seven, where the opportunity is good." Ohio is one of them; Iowa, whose lower house has already approved the petition, is another.

Even should Dirksen line up the required 34 states, however, there is no certainty that a convention would ever

Oregon voluntarily reapportioned both houses—but in 1961 Alaska, Hawaii and South Carolina have not reapportioned their lower houses, nor Massachusetts its senate. In all the others, the lines have been redrawn;

meet. Some critics note that the petitions are invalid because they are not identical. Others point out that some of the legislatures that approved them have since been reapportioned, and that the petitions may thus be worthless.

More Help than Hurt. Politically, Dirksen's distaste for the reapportionment ruling is puzzling, since it has helped Republicans more than it has hurt them. Initially, political scientists thought that the state legislatures would see a swift, drastic transfer of power from rural areas to the predominantly Democratic inner cities. Power has indeed flowed away from rural representatives—but to suburbs, where political loyalties are still in flux and Republicans are more often elected than Democrats. "The suburbs and, in the long run, only the suburbs, will gain in the upheaval resulting from reapportionment," said William J. D. Boyd of the National Municipal League two years ago, and he has been proved right. In state elections last year, Republicans gained 45 new seats in reapportioned legislatures v. 25 for the Democrats. In Pennsylvania, ultraconservative upstate Republicans were replaced—but by other Republicans, from the suburbs of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. In Illinois,

Chicago and several downstate counties lost six seats apiece in the legislature, while Chicago's suburbs and exurbs picked up all twelve and filled them largely with Republicans. Throughout the South, the G.O.P. has gained strength in state legislatures. Tennessee now has 11 Republican legislators—the most in this century; in North Carolina, their number has grown from 15 to 33; in Kentucky, from 22 to 36.

On the national level, G.O.P. candidates won only 40% of the seats in the House of Representatives during the 1962 mid-term election, even though they collected 48% of the votes. Last year, after nearly two-thirds of the states had redrawn their congressional districts to make them more nearly equal in population, Republicans increased their share of House seats to 43% while increasing their share of the vote only to 48.3%. Roughly a dozen states are still at work reapportioning their congressional districts: only last week, a federal court threw out a 1966 redistricting plan adopted by New York and ordered the state to draw up a new one by 1968.

Them v. Us. In the state legislatures, most rural representatives feared that reapportionment would mean an influx



MARYLAND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT ANNAPOLIS
More equitable representation, more enlightened legislation.

of city slickers who would, as one Illinois Representative put it, "run roughshod over downstate wishes." What has saved downstate Illinois—and upstate New York, and eastern Washington, and western Tennessee, as well—from the city boys has been the suburban influence.

As one expert on reapportionment points out, "the suburbanite fled the city and now resents being called upon to solve its problems. For the most part, he adopts a 'them v. us' attitude." Despite this detachment, reapportioned legislatures have shown a greater awareness of urban problems than any of their predecessors. Says Herbert Wilsee, director of the Southern Office of the Council of State Governments: "The 1967 legislative sessions have been giving almost unprecedented consideration to such matters as air and water pollution and consumer protection—subjects of special concern to city dwellers and suburbanites."

Prevailing Pattern. In Vermont, where the town of Stratton (pop. 24) once had equal representation with Burlington (pop. 35,531), a reapportioned legislature has abolished the poll tax, approved a capital-gains tax and passed the first deficit budget in the state's history. In Maryland, where suburban representatives have replaced many small-county lawmakers, a graduated income tax, a fair-housing law and the state's first billion-dollar budget have been adopted (TIME, April 7).

The South has scored some of the most remarkable gains. Georgia's legislators have increased state aid to cities and appropriated funds for a rapid-transit program, and the house has asserted its independence by choosing a speaker without consulting the Governor. As one state representative notes, "six of the ten people who brought it off

were 'reapportionment legislators.' " Last week the Tennessee legislature passed the state's first civil rights bill since Reconstruction—a low-pressure measure setting up a commission to promote racial harmony—and opened the way for such dry cities as Nashville and Memphis to vote on the sale of liquor by the drink. This week it is expected to repeal the old "monkey law" that prohibits the teaching of evolution. Alabama has redistributed gas-tax funds and other revenues, increasing the slice for urban Jefferson County (Birmingham) from \$1,700,000 this year to an estimated \$6,400,000 next year.

The pattern prevails throughout the nation. Minnesota's legislature approved a 10% to 15% increase in educational funds for the Twin Cities, which previously had been outvoted by rural interests. Wisconsin's dairy-directed legislature, long a staunch defender of the more expensive spread, finally made the sale of oleomargarine legal. Colorado passed the nation's most advanced abortion bill, and North Carolina last week enacted a measure that is similar to Colorado's in most respects. Also last week, Oklahoma became the first state to legalize artificial insemination by a donor other than the woman's husband and to guarantee legitimacy to the resultant offspring. In Hawaii, where Oahu once had only two-fifths of the state's senators, though it had four-fifths of the population, a reapportioned senate (giving Oahu 19 of 25 seats) helped enact 20 consumer-protection bills and a traffic-safety measure. Throughout the Deep South, Daylight Saving Time is no longer rejected in favor of "God's time." Even in Tennessee, where it used to be a misdemeanor punishable by a \$500 fine and ten days in jail to display a clock with Daylight Time, clocks have been set ahead an hour.

Political Greenhorns. Reapportionment, clearly, is not going to prove a quick and easy solution to the myriad ills currently plaguing the American states. For one thing, rural representatives still control most committee chairmanships by virtue of seniority. For another, many of the reapportionment legislators—though generally better educated than the men they replaced—are political greenhorns. No less than 40% of Arkansas' state representatives are first-termers; in Utah, 56 of the 97 house and senate members are freshmen; 25 of Nevada's 60 lawmakers are sitting in their legislature for the first time. "It may be two or three legislatures from now before the new crop of lawmakers gain the experience necessary to make the system work," says a political veteran in Tennessee.

Even when the lawmakers do acquire the necessary savvy, reapportionment alone cannot be expected to solve the problems of the nation's cities and states. Any marked improvement in the quality of government can only reflect the quality of the men and women who are sent to the state capitals from the newly created legislative districts. In that sense, reapportionment is not so much an end as a beginning—and, thus far, a good one.

DEFENSE

Tension in the Tank

During his six-year reign as Defense Secretary, Robert Strange McNamara has done more than enshrine the computer in government. More significantly, he has also cemented civilian control over the Pentagon, an achievement that notably eluded his seven predecessors. Though he is still the unchallenged master of his mighty domain, McNamara of late has found himself increasingly and unmistakably at odds with Earle Gilmore ("Bus") Wheeler, the urbanely outspoken Army general who, as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff since 1964, has brought that post to maturity.

Inevitably, in so long and contentious a tenure, the McNamara mystique has lost some of its luster. The heightening of the war has also increased Wheeler's authority on Capitol Hill: as Kipling noted, the man in uniform may be everyone's goat in peacetime. "But it's 'Savior of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot." Wheeler has never indulged in the public griping or corridor grumping of previous JC's chairmen. On the contrary, as the nation's top advocate for the military viewpoint, he has sufficient courage, diplomacy and professional skill both to cooperate effectively with McNamara and argue opposing convictions dispassionately but persuasively within the Administration and before Congress.

Washington General. Tall and polished, Bus Wheeler, 59, is a Washingtonian by birth and a Washington general by training. Unlike his five predecessors and many other prominent alumni of



CHICAGO SUBURB OF KENILWORTH
Saved from the city slickers by suburbia.



McNAMARA & WHEELER AT PARIS NATO CONFERENCE (MAY 1967)
Enough mutual respect to override the fundamental differences.

the Joint Chiefs, Wheeler has always been the planner and strategist, never a war hero or even much of a combat veteran. He had only five months of frontline infantry service during World War II, and even that was a staff assignment; during the Korean War, he was assigned to the Pentagon and Trieste. Though all too clearly no Patton type, he is known nonetheless as the most gilded tank officer that the JCS has ever had—based on his cool performance in the second-floor Pentagon “tank,” where the Joint Chiefs meet three weekly to discuss and confer each Monday with McNamara and Deputy Secretary Cyrus Vance. Wheeler is also at ease on Capitol Hill, even when that involves directly contradicting his superior. In recent testimony before congressional committees, Wheeler and McNamara have differed on several touchy issues.

On the question of withdrawing U.S. troops from Europe, McNamara originally hoped to bring home two full Army divisions, which, with supporting units, would have amounted to some 75,000 men. Wheeler opposed any pull-back, and not only for the conventional soldier's reasoning, which flatly opposes reductions of strength on principle. Conceding that the forces could be quickly sent back, the general argued that the U.S. might find it “politically undesirable to do so because to take action at a time of tension or time of crisis might trigger the very event you are seeking to avoid or deter.” So far, the Administration has compromised on the figure of 35,000 men.

No Diddling Around. When McNamara repeated his well-known—and well-reasoned—opposition to deployment of an anti-ballistic missile system (ABM) this year, Wheeler pointed out that for two years the Joint Chiefs have unanimously urged deployment of this defensive network. Among other things, Wheeler argued, it would “demonstrate to the Soviets and our allies that the U.S. is not first-strike minded.

In other words, that we don't put all our eggs in the offensive basket.” So far, the ABM project remains alive, but it will not go into full production unless Washington fails to get Moscow's agreement to a mutual freeze on the weapon.

The most immediate concern, of course, is Viet Nam. Wheeler is no jingoist, just as McNamara is no pacifist. But before Congress their differences have become clear. Wheeler believes in the efficacy of bombing North Viet Nam far more strongly than McNamara, who doubts the wisdom of intensifying the air war. Moreover, though his misgivings have never been publicly expressed, Wheeler has not been wholly in sympathy with McNamara's gradualist increase in military pressure on North Viet Nam. Wheeler agrees with the theory of flexible or graduated response to aggression, but believes that the restraints the U.S. has imposed on its war effort have unnecessarily blunted its potential impact. “You either fight a guerrilla war or a limited war or a tactical nuclear war or a full-scale nuclear war,” says a member of the Joint Staff who reflects Wheeler's overall views. “But within the chosen framework, you don't diddle around. The gradualism we are practicing in South Viet Nam is a perversion of flexible response.” The remarkable thing about the McNamara-Wheeler relationship is that both men, despite differing views on so many fundamental questions, have managed to work so productively in partnership.

THE ADMINISTRATION Moving the Kitchen

In their attempts to resist the federal drive toward school desegregation, Southern officials have found a ready whipping boy in U.S. Education Commissioner Harold Howe II. Though Howe has strictly followed the dictates of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, his zeal in implementing racial guidelines in the Deep South has fostered the belief

among Southern Congressmen that he has discriminated against their districts while ignoring similar imbalances in Northern cities. Last week, in an obvious horse trade aimed at rallying reluctant Southern support for its hard-pressed \$3.5 billion school-aid bill, the Johnson Administration transferred civil rights enforcement powers from Howe and the four other Health, Education and Welfare Department commissioners, and put them directly under Department Secretary John Gardner.

HW officials denied any implication that the shift would mean a permanent slowdown in desegregation efforts; indeed centralization might in time speed up integration of welfare programs and of nursing homes. Unquestionably, though, it will result in at least a temporary pause while administrative gears are shifted. For Gardner, one of the ablest and most popular Administration figures on Capitol Hill, the shift promises nothing but trouble. Asked if it meant “transferring the kitchen across the street”—putting the heat on him instead of Howe—Gardner smiled wanly and replied: “I wouldn't be surprised.”

SPACE

Back to the Job

The Apollo disaster in January plunged the U.S. space program into an agonizing interregnum of introspection and doubt. Last week the nation's space leaders made it plain that the time has come to focus once more on the moon. America's hopes of a lunar landing by 1970 can still be realized, National Aeronautics and Space Administration Chief James E. Webb told Congress, barring any recurrence of major technical problems.

As insurance against further delays, NASA has undertaken \$75 million worth of common-sense improvements since the Apollo fire. The astronauts' space suits have been made fireproof, flammable substance in the capsule has been replaced with fire-resistant material wherever possible, and a new escape hatch has been designed that opens in three seconds (vs. 90 in the old model). Loose wiring, the likeliest cause of the tragedy, has been encased in metal. Despite the fire hazards, NASA decided to retain the relatively simple atmospheric system that feeds pure oxygen to the astronauts while in orbit, rather than switch to the safer, heavyweight two-gas system used by the Russians.

Direct Voice. To emphasize the space agency's go-go attitude, Webb named the U.S.'s new team selected to land on the moon: Navy Captain Walter Schirra, 44, a veteran of both Mercury and Gemini space flights, and two space rookies, Major Donn Eisele, 36, and Civilian Scientist Walter Cunningham, 35. The three will not only fly the Apollo but—unlike previous crews—will also have a voice in its design and construction. “We'll fly the spacecraft when we, the crew, think it is ready,” said Schirra at



WEBB (CENTER) BEFORE SENATE COMMITTEE

Hoping to make up lost time from the lessons of tragedy.

a press conference at the North American Aviation plant in Downey, Calif., where the Apollo is being built.

Three unmanned Apollo launches will be held this year, in September, October and December. The first manned shot with Schirra and his crew is set for next March—13 months behind the pre-tragedy schedule. However, NASA planners are hopeful that advances in spacecraft design and the lessons learned from the fire will make up for lost time and put the program back on schedule by 1969.

No Paens. Despite what Schirra called the new "can-do" atmosphere in the space program, the reverberations of the Jan. 27 tragedy are still being felt. Appearing before the House NASA Oversight Subcommittee and the Senate Space Committee last week, Webb got none of the accustomed pacans; instead, he was netted at being forced into an embarrassing admission and roundly castigated by several legislators.

Though he had previously claimed that North American Aviation was the original selection of the 190-man NASA board to receive the Apollo contract in 1961, Webb changed his story under questioning by Senator Margaret Chase Smith. The truth was, he admitted to the committee, that the Martin Company had been the first choice because of its superior "technical information." But he and three of his assistants, he said, overruled the board's recommendation—logically enough—on grounds that North American had more space experience, and had submitted cost estimates that were 30% to 40% lower than Martin's. The biggest howl against Webb was raised when he refused repeatedly to discuss an open session a NASA staff report that was harshly critical of North American's early work on the Apollo. The problems of workmanship and management have since been corrected (TIME, May 12). Webb maintained, and to make them public now would only hamper NASA's relationship with North American.



ASTRONAUTS CUNNINGHAM, EISELE & SCHIRRA

Outside Distractions. "I think you have an obsession with secrecy," Mr. Webb," snapped Representative John W. Wydler of New York. Added Representative Ken Hechler of West Virginia: "I intend to be much more skeptical of NASA in the future, on this program and others."

Webb did testify that North American's share of the \$23 billion Apollo project is being cut back. The California-based firm will continue as prime contractor, while Boeing has been selected to put together the spacecraft and the rocket boosters; a third firm will be chosen to make custom modifications on the 16 standardized capsules to be produced by North American under the original contract. "In this way," he added, "North American will be spending all its time on one standardized spacecraft without any outside distractions."

Of necessity, the space program will always suffer outside distractions from a Congress and public aroused by the Apollo tragedy and concerned about the huge costs of achieving man's age-old dream of conquering space. But now all the investigations have been made, the reports presented, hearings concluded. As Astronaut Alan B. Shepard Jr. said earlier this month at a celebration of the sixth anniversary of his Mercury flight: "The time for recrimination is over. Let's get on with the job."

POVERTY

The Other War

Since Lyndon Johnson declared his war on poverty in 1964, the program has stirred a steady drumfire of criticism that amounts to a war within a war. Last week some of the stoutest supporters of the antipoverty campaign engaged in a corrosive crossfire that could only further damage the Administration's prospects of getting its preshrunk, \$2.06 billion request for the program through a critical Congress.

New York's Senator Robert F. Kennedy opened the exchange in Manhat-

tan with a withering attack on welfare as a system that "broke down 30 years ago" and is no longer of any real use in the fight to erase poverty. "We have created a welfare system which aids only a fourth of those who are poor, which forces men to leave their families so that public assistance can be obtained, which has created a dependence on their fellow citizens that is degrading and distasteful to giver and receiver alike," said Bobby. "We have created a system of handouts, a second-rate set of social services which damages and demeans its recipients and destroys any semblance of human dignity that they have managed to retain through their adversity." Unless the U.S. achieves "a virtual revolution in the organization of our social services," he warned, "the result could be the ripping asunder of the already thin fabric of American life."

Intemperate Reaction. In voicing such criticism, and in repeating it during a two-day hearing held in Manhattan by Pennsylvania Democrat Joseph Clark's Senate poverty subcommittee, Kennedy was only echoing objections that have been raised frequently in recent years. Even so, as New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits, another member of Clark's subcommittee, pointed out, such scatter-shot attacks are bound to hearten those who want to gut the whole antipoverty program.

Thus, when New York City Welfare Commissioner Mitchell I. Ginsberg emphatically endorsed Kennedy's position by telling the subcommittee that the present welfare system should be "thrown out," Javits retorted angrily: "You'd better not be in too much of a hurry to talk that way, or you may get it thrown out right now. There are many in Congress who want just that." New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller seconded Javits. "It's easy to criticize," he said of Bobby. "But Congress sets the standards. Why doesn't he suggest some new legislation?" In reply, Bobby loftily declared that he "regretted the Governor's intemperate reaction."

Disease v. Cure. It was by no means the only strong reaction. In Washington, Lyndon Johnson took advantage of an address before 400 officials of women's organizations to answer the critics of his domestic programs—not only Bobby, but also Martin Luther King, as well as conservatives who want to reduce spending. "To those who believe that we are backing off, I say, no, we are staying for the long pull," said the President. As proof, he noted that the amount of federal funds helping the poor through all social programs now totals \$22 billion, nearly 2½ times the 1960 sum.

To those who complain that this is too much money, continued Johnson, "I would like to suggest that we cannot logically oppose the effects of poverty and the efforts to relieve them. We cannot abhor the disease and then fight the cure." He also went out of his way to compliment the "able and inspiring" Sargent Shriver, the antipoverty czar. Besides having to endure indirect criticism from Brother-in-Law Bobby, Shriver has had his budget requests cut sharply, and faces a Republican campaign to disband his Office of Economic Opportunity entirely.

Not Bad. At week's end Joe Clark winged off to the West Coast with his peripatetic subcommittee for hearings in San Francisco and Los Angeles—bringing to nine the number of areas visited. To the Senators, who began their probe in Mississippi last month and reported "widespread hunger in the Delta counties that can only be described as shocking," California's ghettos were almost pleasant by comparison.

Despite modest successes in a number of areas, the war on poverty has created such a stir that it faces tough going on

FRANK KAPLAN

Capitol Hill. "The essential problem of the poverty program isn't that it's weak, it's that it creates antagonisms," said Kennedy—and such antagonisms are inevitable if the poor are to have a role in shaping and directing the programs created for their benefit. "What came out of the hearings this morning," said Bobby in San Francisco, "was a desire for hope and dignity. You don't achieve this by coming in and telling the poor what is good for them. You must let them run the program, even if they run it badly at first." The view that the poor must actively participate in poverty programs, though widely shared by sociologists, will make it no easier for Lyndon Johnson to wring funds out of Congress.

REPUBLICANS

Let George Do It

New York's Nelson Rockefeller made no news at all last week when he insisted yet again: "I am not running for President, and I mean it!" When, for a change, a visitor remarked that he believed the Governor, Rockefeller hardly knew what to say. Pumping the believer's hand, he murmured: "Bless you."

Both the denial and the benediction were convincing. Rockefeller is not only not running; he is not, as skeptics would have it, pussyfooting, horse trading, base stealing, or even conspiring to win the G.O.P. nomination. Indeed, with each new endorsement of George Romney and each well-publicized gesture of assistance to Michigan's Governor, Rockefeller has made his position all the more clear. He firmly believes that Romney is the Republican with the best chance of being both nominated and elected in 1968.

Rockefeller is also aware of his own unpopularity among party workers, who have long memories of 1964 when, after vigorously seeking the nomination, Rocky refused to support Barry Goldwater. Richard Nixon, for one, is known to feel that because of this a Rockefeller nomination next year is out of the question. For Rockefeller to fling an eyelash toward the prize now would split his fellow moderates, give the conservatives a large target and brand him as a hypocrite.

Lord Nelson's Flag. This Rockefeller has been Romney's loudest cheerleader for a solid year. He has not only spoken out in public but has also urged other Republican leaders—including some who personally prefer Rockefeller—to join Romney's cause. He has turned over to the infant Romney organization the names of thousands of political contacts and onetime Rockefeller campaign workers. Romney researchers were given access to some 30 looseleaf volumes of his research material on issues. A number of former Rockefeller aides have already signed with the Romney organization, and some of the New Yorker's present staffers have been serving him as occasional consultants.

Last week Rockefeller even encouraged New York Republican State

Chairman Carl Spad to resign his job and go to work for Romney. An astute political pro, Spad, 50, has been in Rockefeller's inner circle for nine years, was his chief patronage dispenser and also labored hard on behalf of the New Yorker's presidential bids in 1960 and 1964. In the Romney camp, Spad will probably work under Leonard Hall, chairman of the Washington-based Romney for President Committee.

Is Rocky's strategy 100% altruism? Probably closer to 99%. If, despite all his efforts, the Romney campaign for the nomination were to be clearly failing a year from now, Lord Nelson might then with good grace allow himself to be towed forcibly into the convention under his own flag.

Around the World, A Block Away

No one need doubt that Richard M. Nixon is running, despite his cautious avowal that he won't have anything to say on the matter for some months. The fact is, he has been running all over the world—first to Western Europe and Russia, then to Asia for a 21-day swing through Japan, Thailand, Indonesia and South Viet Nam. Last week, Nixon was off to Latin America on the third leg of an international marathon, which, he tells friends, should make him the nation's "best-informed private citizen on world affairs." The trip will continue in Africa and the Middle East next month. By his own hopeful timetable, it should end with his nomination by the Republican Convention next year.

Even Babies. The last time Dick Nixon ventured into Latin America, as Vice President in the spring of 1958, mobs of Communist-led students rained stones

FRANK KAPLAN



NIXON WITH SLUM DWELLERS IN PERU
One winner, no matter who.

CLARK & KENNEDY IN SAN FRANCISCO SLUM
Scatter shots to the gut.

and spittle on him in Lima and Caracas, screaming "Death to Nixon!" Last week, as a private citizen returning to the relatively more stable continent, he was politely, even warmly greeted. "I still don't believe it," said one Peruvian, as he watched Nixon being hoisted onto the shoulders of enthusiastic villagers near Lima. After dandling a few babies in the village and laying a brick for a new school, Nixon returned to Lima for consultations with President Fernando Belaunde Terry about the progress of the Alliance for Progress.

In Santiago, Nixon talked for two hours with Chile's President Eduardo Frei, then moved on to Buenos Aires for backgrounding conferences with government officials, including Argentine President Juan Carlos Onganía. What about Onganía's military government? With some tact, Nixon remarked: "I give him high marks for picking good men and taking their advice. I'd say this country is fortunate in having a man like him now."

Probably Five. At a luncheon later in the U.S. Embassy residence with reporters and businessmen, Nixon forgot the problems of Latin America long enough to offer an startling prediction about 1968: "There will probably be five candidates: Romney, Rockefeller, Percy, Reagan and myself. Two will probably fall by the wayside in the primaries." But, he also observed diplomatically, "regardless of who wins the election, there will only be one winner: Latin America." That said, Dick Nixon packed his bags once more and headed for Brazil and Mexico.

On the plane to Rio, he reflected: "I know everyone will say all this is to get publicity in the U.S. But putting aside any question of whether I will run in 1968, I do intend to take a big part in the foreign policy debate. The U.S. economy is so strong that it would take a genius to wreck it. But a small mistake in foreign policy could bring disaster."

Back in Washington, the Nixon-for-President committee was sweeping out its new headquarters in the abandoned offices of a building-and-loan association. The address: 1726 Pennsylvania Avenue, one hopeful block up the street from the White House.

Welcome to the Fraternity

California's Governor Ronald Reagan and Senator Thomas Kuchel are both Republicans, but the similarity ends there. They have been ideologically estranged and on opposite sides of party lights for years. Thus Reagan's election in 1966 seemed like a *requiescat* for Kuchel, who seeks his third full term next year. Of late, however, pressed by party leaders, the antagonists have been quietly learning to live and let live.

Détente has not come easily. Kuchel, 56, among the most liberal and independent of Republicans, is anathema to many of Reagan's conservative supporters. In 1962, Reagan backed Kuchel's opponent in the party primary. Kuchel returned the disfavor in the 1966 gubernatorial primary and then refused to support Reagan in the general election.

Obvious Needs. It would thus have seemed natural for the newly empowered Reagan to whoop up opposition to Kuchel in next year's primary. However, both men are finding that, regardless of past reasons for continuing the feud, political considerations provide more cogent motives for cooling it.

Kuchel's need is obvious. Reagan's support of a conservative challenger could cost Kuchel his seat. On the other hand, one of Reagan's major aims is to lead a cohesive California delegation to the 1968 Republican National Convention as the favorite-son candidate. A primary squabble could well disrupt that effort. Then there is Kuchel's value to California as the party whip and ranking Republican on the Interior Committee. As a Los Angeles business-

Kuchel allowed solemnly last week: "I think a U.S. Senator has a duty to cooperate with the Governor of his state in order to represent the best interests of their common constituency." While that hardly made them political bedfellows, they at least seemed ready to bunk down in the same fraternity house.

FLORIDA

A Stillness in the Glades

At the western end of the drought-parched Tamiami Trail, grass fires burned from horizon to horizon, and the sun was nearly blotted out by the bitter brown haze. Smog shrouded Miami, and acrid smoke choked much of the rest of southern Florida. The magnificent Everglades National Park—the timeless, endless "river of grass"—was drying up like a farmer's mudhole in August, and the smallest spark quickly turned into a blaze.

Giant alligators fought for space in the shrinking ponds, or else sought moisture by burrowing into the mud. Schools of bream and bass flopped listlessly in ever shallower hideaways, attracting great white herons from their natural seashore habitat. Vultures and buzzards, turning endlessly in the sky, were glutted by the carnage, leaving to park rangers the unsavory task of carting away thousands of putrid fish.

Upset Equation. Disaster—through drought, hurricane, fire or flood—is nothing new to the Everglades, and may even be part of nature's balancing equation. In recent years, however, man has upset that equation, raising the question whether drought may not be the permanent future of the Everglades. Vast reclamation projects have turned swamps into bean, corn and sugar-cane fields, which not only partly block the natural flow of the Everglades "river" from its headwaters in Lake Okeechobee, but also have first claim on the area's water resources. When water is short, little if any is now left over for the wilderness. Immune for centuries to permanent damage from natural disaster, the great park, a constant wonder to nearly 1,000,000 visitors a year, may be destroyed by man.

The eventual solution might be to build more storage areas to hold the precious water and to give the park better access to Okeechobee's supply. In partial answer, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers has belatedly awarded a contract for a canal that would move water directly from Okeechobee toward the glades.

Meanwhile, the only hope is rain: south Florida had not had any significant rainfall in more than seven weeks. No one knows for sure how much of the park's wildlife—unlike that found in any other spot in North America—has already been lost. Park Superintendent Roger Allin estimates that the wading-bird population, which includes herons, egrets, storks, ibis and spoonbills, has dropped from 1,500,000 in the '30s to perhaps 35,000 now. Allin



REAGAN & KUCHEL (IN MARCH)

Détente does not come easily.

man pointed out: "The state gets 25% of its gross product from the Federal Government. Conservative businessmen are realists. They understand that Kuchel works well with the powers in the Senate and knows his way around the Federal Establishment."

Look What I've Done. Reagan has already pledged neutrality in the event of a primary fight, and support of the party's senatorial candidate in the general election. "If I were Governor," says Kuchel, "I would do the same thing." More to the point, some of Reagan's friends have been discouraging ultraconservative Max Rafferty, the state superintendent of public instruction, from challenging Kuchel.

Although Kuchel and Reagan make no display of mutual admiration, their staffs are in frequent consultation. The Governor and the Senator have found it easy to cooperate on public-works programs to benefit the state, and have even agreed on a controversial plan to preserve California's redwood forests (TIME, March 24). Reagan's help on such nonideological issues can only buttress the look-what-I've-done-for-California theme that Kuchel will probably use in his re-election campaign. And



gators and other reptiles have probably suffered a similar decline. "It's a long-term thing," says a ranger. "Over the past years, it's just gotten awful still out there."

THE PEOPLE

Manhattan Serenade

Opposition is usually more dramatic and emotional than support. For that reason, last week's "Support Our Men in Viet Nam" parade in Manhattan was given little chance of matching the massive April 15 antiwar rallies that drew 125,000 in New York and 55,000 in San Francisco. But if came close. Down sun-dappled Fifth Avenue marched Legionnaires and longshoremen, Boy Scouts and Medal of Honor winners, Kiwanians and Knights of Columbus, Iroquois Indians, exiles from Communist nations and a slew of swinging bands. (A conspicuous absentee: Mayor John Lindsay.) The parade drew an estimated 63,000, but the supporters yielded nothing in spirit to the opponents.

The parade was organized by New York Fire Captain Raymond Gimmer, 43, an ex-Marine who got his dander up when an American flag was burned in Central Park's Sheep Meadow during the April 15 demonstration. Gimmer made it clear that the march was not "a pat on the back for President Johnson." He declared: "Peace is not the issue. Every sane man is for peace. The idea is just to back our fighting men."

Flags Everywhere. Flags fluttered everywhere. There was one that had been raised the day before on the very spot where the U.S. flag was burned on April 15. Another had been flown over the 1st Marine Division's headquarters in South Viet Nam. Teen-aged boys had them sewn on the backs of denim jackets, and every toddler seemed to be clutching a flag. There were even a

couple of flags attached to the chutes of two skydivers who parachuted into Central Park. Though New York's police conspicuously sympathized with the march—1,000 off-duty cops donned uniforms to take part—they slapped the skydivers with summonses for "unauthorized parachute jumping."

As in the antiwar "demo," the mood was almost festive. There were sloppily dressed youths from Brooklyn and The Bronx and acres of miniskirted thighs, but most of the marchers, dressed in business suits or neat uniforms, looked like the kind of people who think bananas are for eating.

Several incidents marred the event. A mile from the march's origin, when some spectators hoisted an antiwar sign, several dozen paraders waded into them. Young toughs poured hot tar over a long-haired bystander for no other reason than his beatnik look, then covered him with feathers; he suffered minor burns. Otherwise the combativeness was limited mostly to vigorous flag-waving and the legends blazoned on hand-lettered signs. There were, of course, hyper-hawks galore, toting signs reading "Bomb Haiphong" and "Drop peaceniks on Hanoi." One banner proclaimed: "Ho Chi Minh is a fink—give him the kitchen sink. If that don't settle the score—give him the kitchen door." But there were also pacifists on the sidewalks who carried neither flags nor banners—just flowers.

Deeply Appreciated. As an index of national feeling, Manhattan's serenade probably proved no more—and no less—than did the April 15 march. But then, its purpose was not to endorse U.S. policies, right or wrong, but to boost the morale of the U.S. fighting man. "This counterbalance to other demonstrations is deeply appreciated," U.S. Commander General William C.

Westmoreland wrote to one of the parade's organizers. "You may be sure that this show of patriotism will not go unnoticed by our servicemen." To make doubly sure that it would not go unnoticed, a videotape of the 8½ hour parade was being flown to Saigon.

ARMED FORCES

Statistics of Death

For the first time in more than six years of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, the Defense Department last week issued a detailed tabulation of American war dead. The breakdown enumerated the home states, ranks and ages of the 7,826 servicemen killed by the enemy up to March 1, 1967. Items:

- California, the nation's most populous state, took the heaviest losses: 683 dead; New York, second most populous, had the second highest toll: 530. Next were Pennsylvania, 484; Texas, 442; Ohio, 388 and Illinois, 378.
- Southern states—a point not made by the Pentagon—suffered proportionately higher losses than other regions: e.g., Alabama, 196; Georgia, 200 and North Carolina, 228.
- Among the total combat dead were 6,878 enlisted men, 868 officers and 80 warrant officers, which corresponds closely to overall numbers by rank in the armed services.
- Of all age groups, the greatest number of servicemen who died were 20 years old (1,340), followed by 19-year-olds (1,178), and 21-year-olds (1,076).

Though the proportion of Negroes to whites in Viet Nam is higher than the domestic civilian ratio (23% v. 11%), the Pentagon issued no comparative figures on their casualties. Because a great number of Negroes volunteer for the riskier assignments, their losses presumably are relatively higher.



DEMONSTRATORS ON MANHATTAN'S FIFTH AVENUE
The kind of people who think bananas are for eating.



NORTH VIETNAMESE MiG IN U.S. PILOT'S SIGHTS
Lucky challenge.

THE WAR

Seven More

Keeping the North Vietnamese air force in MiG fighters is turning out to be a losing proposition for Moscow. In a single day's dogfighting last week, Thailand-based U.S. Air Force pilots downed seven MiG-17s, equaling the war's record set on Jan. 2; they probably destroyed two more. Five MiGs were shot down in the previous week and another eight were destroyed on the ground, bringing the two-week total to at least 20 enemy jets. Last week's luckless MiG challenge came while U.S. pilots hit barracks and storage areas four miles from the center of Hanoi for the second time in a week.

Continuing to hit the MiGs' home bases, 36 Thunderchiefs plastered the Hua Lac MiG field with 750-lb. bombs for the fifth time, this time rendering its new, 7,000-ft. runway "unusable." Carrier-based Navy A-4 Skyhawks struck at Haiphong's two thermal power plants and nearby Kien An airfield, a MiG base that had been previously spared. That leaves only three of North Viet Nam's jet bases as yet unscathed. That is a distinction that is not likely to long endure.

Escalation from Hanoi

Escalation of the Viet Nam war is almost always spoken of as an American prerogative, but Hanoi also regularly raises the ante. And by an increasing flow of fresh weaponry from Russia and Red China and desperate for a badly needed victory, the Communists last week continued to increase their pressure in the South—at a frightful cost in Communist lives. For the first time in the war, the Saigon area felt the tremors of the Russian-made 122-mm. rockets. For the first time, the North Vietnamese

used Russian-made SAM missiles to bring down a U.S. fighter-bomber operating over the Demilitarized Zone—an ominous southward extension of their already widespread missile network. And for the first time, Communist troops used flamethrowers, made in China, against U.S. troops.

The rocket attacks were launched in the middle of the night against two U.S. airbases near Saigon, Bien Hoa and Phuoc Vinh. From Bien Hoa fly half the fighter-bomber strikes that originate in South Viet Nam, and the Viet Cong attack was undoubtedly a token riposte for U.S. bombing of MiG bases in the north. Some 125 rounds of the Russian-made rocket, 82-mm. mortar and 75-mm. recoilless-rifle fire raked Bien Hoa, killing six Americans and wounding 85. The 15-minute attack destroyed four planes and damaged 25, also damaged runways, barracks and equipment. Phuoc Vinh was attacked about the same time, but suffered less damage.

On Bamboo Poles. Scarcely three miles south of the DMZ, the Communists attempted to overrun the camp of Con Thien, defended by two companies of Marines and three companies of Vietnamese irregular forces advised by a U.S. Special Forces team. The entire 4th Battalion of the North Vietnamese 821st Regiment attacked, led by two companies of sappers who cut their way through the Marines' barbed-wire perimeter by thrusting ahead of them satchel charges and Bangalore torpedoes mounted on the tips of bamboo poles. The Marines hit back with rapid M-16 rifle fire and grenades, plus twin 40-mm. guns mounted on M-42 "duster" tracked vehicles.

Suddenly an ugly belch of flame lit up the night. "My Christ," yelled an astonished Marine, "they're using flamethrowers!" A column rumbling up with fresh ammunition for the Marines ran right into the hose of fire. Six vehicles went up with a roar, and the ammunition began exploding, nicely silhouetting the attackers as targets for the Marines. "I kept telling my men, just hang on until dawn and we'll be all right," said Sergeant Richard Anderson, a squad leader. They did, and the dawn came up with the welcome thunder of U.S. fighter-bombers. The North Vietnamese fled back out through the wire, leaving behind 196 dead. The outnumbered Marines held the camp, but at the cost of 44 dead and 140 wounded.

Swishing Toil. Many of the enemy dead wore tiger-striped uniforms and had gone into battle barefoot, their shoes tied around their necks. They had been so certain of victory that several carried English-Vietnamese phrase books. Marine Commander Lieut. General Lewis Walt arrived a few hours later to inspect the battlefield. He had barely begun when the cry "Incoming!" went up and three mortar rounds boomed in. Walt and his staff dived for foxholes for the third time in ten days—and the closest call. One round hit only 15 feet from the general. Walt was unhurt, but two of his staff were injured.

* In the previous week, ending May 6, according to figures released last week in Saigon, Communist dead totaled 1,903. The Marine losses around the DMZ accounted for nearly two-thirds of the total American dead of 274 in the ground war, a figure exactly matching the previous U.S. weekly record dead in Viet Nam.



LIEUT. GENERAL WALT DIVING FOR COVER AT CON THIEN
Now Russian-made rockets and an ugly hose of Chinese fire.

Marines at the artillery base at Gio Linh, about five miles south of the DMZ, witnessed the first successful deployment of SAM missiles in the area. Looking like a giant tracer bullet against the night sky, one Russian missile soared up, its fireball swishing as it chased a Marine A-4 Skyhawk maneuvering violently to escape. A sudden fireball erupted as the SAM hit its target. The use of SAMs along the DMZ could curtail the now frequent use of B-52 bombers along the much-battered buffer zone. The threat of SAMs has kept the less maneuverable eight-engine bombers from hitting North Viet Nam, and could keep them out of the DMZ if Hanoi moves in substantial numbers of SAMs.

No Refuge

Wars are littered with figures: troops employed, dead and wounded, planes shot down, trucks shot up. But the most important figures, and often the most tragic, are not limited to the forces of combat. In South Viet Nam, no other statistic speaks with more forlorn eloquence than this: out of every eight civilians, one is now a refugee.

Vietnamese do not leave their homes easily. Outside the major cities, which have acquired both the cosmopolitan air and armed defense of the enlightened West, their huts are shrines to their ancestors, their land a heritage to be revered. Yet 1.8 million of South Viet Nam's 13 million peasants have given up their homes because of either Viet Cong terrorism or the military demands of the war. Last week, in a 120-sq.-mi. area along the Demilitarized Zone that divides the two Viet Nams, 20,000 more Vietnamese were turned into fugitives from the war.

Death Strip. The latest victims were residents of 15 hamlets located just inside or just south of the DMZ. Their displacement was ordered by the Saigon government because Communist troops in ever-increasing numbers have been infiltrating the DMZ from the North. To stop the flow, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky ordered the area bulldozed flat and made into a "death strip" in which anything that moved would be machine-gunned, mortared or bombed to bits. To accommodate the displaced villagers, the government is hastily building its 336th refugee camp a few miles to the south in the Cua Valley—a makeshift settlement of 200 large tents, one for every 100 refugees.

First to leave their homes were 545 Catholics under the wing of their parish priest, Father Co, who brought with them a ransacked altar graced by flower-filled vases fashioned out of empty beer cans. "We are happy to get away from the fighting," said Father Co, "but some are sad to leave, especially since now is the time of the rice harvest."

They will undoubtedly be sadder when they find out what is in store for them. The South Vietnamese government has never gone out of its way to be kind to refugees. In theory, they remain in such camps as Cua for no long

er than two months, after which they are either allowed to return to their villages or moved to permanent resettlement villages to take up a normal life again. In practice, however, they are often left in temporary camps for three years or more, living on a bare subsistence diet handed out by the government and spending their interminable idle hours staring glumly into space. Says Vo Van Seo, a 50-year-old ex-farmer who has spent the past four months at a "model" refugee camp near Saigon: "There is no fighting here, no

The U.S. spends \$40 million a year to support the camps, and would contribute more if the money could be put to good use. But the Saigon government—apart from Nguyen Phuc Que and his overworked staff—pays little attention to the problem.

The Viet Cong, of course, are not so inattentive—especially since it is far easier to fan a fire than to build a house. Communist organizers are active in almost every camp, cultivating the discontent and in some cases employing terrorist tactics to demoralize pro-gov-



REFUGEE TENT CAMP NEAR SAIGON
So much easier to burn than to build.

bombs. But the life is so miserable, and the future looks so bad."

Pilfered Rice. The responsibility of caring for all the refugees belongs to a commissariat consisting of 560 employees, headed by a 42-year-old physician named Nguyen Phuc Que. Que is an able and energetic man, and he is helped by Americans from the U.S. aid mission to South Viet Nam. He is constantly on the move ("You cannot solve this problem if you stay in Saigon"), constantly trying to improve the lot of the refugees. But he is fighting an uphill battle, for all government support to refugee camps must be channeled through provincial authorities, most of whom look upon refugee rehabilitation projects only as so much extra work. Many officials are so corrupt that they pilfer the rice shipments to refugee camps, and some are actively resent the camps that they have actually sabotaged their water supplies.

Such activities do not exactly promote the cause of freedom among South Viet Nam's refugee population, which is currently growing at 500,000 a year.

* Not to be confused with the village pacification program, which last week was transferred from civilian control to the direct command of General William Westmoreland.

ernment loyalists. V.C. agents recently burned down 300 houses in a permanent resettlement village in Thua Thien province. In the Central Highlands province of Phu Bon, an entire V.C. company infiltrated a supposedly well-guarded refugee camp, set fire to 200 shacks occupied by anti-Communist *Montagnard* tribesmen, then slipped out again to watch the flames from afar.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Ky Decision

As the South Vietnamese Air Force DC-3 approached the mountain resort town of Dalat, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky left the passenger compartment, took over the controls and skillfully guided the plane down onto the tiny airstrip. Soon after landing, he summoned reporters to the lonely presidential palace once used by President Diem and announced that he would run for President in the Sept. 3 elections.

Did that mean that Ky would be the ruling general's military candidate against the five civilians who have so far thrown their hats into the ring? Yes, said Ky: "There will be no other military candidate." As for General Nguyen Van Thieu, Chief of State and Ky's chief rival among the generals, Ky



ROYAL LAOTIAN AIR FORCE T-28B IN ACTION

Around the corner to check the laundry.

said: "I will never oppose him, but I do not think General Thieu will run." Then he added thoughtfully: "Although nothing is certain in Viet Nam."

It was a prudent afterthought. Back in Saigon, Thieu announced that it was "entirely possible" that he, too, might enter the lists. After all, he said, "we want a hard campaign, with as many candidates as possible." Thieu allowed as how he had an informal election staff already at work and planned a number of "inspection tours" throughout Viet Nam in June, but as a matter of "little tactics" might delay a formal declaration of his candidacy until the July 5 filing deadline. It all spoke well for Viet Nam's evolving sense of democracy, if perhaps not so well for the internal harmony of the nation's military establishment, which is about equally divided between supporters of Ky and Thieu.

LAOS

The Special War

Each day a woman hangs out her wash to dry alongside one of the myriad branches of the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos. This innocent-looking domestic scene is of particular interest to U.S. reconnaissance pilots, who daily "go around the corner"—their lingo for their semisecret flights over neutral Laos—to check on the lady's wash. When no laundry is on the line, that is a signal from the sharp-eyed housekeeper that North Vietnamese troops or trucks are moving near by. Within minutes after the pilots notice that the wash is not out, U.S. planes are raining bombs down upon the Communists.

The washerwoman spy is but a tiny part of a vast, largely secret U.S., Vietnamese and Royal Lao effort to detect, deter and destroy the primary funnel through which North Vietnamese men and matériel head for South Viet Nam. The Ho Chi Minh trail, a 200-mile "logistical wonder" according to U.S. officials, is a massive maze of

roads, bridges, waterways and paths complete with primitive motels. In recent months its roads have been paved with crushed stone or topped with pressed laterite. Camouflages of bamboo and branch roof it over where the jungle canopy is balding. Bridges are often built 6 inches under water so that they will be difficult to spot from the air.

Company Strikes. Some 5,000 to 8,000 men a month go down the network of trails to fight in South Viet Nam, though of late the traffic has largely been in supplies. To keep the roads open under the daily bombing, Hanoi employs a large assortment of heavy earth-moving equipment at night, plus the labor of some 40,000 coolies. An estimated 5,000 trucks ply the trail, but bicycles and even elephants are also

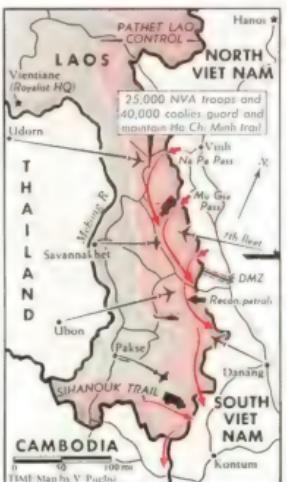
used. Some 25,000 North Vietnamese troops are stationed in Laos to guard the vital Red flow southward. Where traffic is heaviest, the North Vietnamese have even set up antiaircraft batteries.

In what the Communists call "the special war," the Allies in a variety of ways monitor and attack the North Vietnamese operating in Laos. The trail runs through the portion of divided Laos that is largely controlled by the Communist Pathet Lao under Hanoi's tutelage, but Royal Lao patrols infiltrate to report on trail traffic. From South Viet Nam come reconnaissance patrols of Vietnamese, Montagnard and Nung tribesmen, or of U.S. Special Forces led by local guides. Occasionally, when a Communist troop concentration is firmly fixed, South Vietnamese units as large as a company slip across for a swift, unpublicized strike. But the main job of harassment is carried out by the Royal Lao Air Force's 25-odd prop-driven T-28 fighter-bombers and U.S. jets out of Thailand, which bomb the heavy traffic on the trail around the clock under the euphemism of "armed reconnaissance."

Flagging Spirits. Euphemism and secrecy are required in the special war in Laos because Laos itself is a special situation. Neutralized by the Geneva Accords of 1962, to which Russia and the U.S. agreed, Laos is a tripartite nation—part royalist, part neutralist, part Communist—that by treaty is off limits to all foreign troops. But when the North Vietnamese moved in, the U.S., at the request of Prime Souvanna Phouma, provided aid and advisers in civilian clothes to the royalist-neutralist coalition fighting the Pathet Lao. American planes now daily airlift food and arms into remote areas of Laos loyal to the central government of Vientiane. The U.S. equipped the Royal Lao Air Force, and U.S. pilots sometimes fly the planes with the tri-headed Elephant Lao markings.

After five years of sporadic skirmishing, the royalist and neutralist armies have lately begun to gather momentum in their internal struggle with the Pathet Lao, who control some 35% of the country. Pathet Lao strength has dropped from 35,000 to 30,000 in the past year. During the same period, some 3,000 defectors and refugees have fled Communist rule, bringing accounts of food shortages, forced labor, and falling Pathet Lao morale. Increasingly, the Royal Lao Army finds its field enemy to be North Vietnamese regulars rather than the Pathet Lao.

Minding the Trail. The Allied and Lao operations against the trail slow but cannot stop the Communist traffic into South Viet Nam. Inevitably, the U.S. has weighed more drastic measures, and in fact has drawn up a three-option contingency plan. In one version, U.S. troops would be hellbent in and out of Laos in rapid, frequent strikes against the trail. Another calls for the insertion of a sizable U.S. force, at least two divisions, into Laos to block



the trail physically. The final and most far-out plan envisions a massive U.S. troops barrier drawn along the 17th parallel all the way across South Viet Nam, Laos and northern Thailand.

For the moment, none of the plans seems likely to be put to imminent use. Souvanna Phouma has made it plain that he wants no enlargement of the war in Laos beyond its present scale, fearing that the North Vietnamese would then attack non-Communist portions of Laos in earnest. Moreover, the mountainous terrain in Laos is far less favorable than that of South Viet Nam for massive use of U.S. troops. The U.S. command in Saigon feels that the large number of men required for a barrier can be better used to hit the enemy when he enters South Viet Nam.

HIGH SEAS

A Game of Chicken

Snooping on each other is standard operating procedure for both the Russian and U.S. navies. The Russians scoop up garbage dumped from U.S. warships in search of intelligence clues, use trawlers loaded with electronic equipment off Guam and in the Tonkin Gulf to monitor movements of U.S. warplanes and warn their friends in Viet Nam of their approach. The U.S., on the other hand, routinely buzzes Russian cargo ships on the way to Viet Nam for a customs inspection of sorts, tracks Russian submarines in the Mediterranean and elsewhere until they pop to the surface. Last week, however, this sort of jockeying on the high seas reached the scraping point.

When the U.S. aircraft carrier *Hornet*, accompanied by two submarines and some eleven U.S. and Japanese destroyers, steamed into the Sea of Japan on maneuvers (Operation Crossed T), they knew that they would find the Russians waiting. Moscow likes to consider the Sea of Japan just a large bay of its naval base at Vladivostok. This time the Russians did not just look on. The Russian destroyer *Beslednyi* began cutting in between the maneuvering vessels, ignoring urgent warning signals to stay clear. In a game of "chicken" on the sea, it twice came to within 50 ft. of two U.S. destroyers dispatched to drive it away.

On the third pass, the *Beslednyi* scraped sides with the U.S. destroyer *Walker*, losing a motor launch and tearing a whip antenna off the *Walker*. Then it withdrew. Next day *DDO-25*, a Russian destroyer of the heavy Krupny class, armed with two missile launchers, continued the contest of nerves. Again, *Walker* was one of two ships ordered to force it away. This time the Russian ship swerved directly across the *Walker's* bow. The two ships brushed momentarily together, and the *Walker* disengaged with a six-inch hole in its hull above the waterline.

No one knew just what the Russians were up to; they may just have been harassing the American ships to challenge

the U.S. Navy's domination of the Sea of Japan, or they may have feared that U.S. warships would sight a new class of Russian submarine that has begun operating out of Vladivostok. Washington issued tough-worded public protests but tried hard to play the incident down. The Soviet destroyers withdrew, at least for the present, to the respectable distance from which they usually view U.S. naval maneuvers.

BRUCE COPE



PRESIDENT HUSAIN

Repudiation of an ancient animosity.

INDIA

Victory for Good Sense

Muslims and Hindus have lived side by side in bitter, sometimes bloody enmity ever since Turkish invaders brought Islam to the Indian subcontinent 900 years ago. Last week, in a dramatic repudiation of the ancient animosity, a Moslem was elected for the first time to the presidency of predominantly Hindu India. He is Zakir Husain, 70, a former university chancellor who had been Vice President for five years under President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, who did not seek re-election.

The election of a Moslem to India's highest, though largely ceremonial, post would have pleased Jawaharlal Nehru. As India's first Prime Minister, he insisted that religion and politics should be separated in the newly independent country, hoped that India would develop into a secular, Western-style nation rather than a religion-centered Hindu homeland. Fittingly, it was his daughter who engineered the election. Selecting Husain as her candidate, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi argued that other countries would not believe India's claim to ethnic and religious impartiality unless a Moslem could become head of state. She threw her whole prestige behind his election.

It was quite a risk, especially in the wake of February's nationwide elec-

tions, in which the Congress Party lost control of eight of India's 17 state governments and dropped 82 seats in the lower house of Parliament. Hoping to deal Indira yet another blow, seven opposition parties, ranging from far-rightists to Peking-lining leftists, rallied behind a single candidate, former Supreme Court Chief Justice Subba Rao, a staunch Hindu. But the vote, conducted in the state assemblies and national Parliament, went to Husain by a solid margin.

Outnumbered 7 to 1 by Hindus, India's 60 million Moslems live largely outside the country's mainstream. They tend to mix little with Hindus, cluster in separate urban ghettos, have a different written language (Urdu), and enjoy immunities from federal laws so that they, for example, may practice polygamy while other Indians must limit themselves to one wife at a time. Worst of all in Hindu eyes, Moslems are beef eaters, and they outrage their Hindu neighbors by slaughtering cows, which Hindus consider sacred. President Husain, whose own wife still wears a veil and lives in seclusion as the Prophet recommended, hopes to relax the vexing tensions between the two religious groups. "We must talk less, quarrel less, work hard and ever harder, and hold together," he said after his election. It was a sensible formula not only for India's Hindu-Moslem troubles but for the country's other problems as well.

RED CHINA

Liberate the Southwest!

"When there is chaos in China," says an old Chinese proverb, "it strikes Szechwan first; when there is peace, it comes to Szechwan first." Last week chaos ruled in the southwestern province of Szechuan. Peking wall posters reported that an extraordinary—and almost unbelievable—total of 10,000 persons had been killed or wounded in four weeks of fighting involving machine guns, hand grenades and poisoned drinking water. Among the casualties were 200 Maoists drowned in the Yangtze River on the way to a rally, the victims of Red Guards who had defected from Mao's Cultural Revolution and rammed and sunk the Maoists in flotilla-to-flotilla combat.

The fighting in Szechuan was only the most prominent of Mao's troubles last week, as spelled out in the big-character graffiti of wall posters. China-watchers did not believe all the vivid writing on the walls, but even at a discount the poster accounts added up to widespread turmoil. Some 35,000 autoworkers in Manchuria were said to have wrecked eight schools used by the Maoists as bases. The posters described clashes in Peking and Shanghai, claimed that fighting took place in Shantung in east China, in northwestern Sinkiang, the site of China's nuclear installations, in Inner Mongolia and in Honan, the largest wheat-growing province. Not surprisingly, the People's Daily last week

warned that "anarchism" suddenly threatened to undo all the gains of the Cultural Revolution.

Barking at the Sun. In Szechwan, there were no gains to lose. Large, populous (80 million) and strongly separatist, Szechwan represents a challenge to Mao's central authority and to the validity of the Cultural Revolution. Its political and military boys since 1952 has been tough Politburo Member Li Ching-chuan, 59, who earlier tacitly aided the anti-Maoists and was linked with Red Army Marshal Ho Lung, a sometime warlord and bandit, in a purposed plot to depose Mao last February. Li's bastion is formidable. Isolated by a bordering ring of mountains and agriculturally self-sufficient, Szechwan has a long tradition of rebellion against central governments. It has often

LATIN AMERICA

Castro's Targets

The large, high-ceiling conference hall of Caracas' Palacio Blanco was crowded last week with newsmen and television crews. The government had hurriedly called a very unusual press conference. On display were two members of Fidel Castro's Cuban army: Manuel Gil Castellanos, 25, and Pedro Cabrera Torres, 29. Blinking in the glare of klieg lights, the Cubans were escorted into the room, one after the other, were briefly questioned by government information officers, and were then led away to a military prison.

The two were part of a twelve-man landing squad—four Cuban military and eight Venezuelans—that had completed terrorist training in Cuba and been sent

troite guerrillas is active. The government got the first hint of their existence a few weeks ago when an army patrol ran into an artfully concealed ambush in a mountainous area 350 miles southeast of La Paz. Lost seven men. A subsequent army sweep turned up a recently deserted training area complete with field hospital, bakery, and other clues of the Cuban presence. Bolivia's President René Barrientos ordered a Ranger battalion to make pursuit: so far, the army has killed ten guerrillas and captured ten, including a 26-year-old Frenchman named Jules Régin Debray, who studied guerrilla warfare under Castro and organized the Bolivian band. Last week, armed with a pistol, rifle and grenades, Barrientos himself joined the guerrilla hunters.

► In Colombia some 300 Castroite guerrillas in two main bands roam the countryside. In recent weeks they hijacked a train, killed 15 army troopers in an ambush in mountainous Huila province and shot to death six more in an attack on an army convoy near Chapparal, 115 miles southwest of Bogotá. ► In Guatemala the situation has, by contrast, remained fairly quiet—though at least 250 Castroite terrorists still roam the country's interior. Their attacks are, however, a far cry from the kidnappings and bomb-throwings that nearly panicked the country last year. One reason: the guerrillas have lacked a leader since Luis Turcios Tima died at 24 in an auto accident last October. New President Julio César Méndez Montenegro has combined an army drive to hunt down guerrillas with a civic-action program that aims to lure peasants from the rebel cause by making life a little less unpleasant in the harsh backlands.

► In the Dominican Republic, the hemisphere's most explosive spot, there were bothersome new signs of unrest. Red China is claiming that Mao-think is inspiring the Dominican masses to revolt. More realistically, President Joaquin Balaguer puts the blame on Castro. After a number of shootings and bombings in Santo Domingo, Balaguer last week ordered army and naval units into the city to hold down violence, went on the radio to warn that hundreds of Communists are trying to foment a revolution to overthrow his ten-month-old regime and to topple the country into another civil war.

SWEDEN

Trial's End

The hand-picked members of Bertrand Russell's "International War Crimes Tribunal" were all dolled up for their denunciation scene. French Novelist Simone de Beauvoir glimmered in a silver lame blouse, while Playwright Peter Weiss, who had worn a corduroy jacket all week, donned a grey, striped business suit for the occasion. But all the pomp and ceremony could not add one bit of suspense to the peaceenik extravaganza—or respectability to the "verdict." After nine days of canned



CUBAN ARMY'S CASTELLANOS AT CARACAS PRESS CONFERENCE

One more example of an expert nobody wants.

proved a handy retreat for Chinese rulers in trouble, from the Emperor Ming of the 8th century to Chiang Kai-shek in the 1930s. So independent are the Szechwanese, that, as one Chinese proverb has it, "in Szechwan the dogs even bark at the sun."

The Litmus. Red Guard wall posters demanded the ousting of Li, but he refused to budge. Up went posters demanding "Liberate the Southwest!", and last month Red Guards from Peking dutifully streamed into the Szechuan capital of Chengtu to spread the Maoist gospel and rally the peasants against Li. The peasants were not impressed, and in fact attacked the Red Guards, producing rioting and bloodshed. So serious is the trouble, and so vital is Szechuan as a stimulus of the Maoist aspirations, reported Radio Moscow, that last week Mao dispatched his No. 2 man, Defense Minister Lin Piao, to the troubled province. It did not say whether he was to act as executioner or mediator.

to link up with the 200 or 300 guerrillas holed up in the Venezuelan Andes. Early last week the squad slid by night over the side of a Cuban sailing bark off the Venezuelan coast near Machiruacu, 70 miles east of Caracas, and started toward shore in two rafts. In the surf, one raft capsized, drowning one of the Cubans. Finding a deserted raft the next day, Venezuelan fishermen alerted the army, which hunted down the invaders before they could escape into the mountains. In a sharp fire fight, the Cuban commander of the contingent was killed, and two men were captured—the first uniformed Cuban army men that the Venezuelans have ever nabbed.

The Venezuelan episode was a blatant example of the way Fidel Castro is attempting to export his revolution to other Latin American countries. Though he so far has met with little real success, there has been in recent weeks a noticeable increase in Castro-inspired terrorism throughout the hemisphere: ► In Bolivia, a band of 100 or so Cas-

and Kafkaesque testimony by Russell's loyal witnesses. Tribunal President Jean-Paul Sartre declared that the U.S. had been found guilty of a vast catalogue of "war crimes" in Viet Nam, including "massive, systematic and deliberate" bombing of civilian targets in the North. Thus he and Russell all but assured themselves of a place in sophistry.

Two American radio executives who were allowed to witness some of the ritual that took place in a Stockholm amphitheater—before being physically ousted—described the proceedings as "irresponsible exercises in frivolity and personal and international theatrics." Gordon McLendon, 45, owner of stations in several U.S. cities, and Donald Burden, 38, president of Star Stations of Omaha, charged that the heavy publicity accorded the trial in many European and Asian newspapers would contribute immeasurably to world misunderstanding of the war and give Ho Chi Minh a mistaken idea of world support. The tribunal, said McLendon, was "a kangaroo court conducted by Communists for Communists." A measure of the witnesses' integrity was that three of them accused the U.S. of purposely bombing a leper colony 37 times.

In retrospect, the trial probably did the U.S. some good. Paris' *L'Aurore* dismissed it as "a circus." *Le Figaro Littéraire* accused Sartre of "childishness." London's *Observer* said that the trial gave an excuse "to those who want to avoid thinking seriously about Viet Nam." It did more than that. It finally exposed the extreme critics of the U.S. position in Viet Nam for what they are—cynical and ridiculous.

GREECE

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Aside from the approval of the King, the first thing Greece's new military rulers sought was the blessing of the Greek Orthodox Church. Premier Constantine Kollias and the chief Ministers were sworn in office by Chrysostomos, the Primate of Greece, and one of the new government's first decrees was an order solemnly commanding Greece's young people to attend church. Last week the junta's reforming zeal turned on the church itself. With a curt decree, the government dismissed the 86-year-old Chrysostomos and the twelve bishops of the Holy Synod, the church's highest governing body. In as the new Primate were Archimandrite Ieronymos Kotsoris, a professor of canon law who happens to be personal chaplain to King Constantine. The government also replaced the bishops with churchmen of its own choice.

Though the spectacle of soldiers meddling in ecclesiastical affairs was unpleasant, the fact is that the Greek church, which commands at least the nominal allegiance of 96% of Greece's 8.5 million people, has hardly set a high moral tone. It was rocked in 1962 by the charges that its newly elected Primate was a homosexual; he was subsequently

deposed. It was shaken two years later when a bishop was dethroned for committing adultery with his housemaid. In 1965, after the bishops became embroiled in a violent public scramble for wealthy sees, the civilian government of Premier Stephanos Stephanopoulos stepped in and ordered the Assembly of Bishops to stop shuffling the sees to the highest-bidding bishops. The junta justified last week's invasion of church affairs on the grounds that it was trying to make the church more attractive to Greece's young people.

No Beards. In temporal matters, the junta took the first step toward a return to parliamentary rule by creating a 20-man commission of jurists and professors to revise the new constitution. It



DEPOSED CHRYSOSTOMOS
Youth will be served.

formally charged the military's archenemy, Andreas Papandreou, 48, with conspiracy to commit high treason as the leader of the neutralist Aspida plot. As it ordered his trial, probably within the next few months, the junta gave assurance that it would not demand the death penalty. The new government also released from confinement Andreas' 79-year-old father, former Premier George Papandreou, and promised soon to set free at least half the 6,000 or so suspected Communists who were rounded up in the early hours of the April 21 coup.

The junta, however, showed no mercy to the beatniks who normally swarm into Greece each summer in search of fun and inexpensive living. From now on, declared Interior Minister Stylianos Pattakos, no traveler will be allowed to enter Greece if he has a beard, scruffy clothes, or less than \$80.

GREAT BRITAIN

Piping Down

Everyone knows Ben Jonson, Ten-nyon and Wordsworth, but who ever heard of Nahum Tate, Laurence Eusden, and William Whitehead? All six men share the dignity of having been poets laureate of England, a tradition that goes back 350 years. According to the 17th and most recent laureate, John Masefield, this high post "is responsible for some of the world's worst literature." Masefield died last week at 88 at the country home in Abingdon where he spent most of his time. Fortunately, he had written much of his best poetry long before George V named him laureate in 1930 (in preference to his chief rival, Rudyard Kipling). Already safe from obscurity, Masefield thus turned out only occasionally the dutiful doggerel that has so often been the lot of poets laureate.

"Boozing Brutes." The son of a country lawyer, Masefield wrote roistering early verses peppered with adventures that he had packed into his teens. He went to sea as a cook, rose to the rank of master mariner, and sailed around Cape Horn. He went to the U.S., where he crossed the continent as a hobo, worked in a Greenwich Village saloon and, while employed in a Yonkers, N.Y., carpet factory, finally realized that his métier was poetry. Thus the rough, unschooled youth of 19 set out to fashion his poems not for "the portly presence of potentates goody in girth" but for the "dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth." Such a taste was bound to shock the fastidious Edwardians, who were still doting on Tennyson. Shock them Masefield did with such long narrative poems as *The Everlasting Mercy*, which spoke of "painted whores" and "pecking bags" and "drunken, poaching, boozing brutes."

Masefield's pungent realism burst upon English poetry, but his worship of the sea was traditional for a maritime nation and his charming pastorals were long echoes of a yeoman past. His most famous short poem, *Sea-Fever*, was published with his first collection in 1902 and froze the seaman's world forever in rolling, hypnotic meter:

*I must go down to the sea again,
to the lonely sea and the sky
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star
to steer her by.*

Masefield, unlike his contemporaries, was also not loath to describe the unromantic side of British life. At a time when more traditional poets were writing idylls about Britain, he could write, for example:

*Dirty British coaster with a salt-eaked
smoke stack.
Butting through the Channel in the
mad March days.*

Out of Fashion. Despite the lusty tone of much of his verse, Masefield was a gentle, mild-mannered man who thought of himself as primarily a storyteller. He was a craftsman who turned out some 70 books, including 28 of



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MASEFIELD 1958

Long echoes of a yeoman past.

poetry, 14 novels and the rest biographies, histories and comparatively undistinguished plays. The bestiaries of World War I made the romance and optimism of his work go out of fashion, for that era brought the onslaught of symbolism, Freudian introspection, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. Masefield thought of his laureate role as "a happy duty," though such eminences as Dame Edith Sitwell called his official paean "dead as mutton." One penned to mark a trip abroad by Queen Elizabeth:

*Even as April's footsteps that unseen
Touch upon March's earth and make
it green*

So be the Atrick visit of our Queen.

Masefield led English poetry out of its Victorian sententiousness and thus earned his modest place in the poets' pantheon. In one of his last books, he wrote: "It is time now to pipe down and coil up."

The Formal Bid

Britain formally applied for membership in the Common Market last week, after a three-day debate in Parliament. The debate ended with a resounding vote that gave Prime Minister Harold Wilson the biggest parliamentary majority (488-62) that any Prime Minister has won in a quarter of a century.

THE MIDDLE EAST

A King's Plight

The "gallop past" by the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery—in which three score plumed cavalrymen rattle past at full gallop, swords raised, hooves beating and gun carriages thundering behind—is so intricate and dangerous that it is rarely used even for visiting royalty. Last week Queen Elizabeth, who had never seen the ceremony herself, ordered it performed to mark the state visit of Saudi Arabia's King Feisal, the somber and bearded monarch who has emerged as leader of the moderate forces opposing the pan-Arabism of Egypt's General Abdel Nasser.

Feisal came to Britain for more than a bit of royal pomp. He fears that when the British protectorate of Aden gets its independence next year, Nasser's fol-

lowers will swallow it up once British troops pull out, thus giving his enemy another stronghold on Saudi Arabia's flank. In discussions continuing through this week, he will try to persuade Prime Minister Harold Wilson to postpone Britain's troop withdrawal—perhaps indefinitely.

One hundred persons have already been killed this year by terrorists in Aden. Coinciding with Feisal's trip, Nasserite organizations paralyzed the territory by declaring its eleventh general strike of the year. In Cairo, leaders of a powerful terrorist group named FLOSY (Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen) declared themselves Aden's "government in exile"; they named a temporary capital at Taiz in Yemen, even appointed a President, 13 Cabinet ministers and two ambassadors (to the Sudan and Egypt). On Cairo radio, FLOSY President Abdul Qawee Mackawee promised Aden "a popular resistance uprising in the coming weeks against imperialists and their agents." For good measure, Cairo radio also demanded King Feisal's assassination, calling him "an enemy of God" who is "selling you out to the British in London."

Until now, the British hoped that Feisal could supply the troops to defend the territory once the tommy's pull out. But Feisal, who is already supporting anti-Nasser forces in Yemen, is hardly eager for another confrontation with Nasser—whose air force last week bombed the Saudi town of Najran, near the Yemeni frontier, for the third time this year. The British may be getting the point. Last week British Foreign Secretary George Brown appeared in Parliament with a first hint that Britain might at least consider staying on in Aden for a while. It was still the government's intention to leave, he said, but only on condition that it "leave behind a stable and secure government in South Arabia."



ELIZABETH & FEISAL
Consider the neighbors.



PHOTO COURTESY OF WISCONSIN CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT

How the Battle of the Dam saved a wildlife paradise

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To mend the damage, a dam was built. But due to conflicting interests, the marsh was later drained again...then dammed again—a seesaw battle that lasted some thirty years.

The tireless efforts of private citizens finally won public support for restoration of the marsh as the best use of the land for the community.

A leader among them was Louis "Curley" Radke, a local resident, who fought the battle through 16 sessions of the Wisconsin Legislature. Helped by the Izaak Walton League, the Milwaukee Federation of Women's Clubs and many



Planting aquatic plants to help Nature feed and shelter wildlife on the marsh.

others, Radke succeeded in getting a petition signed by 115,000 interested supporters.



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PEOPLE

On the eve of the couple's 30th wedding anniversary, a much delayed invitation arrived from Buckingham Palace. Queen Elizabeth II would be pleased if the Duke and Duchess of Windsor could come to England from the U.S. to attend the dedication next month in Marlborough House of a memorial plaque to the Duke's mother, the late Queen Mary. It was, said the palace, strictly a family affair. Nevertheless, it marked the first time since his abdication and marriage that the British crown has taken formal recognition of the former King's twice-divorced American wife—though the Duchess and the Queen did chat two years ago when they met at London's Clinic, where the Duke was undergoing eye surgery.

The neat signature at the bottom of the weekly intramural sports schedule in Amherst College's Pratt dorm spells Eisenhower, Ike's only grandson, David, 18, signs it as sports chairman of the dorm, and his classmates have been having their own kind of sport with it. They send the signature home as a souvenir, and in a matchmaking spirit have even mailed a couple of mini specimens to Smith College Freshman Julie Nixon, 17. Except for the holograph hounds, though, the little Lord Jeffreys make no fuss over David. "We have a Cabot at Amherst," explains an insouciant classmate, "and that's as high as you can go."

He had been denied top honors twice before by the inscrutable Cannes Film Festival jury, and she had been

passed over only last month for an Oscar. So now, with each other for moral support, Italian Director Michelangelo Antonioni, 54, and British Actress Vanessa Redgrave, 30, she in sequined tunic and tights, braved a screening at Cannes of *Blow-Up*, in which Vanessa had taken a relatively small part simply because "I wanted to be directed by Antonioni." After the showing, Vanessa went home to London, but Antonioni stayed on for the happy ending: a Golden Palm applauding *Blow-Up* as the best film of the 25 shown at the festival.

No one involved even deigned to take notice when Agatha Christie's comedy-thriller, *The Mousetrap*, passed its 6,000th London performance last week (a, a measly 2,238 for former British record holder *Chin Chin Clow*). Since opening night in 1952, more than 2,000,000 people have bought tickets to the tiny (435 seats) Ambassadors' Theatre, and 97 actors have populated the play's eight roles. "Just about everybody in England has seen it except the Queen," says Producer Peter Saunders, "and she thinks she's seen it." Author Christie, 76, has given no interview on the subject since 1961, claiming that she has run out of things to say. Small wonder. Believing *The Mousetrap* good for about a six-month run, she had made a thoughtful little gift of the royalties to her grandson, Michael Pritchard, who keeps up a 900-acre estate, an 18th century manor house and an Alfa-Romeo on the proceeds.

Manhattan Restaurateur Toots Shor, 62, uses "meathead" as a term of endearment and "ya bum ya" as a near proposal of marriage. But for all the hoisterous language, the beefy Shor is a self-professed "lover, not a fighter," who forever reminds himself, he says, that "the first rule of any saloonkeeper is never put your hands on a customer." It was therefore with some mortification that Shor found himself vanquished by the cops from his Park Avenue apartment in the wee hours and arrested on charges of decking one customer and choking another in a fracas at his boozery earlier that night. "This is the first time I've been collared in 40 years in the saloon business," Shor wailed. "Did I hit him? If I did, would he be around? The whole thing is a silly farce."

"To my disgust I found that this first contact with human beings was making me tremble," radioed the old sea dog after sighting another ship for the first time since he rounded Cape Horn 60 lonely days ago. But the great adventure was almost ended. Now less than two weeks and 2,000 miles from the end of his solitary 28,500-mile sailing voyage around the world, Sir Francis Chichester reported that his 53-ft. ketch *Gipsy Moth IV* had broken clear of the dol-



DRAKE & CHICHESTER AT TUSSAUD'S
Proud company.

drums and was running smoothly before the North Atlantic winds. The real trembling will begin after he gets home. Britain is whipping up a reception worthy of Lord Nelson, with Queen Elizabeth planning to meet him at dockside at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and confer a knighthood with the sword once carried by Sir Francis Drake. The two Sir Francises have already been placed side by side at Madame Tussaud's famed waxworks in London.

It seemed to J.W. Munson, president of Austin's small but fast-growing Citizens National Bank (\$12.5 million assets since its founding in 1961), that the University of Texas graduate student looked like quite a comer. After all, the young man was already in training in Austin's only TV broadcasting company, had moved with his wife into a \$50,000 French Provincial house in the best part of town. So impressed was Munson by what he saw and heard of the young man that he appointed Pat Nugent, 23, to the board of directors of Citizens National. "We feel," Munson said confidently, "that he will be a good director." Besides, his father-in-law controls 2,000 shares of stock in the bank.

Though Italian Actress Claudia Cardinale, 29, was only one of about 3,000 movie and TV people attending a special papal audience in honor of World Social Communications Day, something about her stood out: her knees. Demurely clad in black from crown to mid-thigh, C.C. abruptly ran out of dress at a point three inches above the patella. The Pope seemed unflustered during his brief chat with her, but the scene was too much for the Vatican's weekly *L'Observatore Della Domenica*, which sharply denounced "those brainless creatures who profess a pseudo anti-conformism and look more like monkeys with their capricious, extravagant styles."



REDGRAVE & ANTONIONI AT CANNES
Moral support.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE CIA ORPHANS

ONE of the biggest questions in Washington these days is what to do about "the orphans." In current capital usage, the orphans are the nearly 100 private agencies that had been getting CIA money and were left high and dry by the White House order that all such undercover support must cease—preferably by year's end. Whatever the merits or demerits of the CIA's methods, most of these groups served the U.S. well in its contest for the faith and understanding of the world's workers and thinkers, students and teachers, refugees from yesterday and leaders of tomorrow.

The organizations—which had received the funds, often unwittingly, through dummy foundations—were orphaned in the wake of the *Ramparts* magazine exposé of the CIA's connection with the National Student Association. This led to the appointment of a presidential commission, headed by Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach, to figure out how the gap left by the CIA should be filled. Ever since, new information about the CIA's past activities has continued to surface. Last week Thomas Wardell Braden, 49, a politically ambitious former California newspaper publisher who served with the CIA between 1950 and 1954, added further details. In an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Braden indignantly defended the CIA against charges that it had been "immoral" by recording some of the extremely useful things it accomplished early in the cold war.

Question of Secrecy

He recalled giving money to Irving Brown, of the American Federation of Labor, "to pay off his strong-arm squads in Mediterranean ports, so that American supplies could be unloaded against the opposition of Communist dock workers." Braden said that CIA funds also went to Victor Reuther, brother and assistant of President Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, and to Jay Lovestone, of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, for the purpose of helping various anti-Communist unions abroad. His article is highly self-flattering and oversimplified, but most of his statements appear to be correct. AFL-CIO President George Meany called Braden's account "a damn lie"—but added cautiously, "to the best of my knowledge."

Braden also reported that the CIA had helped finance the anti-Communist Congress for Cultural Freedom and, through it, several intellectual magazines, including *Encounter*, a U.S.-British monthly. Braden added that a CIA agent had become an *Encounter* editor (this also was denied). Complaining that they had been deceived

by past denials of CIA support, Editors Frank Kermode and Stephen Spender resigned.

Indignation about the CIA, including mutterings about "corruption," contained a lot of real or feigned naïveté, as well as some deliberate malice toward U.S. policy. Still, there are legitimate issues at stake. Few deny the U.S. Government's right to carry on secret operations. The question is whether, in a free society, it is right, wise—or necessary—for supposedly independent organizations to receive secret subsidies.

It is generally agreed that the activities of the groups supported by the CIA were distinct from its hard-core intelligence functions and from major field operations—although occasionally the lines were blurred. The degree of outright CIA influence varied widely. In the case of the National Student Association—which has made the fullest disclosures—the influence was considerable. Leaders were selected by the CIA at the end of an all-expense-paid, 14-week international seminar: positions on international issues were carefully guided by well-informed arguments and background papers based on CIA information. On occasion, NSA members were used for marginal, low-key intelligence work—an appraisal of the Marxist leadership in Bolivian universities, an analysis of Dominican student attitudes during the crisis of 1965.

In a few situations, perhaps, mere aid or propaganda functions turned into full-fledged political operations—as in the violent general strike that helped bring down the government of Marxist Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana three years ago. It was financed by the CIA-backed Public Services International, whose ostensible aim was to organize government workers into independent unions around the world.

But often the CIA merely supplied money to ensure an American "presence" and made no attempt to influence policy. Says British Author Colin MacInnes of *Encounter*: "Were we corrupted by American money? *Encounter* let me say things which other publications didn't want to know about, and they never touched a word. All I can say is, if the money was coming from the CIA, why in the bloody hell didn't they pay us a bit more?"

Was—or is—secrecy necessary in most such operations? At the time they started, it certainly was—largely because of the very real, all-too-easily dismissed threat from Communist subversion or from organizations which had to be countered with the free world's own fronts. At the same time, it was also necessary to counter American naïveté. The State Department,

for example, was working to set up an international labor federation including Communists (who eventually took it over), while the CIA was battling undercover for anti-Communist unions. Liberal opinion denounced cold war measures as hysterical, while conservative opinion denounced any Government agency dealing with the non-Communist left as playing footie with Reds. Only the CIA had the imagination and the funds for programs that Congress would never have approved.

Risk of Exposure

As the nature of the cold war changed, secrecy became far less defensible. It distorted the aims and the democratic workings of some of the organizations; above all, it risked exposure with resulting loss of prestige and credibility. No matter how praiseworthy the CIA's aims or how minimal its influence, once the link was revealed, people who had thought themselves part of a private organization supported by their work and contributions were bound to feel duped. Considering the almost evil-eye reputation that the letters CIA have acquired (however unfairly), it was needlessly risky for the agency to support outfits that could obtain money in some other way—or that did not need money at all. It is still unclear, for instance, why the CIA apparently funneled small contributions to the National Council of Churches, which it did not seek to influence and which had ample money sources. Even the purest scholarship was called into question when it was learned that M.I.T.'s prestigious Center for International Studies had been heavily CIA-subsidized till last year.

Ironically, one reason that secrecy became increasingly useless was the fact that more and more people abroad assumed the U.S. Government to be behind various projects anyway. And at home, there are signs that the end of secrecy will greatly clear the air. Only two college groups have quit NSA—but 26 others have joined.

There is always a chance that the ingenious CIA will find new ways of secret funding (some of the organizations it has been backing have not yet been named publicly). But if for most of the "orphans" secrecy is no longer required, what is to be their guardian? One possibility is a new separate Government agency. But this would be cumbersome, involved in red tape and congressional battles. A second possibility, which has been advocated in Washington, is to distribute the organizations among existing Government agencies. While a few could probably be thus absorbed, this is no solution for the majority, because they would lose their important private impact. Many of the activities involving leadership training or nation building might well be denounced as interference in other countries' internal affairs if carried on by the State Department or AID.

Recommended by Katzenbach's com-

mittee is "a public-private mechanism to provide public funds openly for overseas activities of organizations which are adjudged deserving, in the national interest, of public support." Exactly how such a mechanism should function and what its scope should be are questions so far unanswered. A plan is to be produced by yet another committee under the direction of Secretary of State Dean Rusk. The best Washington thinking now tends toward a semiautonomous foundation with some of these features: a predominantly private board of directors initially appointed by the President but self-perpetuating; a link to Congress resembling that of the Smithsonian Institution, which is subject to review but has a fairly stable budget; a resemblance to the British Council in its concern with cultural activities abroad and to the National Academy of Sciences in its ability to recruit respected names in various fields for consultation; and a strong research or think-tank component.

The True Ideology

Such a foundation's most difficult and elusive task would be to wed public policy and private initiative, to maintain a link with the Government without becoming bogged down in bureaucracy or timidity. For in retrospect, perhaps the CIA's most important contribution was not money but unconventional and imaginative ideas, notwithstanding failures. If the new "mechanism" can steer between a too specific, outdated cold war orientation, on the one hand, and an aimless benevolence on the other, it has a truly exciting chance not merely to provide shelter for the orphans but to modify the entire pattern of America's self-projection in the world.

There is need for a philosophical framework for all the U.S. cultural, educational, economic and propaganda activities that are presently scattered, conflicting and unwieldy. Short-term and long-term aims are often confused. The USIA, for instance, which is supposed to promote the U.S. image abroad, is frequently in conflict with State's Educational and Cultural Affairs Bureau, which is supposed to promote longer-range cultural and educational exchanges. It has been suggested that the new body should take over such existing cultural functions; more probably, it should only help rationalize them.

For the rest, it should be concerned with carrying one of the best features of American life, the voluntary organization, into the foreign field—something that has been called "private international relations." It should worry less about day-to-day crises than about the ultimate U.S. interest: the development of human resources through education, economics and politics, for that is the true American ideology. Thus the new agency might well be the best face that America can turn toward the world—and transform the embarrassment of the CIA disclosures into a major forward-step.

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RELIGION

ESCHATOLOGY

New Views of Heaven & Hell

He descended into Hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascendeth into Heaven.

In unequivocal terms, the traditional Apostles' Creed sums up one of the central mysteries of Christianity: God's promise of eternal paradise or perdition beyond the grave. Millions of Christians recite the Creed as an affirmation of their faith. Yet many theologians are now attempting to redefine heaven and hell in this-worldly terms—not as places where humans somehow survive after death, but as states of mind and modes of being that begin here on earth. As they see it, the world itself is the stu-

considerably more vivid in their portrayal of the hereafter. In *Revolution*, heaven is described as a city of "pure gold" whose walls are "adorned with every jewel," and hell is called "the lake that burns with fire and brimstone"; in hell, according to Matthew, sinners "will weep and gnash their teeth." Though scholars regard such descriptions as being primarily imagery, Christianity at one time accepted them as literally true. In the Middle Ages, Dante confidently limned a topography of the beyond that seemed as convincingly detailed as a map of Italy.

To eras in which life was a cruel trial of disease and despair, there was deep comfort in the dream of heaven as God's good-conduct reward. Now that man has more and more conquered nature, eternity has become more and more distant. "A certain satisfaction with this world has replaced the aspiration for heaven," says Italy's Roman Catholic Philosopher Ettore Albino. "A consumer society gives man happiness even if it is superficial. Nobody wants to hear of hell."

Rejecting Dualism. Moreover, theologians concede that modern skepticism about eternity is fully justified. Says the University of San Francisco's Jesuit Philosopher Francis J. Marion: "An afterlife that is viewed as an opiate, a kind of workmen's compensation for an ugly and painful existence, is bound to be unattractive." Stanford University's Protestant Dean of the Chapel B. Davie Napier believes that God and man are cheapened by the idea that good behavior can buy "a good birth in the afterlife." As for hell, Napier shares the growing consensus that perdition cannot be permanent. To condemn even an unrepentant Hitler to eternal suffering, he says, "makes a demented out of God."

The new Christian thinking begins by rejecting the Greek dualism of body and soul. The old idea of a soul that departs from the body at death "makes no sense at all," says Roman Catholic Theologian Peter Riga of California's St. Mary's College. "There is just man, man in God's image and likeness. Man in his totality was created and will be saved." Such theologians emphasize God's presence in the world. "God is the source of creativity and change and human selfhood," says Harvard's Harvey Cox. In sum, the process of salvation and damnation takes place on earth—not somewhere "out there."

In the new eschatology, hell is something more believable than a pit of unending fire. To most theologians, the inferno is best expressed as alienation from God's universal design, and therefore from one's fellow men. "Hell is estrangement, isolation, despair," says Acting Dean Lloyd Kalland of Gordon Divinity School in Wenham, Mass.

"Man, a social being, is removed from all that gives meaning and satisfaction." U.S. Lutheran Theologian Joseph Sittler contends that there is a measure of essential Christian truth in Sartre's depiction of hell as other people. In his *Principles of Christian Theology*, Dr. John Macquarrie of Union Theological Seminary describes hell as "not some external or arbitrary punishment that gets assigned for sin, but simply the working out of sin itself, as it destroys the distinctively personal being of the sinner."

New Instructions. Conversely, heaven is now defined as the triumph of self-giving—not as some celestial leisure village. "Heaven is cordial, honest, loving relationships," says Gordon's Kalland. According to Macquarrie, "Heaven is simply the goal of human existence." Such a view parallels that of Swiss

GRANT TURKIN/STYLING: JUDY LEE/HAIR: RAYMOND MUSSETTE/LEATHER: SWISS



"WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?"

Theologian Karl Barth, who wrote that "resurrection means not the continuation of life, but life's completion. The Christian hope does not lead us away from this life."

When heaven and hell are conceived as starting on earth, the demythologizers argue, Christian ethics are bound to be sharply strengthened. Such a concept "imparts a tremendous value to human life here and now," says Boston University's Methodist Scholar S. Paul Schilling. The theologians also argue that a this-worldly heaven and hell are quite in keeping with the Biblical message. In *Galatians 5:14* Paul says: "For the whole law is fulfilled in one word. 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself.'" Scholars point out that the principal message of *Matthew 25*, which contains one of the New Testament's few references to heaven and hell, is that man's salvation is work in this world—work for others.

All the same, man cannot escape death—and the not yet disproved possibility of judgment beyond. On this issue, many theologians retreat into agnosticism. If man is sufficiently fulfilled on earth, says Dr. Albert van den Heuvel of the World Council of Churches, "we can leave it to Jesus to worry about the details." The Gospel, adds Dr. Ed-

"EDWARD HAS A THEORY THAT THIS IS HELL"

preme opportunity for man's fulfillment and salvation, and the afterlife a "spiritual dimension" that emphasizes the noblest traits and aspirations of this life.

Most Christian theologians readily agree that eschatology—the doctrine of death and the afterlife—owes more to superstition than to supernatural wisdom. "The traditional views of heaven and hell are about 95% mythology," says Notre Dame's Jesuit Biblical Scholar John McKenzie. Except among some fundamentalists, the concept of a three-tier universe with heaven above, hell below and mankind in the middle struggling for divine judgment is recognized as a complete distortion of God's cryptic revelation on eternity.

Consumer Satisfaction. Though the concept of an afterlife is universal among religions, scriptural scholars note that the Bible has relatively little to say about it. The Old Testament contains no explicit description of heaven; the closest that ancient Biblical seers got to the idea of hell was *sheol*—a vague limbo after death. Although much of Judaism accepts the notion of an afterlife, Jews have never unduly concerned themselves with it. According to Reform Rabbi Richard Lehrman of Atlanta, "you make it or break it right here."

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ward Craig Hobbs of Berkeley's Graduate Theological Union, "offers a message for this life. If, by some chance, we should discover ourselves still conscious after death, we will probably receive a new set of instructions."

"Terrestrial Messianism." Whatever those instructions, theologians retain faith in a posthumous identity. Insists Catholic Scholar Riga: "An afterlife is simply basic to Christianity. Without it what would you have but a terrestrial messianism interested only in building up the city of man?" That surely is not all there is to religion. Declares Stanford's Robert McAfee Brown: "If God is a God of love, if he is ultimate, that which he loves and sustains he will not simply discard." Jesuit Sociologist-Theologian Paul Hildebrand of California's Loyola University believes that the afterlife, whatever its form, must somehow preserve individual awareness. "Since I conceive of myself as a consciousness which is open to others in love," says Hildebrand, "I feel fairly certain that I will be able to think and to love in the next life. If this requires space, then there will be space. If it requires time, there will be time. I'm not so sure that it requires either."

Others see posthumous salvation in terms of some kind of cosmic evolution toward perfection. According to the late Jesuit Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, man is evolving toward an "Omega point," or ultimate encounter with God. To Methodist Schilling, the phenomenon involves "the ongoing life of the whole person, not of the body in the physical sense, but of something equivalent to what a body is, a notion of renewal rather than mere survival, in ways that we cannot know. It is a matter of faith, but I think a reasonable and intelligent faith."

Strength of Reality. Whatever lies beyond, the new eschatology may make it harder for some people to face death. Says the Rev. Kevin Wall, prior of the Dominican House of Studies in Berkeley, Calif.: "Those who hold mythic convictions are better prepared to face death with equanimity. It is more difficult for the rationalist to contemplate death." German Protestant Theologian Dorothee Solle believes that "emphasis on this world means an intensification of the death experience. The new theology says that life is definite, not indefinite, that our chances are limited."

Yet a new focus on the importance of living may well ease the fear of dying. The new eschatology, contends Calvinist Scholar Franklin Josselyn of Los Angeles' Occidental College, can offer man "a means of looking at death honestly and with courage. It forces man to have faith that is not merely an escape from fear." Indeed, such freedom might begin to restore faith in an afterlife, especially one in which the spiritual dimensions are composed of such Christian qualities as justice, brotherhood and charity. Says the Rev. William J. Wolf of Episcopal Theological School at Cam-

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THE PAPACY

At Mary's Feet

The biggest obstacle to Christian reunion is the Roman Catholic doctrine of papal infallibility. The second biggest is the degree of veneration that Catholics—but not Protestants—accord to Mary, the Jewish girl who became the mother of Christ. Indeed, many Catholics look askance at one of the great symbols of Marianism—Fátima, the small Portuguese village near which three shepherd children claimed to have seen, on May 13, 1917, the first of several visions of Mary. If for no other reason than the youngsters' impressionable ages—seven, nine and ten—there is widespread skepticism about the authenticity of the Fátima apparition.

Nonetheless last week, on its 50th anniversary, Pope Paul VI became the first Roman Catholic pontiff to visit the shrine of Fátima. The "spiritual motive" of his fourth papal journey outside Italy, Paul announced, was to seek Mary's "intercession in favor of the peace of the church and of the world." The Vatican denied suggestions that the Pope was also making amends to Portugal for his visit to India following its conquest of Portuguese Goa, insisting that the trip would be "completely private" and "ruidoso." Despite the disclaimer, the Portuguese were ecstatic.

"Peculiar ideologies." Traveling aboard a Portuguese Airways Caravelle, the Pope landed at a military airfield near Monte Real, delivered a short speech on arrival, and rode in an open-topped black Rolls-Royce 25 miles to the Fátima shrine, where he celebrated Mass before a crowd estimated at 700,000. In an address, Paul called for a "united church." At the same time, he issued another warning against what he deems doctrinal excesses in church renewal. The Ecumenical Council, he said, "has opened up new vistas in the field of doctrine." And yet: "What terrible damage could be provoked by arbitrary interpretations replacing the theology of the true and great fathers of the church with new and peculiar ideologies." Clearly referring to Viet Nam, he invoked the traditional symbol of Mary: "The world is in danger. We have come to the feet of the queen of peace to ask her for the gift, which only God can give, of peace."

Afterward, the Pope greeted the only survivor among the three children who reported seeing the Fátima vision—Lucia dos Santos, now a 61-year-old Carmelite nun—and conferred briefly with Portuguese Dictator Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. Eleven hours after his



LUCIA KISSING POPE'S RING
To curb any extremes.

arrival, Paul was winging back to Rome.

Whatever its temporal effects on peace, many Catholics regarded the Pope's visit as a religious incongruity. To encourage ecumenism with Protestants, the Second Vatican Council did not emphasize Mary, and the exaggeration of Marian devotion in Catholicism has since declined. In the light of Paul's conservatism on doctrinal issues, though, some knowledgeable observers suggested that a key reason for his pilgrimage to Fátima was to curb any extremes in the de-emphasis of Mary.

EPISCOPALIANS

Poverty in the Pulpit

At a median salary of \$6,000 a year, the nation's 10,000 Episcopal clergymen are poor in pocket—and a lot more. After an 18-month study of Episcopal training, a committee chaired by Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey last week reported that a third of Episcopal clergymen lack a complete three-year seminary education. More than 60% of Episcopal seminarians graduated from college with average grades of C or below. Of all Episcopal clergymen, more than 12% never graduated from college at all. Worse, said Pusey, seminary training itself is "dated" and often irrelevant to the church's mission in slums. Cash is urgently needed for improvement. As it stands, Episcopalians are contributing to theological education at the rate of only 40¢ apiece per year.

* The others: to the Holy Land and India in 1964, the U.N. in 1965.

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MODERN LIVING



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FADS

Leave the Riding to Gus

The Sigma Chis at Colorado State have invented a sweetheart of a sport. They call it "parachute riding," and it works like this: first a parachute is laid out on the ground with all the shroud lines straight; then it is harnessed to the rider, who stands, sits or stretches out on a flat piece of heavy cardboard. Helpers then lift the chute so that it can fill with wind—all the while chanting "Come and help, Gus!" (the name for springtime gusts in the Rockies)—and away the rider goes over the grass on his cardboard chariot at speeds as high as 30 m.p.h.

The possibility that the chute might actually take off, taking the rider along with it, adds spice. That, in fact, is precisely what happened to Colorado State Junior John Junker three weeks ago. Gus helped too much, lofted Junker into a tree, fracturing an elbow and a leg.

But last week the Sigma Chis were right back at it, under the watchful eye of Senior Richard Delanoy, who has devised a safety measure for the sport. Four Sigma Chis line up downwind, like baseball outfielders; whenever Gus blows too strong and the rider seems on the verge of lift-off, the outfielders rush the chute and plunge headlong into it, thereby safely collapsing the nylon canopy. "It's exciting when you see that chute billow out and you begin to move," said A. G. Phillips at the end of his parachute ride. "You feel that you've got hold of the wind."

TRAVEL

On Renting a French Aristocrat

No longer need tourists humble themselves before *la grande indifférence* that Parisians traditionally inflict on visitors. By the simple expedient of renting a lovely French aristocrat, the *joie de vivre* turns to him, and the surly city becomes all smiles and elegance.

At least, such is the aim of *Hôtesses Internationales*, an elite assortment of young ladies who were organized two years ago by two aristocratic demois-

elles—Countess Marthe de la Rochebonnac, 28, and Mademoiselle Claude de Clermont-Tonnerre, 24. Says Marthe: "The idea came to me when I was in New York and heard Americans complain about the difficulties—and the coldness—they found in France." She recruited her cousin Claude and a dozen other *sauvées* friends to provide chic and cheery guidance for foreigners in Paris.

Never After Dark. It was an instant success, and the stable of *Hôtesses Internationales* now includes some 800 women, of whom about 600 (most with the best of family connections, several daughters of diplomats) work full time. H.I.'s services include elegant rub-bernecking tours of Paris (with precisely informed history lectures from the young ladies), shopping excursions that range from a Dior boutique to the Flea Market, as well as even more individualized aid, such as locating a race horse for two Germans to buy, arranging a female golfing partner for a Taiwan businessman, finding a secretary who can take shorthand in Turkish, and accompanying one client to the infamous Olympia Press bookstore, where he browsed happily and finally selected

Whipping Incorporated and *The Sex Life of Robinson Crusoe*.

There is an absolute taboo against socializing alone with the customer after dark, although the ladies are allowed to go out with a group of clients. Even then, the restrictions are so straitlaced that they stifle hopes for *amour*—or even for an evening of routine high life. "No nightclubs, no bars, no discothèques," says the Countess de la Rochebonnac, and the girls, many of them young-marrieds, religiously obey.

Uncrossed Legs. The prices for a hostess are as aristocratic as the girls, ranging from \$31 to \$42 for an eight-hour day. Most people who can afford it find it well worthwhile. Not only are the ladies of H.I. extremely attractive, they are also smartly turned out in red wool uniforms by Jean Patou and handwoven by Jean-Louis David. Before they are allowed to serve on H.I., they must submit to a demanding 23-month training program. It includes courses in Paris history, French government, sophisticated shopping hints and "civilization"—a class in which they learn esoteric tips about how to behave with various foreign visitors. Sample: when guiding a Japanese, never cross the legs or show the soles of the feet, since that is considered offensive by some Orientals.

Such grooming, combined with careful selection, has paid off. H.I., which depends on word-of-mouth advertising, is swamped with requests from businessmen and corporations. The London Daily Telegraph has called them "modest hostesses," the German magazine *Stern* referred to them as *die wahrhaftigsten Kundendienst der Welt*. And San Francisco Economic Consultant Baldhard G. Falk wrote back that his hostess was "not only an exceptionally charming person of impeccable taste. Most surprisingly, she happens to be the first lady driver with whom I was not afraid, and this means a lot, considering Paris traffic."



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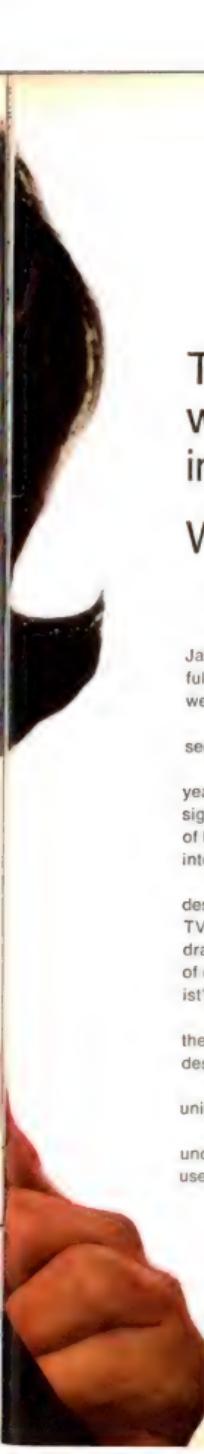


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THE PRESS

REPORTING

Pages for Women

Gone are the days of the old-fashioned "women's pages"—those pallid compendiums of weddings, engagements and social comings and goings. Taking their place in U.S. newspapers are pages for women filled with news and feature stories about the facts of modern life. Typical is a series that ran in the women's section of the Seattle Times. In full and numbing detail, Women's Editor Dorothy Brant Brazier described housewife alcoholics in Seattle; how they keep their window shades perpetually drawn, how they dare not show their swollen faces at P.T.A. meetings, how they neglect their children and outrage their husbands.

The Seattle Times is no more frank than dozens of latter-day women's pages, which deal with feminine vices and afflictions hitherto reported elsewhere in the paper—it at all. Reporting on the ways and means of Detroit's 6,000 prostitutes, the women's page of the Detroit Free Press ranked them from chippies who settle for a good meal and a night on the town, to streetwalkers working at the beck of pimps and call of drugs, to expensive suburban call girls who keep Fanny Hill-style notes on their clients' bedroom peculiarities. Last month the Miami Herald's women's page reported that 40% of the nation's chronic gamblers are women. Not only that, said the Herald, but women cheat more than men. The Charlotte Observer had scarcely finished discussing the social stigma of syphilis when it published a report on life inside a nearby women's prison. Along with elegantly displayed fashions, Long Island's Newsday furnished readers with a list of 13 ways to avoid a child molester—just as past women's pages would have listed the ingredients of a recipe.

Tee & Sympathy. Once segregated from the rest of the paper and ignored by male journalists, today's women's page is often read by as many men as women. Under the spirited direction of Charlotte Curtis, the New York Times' page often focuses on men: their travail when they go shopping with their wives, their attempts to get closer to their kids by familiarizing them with office life. Women's golf, once confined to the sports page of the Houston Post, now appears on the women's page in a column titled "Tee and Sympathy."

Women's editors keep in step with medicine. They routinely discuss pregnancy, the pill, abortion, menopause. Mrs. Brazier not only reported the phenomenon of infant crib deaths in Seattle; she ran photos of babies who had died, including the children of socially prominent families. Observing that the use of oral contraceptives in some cases enlarged women's breasts, the Atlanta

Journal's Edith Hills Coogler interviewed the local Lovable brassiere manufacturer, who lovably agreed that he had to do some tinkering with his production line.

In times past, the women's editor was often recruited from the ranks of high society and wrote puff pieces about her friends. More often than not, today's editor comes up from the city room. "We're expected to get scoops," says Washington Post Columnist Maxine Cheshire, who was once a police reporter, "and not be scooped." She seldom is. She guessed early that Jackie was pregnant with John Jr., was the first to pry confirmation from John Kennedy. She



COOGLER



CURTIS

invitation, or ignore it and send two?" The answer she left to the individual hostess' ingenuity.

More than ever, the women's pages concern themselves with ordinary women, and women whose skin happens not to be white. An article that appeared in the New York Times took umbrage at beauticians who lack the know-how to make up Negro women properly. The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune gives just as much space to Negro-social junctions as to white. "We don't make a crusade of this," says Executive Editor Paul Minolas. "But a major proportion of our community is Negro, and we consider it proper to include news about them."

The women editors have performed so handsomely that they may be working themselves out of a job. Not only is

Newsday's Playing Women



MANICURED MECHANICS



LONG ISLAND'S NEWSDAY

Viewing the scene instead of puffing the image.

broke the story on President Johnson's rejection of the Peter Hurd portrait. Far from content with pool coverage, the Chicago Daily News' Colleen Dishon had an expert counteroffer: an invitation to get her own reporter into the Jay Rockefeller-Sharon Percy wedding.

Flirtations & Affairs. Considering themselves journalists first, today's editors are not much impressed with the pretensions of high society. "We aren't preoccupied with grooming society's image," says Frances Moffat, women's editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. "We're reporting the scene." Concentrating on her city's long-revered upper crust, she shows much more enthusiasm for quips about their flirtations and affairs than for their marriages and charity balls. In one column she idly wondered how to send an invitation to a couple who are living together out of wedlock. "Should you accept the situation and send one

their section as newsworthy as the rest of the paper; in some cases it has been absorbed by it. It has disappeared, for instance, at the Los Angeles Times, which includes women's news along with culture and entertainment in one big section. "The women's page blends into so many areas," says Charlotte Curtis, "that one really doesn't know what to call it: Is it leisure, family, modern living?" Aware of the trend, women are looking ahead. Says Atlanta's Edith Coogler: "I wish we could do the whole paper."

Top Apology

Reporters covering the bloody battles for Hills 881 near the Viet Nam Demilitarized Zone got little cooperation from the Marines. In some cases, Marine officers actually barred them from the battlefield. The reporters filed the usual protests, expected the usual excuses. In-

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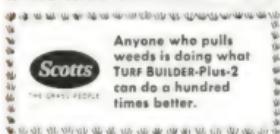


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stead, last week, they received a remarkably candid apology from Marine Commander Lieut. General Lewis W. Walt. "It has been brought to my attention," he wrote, "that your efforts to report the recent battle near Khe Sanh were seriously hampered and even ignored by some of my Marines in responsible positions. The lack of briefings, transportation, freedom of movement, and in some cases common courtesy, are sources of real embarrassment to me. This matter is being investigated, and steps have already been taken to prevent recurrence. Please accept my sincere apologies."

For Attribution

The background story, attributed to "a high Government official" or "a well-informed source," is a useful, legitimate device. It enables reporters to get enough inside information to put a story in perspective. At the same time, it protects the source from getting into trouble for divulging sensitive information. Over the years, however, too many Washington officials have become conditioned to making background material "not for attribution" through sheer force of habit. Washington Post Managing Editor Benjamin Bradlee finally decided to try to call a halt to spurious backgrounders in his paper. "Ninety percent of the information given by background," he declared, "could be on the record."

After talking the matter over with his reporters and New York Times Associate Editor James Reston, Bradlee laid down some guidelines. "First, we encourage every reporter to fight like hell to get it on the record. Second, he should insist that the absolute minimum he'll take is attribution to the Government agency involved. Third, he should say in the story why it is background news. Finally, the reporter is free, at his discretion, to get up and leave a background session."

All that remained was to try out the new rules. An opportunity arose at a White House press conference. After discussing the President's views on the Common Market, Negotiator Bill Roth announced that the session was for "background only." Washington Post Reporter Carroll Kilpatrick asked why. "It's background information," said Press Secretary George Christian. "I'm sorry," Timesman Max Frankel broke in, "but if you're going to give me information on that basis, I'm authorized by my editors to say that the White House has no comment on this." So threatened, Roth put most of what he said on the record.

A week later, Post Reporter Eric Wentworth tested the same technique at a conference called by Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman. When Freeman said that his discussion of the Kennedy Round of tariff negotiations was for background only, Wentworth rose and replied: "I'm sorry, Mr. Secretary, but it's not the policy of our paper to attend

background briefings." Freeman was visibly startled, but he refused to budge. "I'll withdraw," said Wentworth, and did. While other papers carried full reports of the conference, attributing it to a vague source, the Post ran nothing. Said Bradlee philosophically: "We'll probably get heat a couple of times."

MAGAZINES

Youth for Harper's

"When I became editor of *Harper's* 14 years ago," said John Fischer, "I hoped to do a great deal of writing." As with most editors, it didn't work out that way. Though he has written a regular column, "The Editor's Easy Chair," his editorial responsibilities have kept him from writing much else. Last week

PEPPER POTTHORN/ESS



EDITOR MORRIS

Fresh breeze from Austin.

he announced that at last he would find time to indulge his preference. On July 1, he is resigning as editor in chief to become a contributing editor. His replacement: Willie Morris, 32, a native Mississippian who joined the magazine in 1963.

A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Texas and a Rhodes scholar, Morris has long breathed the breezes of freewheeling dissent that blow through Austin. For two years, he edited the controversial *Texas Observer*, which startled and infuriated many Texans with its outspoken views on almost any topic. Joining Morris on the staff will be two new contributing editors: David Halberstam, 33, a foreign correspondent for the *New York Times*, and Larry King, 38, a freelancer who has written extensively for *Harper's*. Managing Editor Russell Lynes is being replaced by Senior Editor Robert Kotlowitz, 42. Like Fischer, Lynes will continue to write a column. "These additions," said Fischer, "will give *Harper's* the best-balanced—and youngest—editorial staff in its 117 years."

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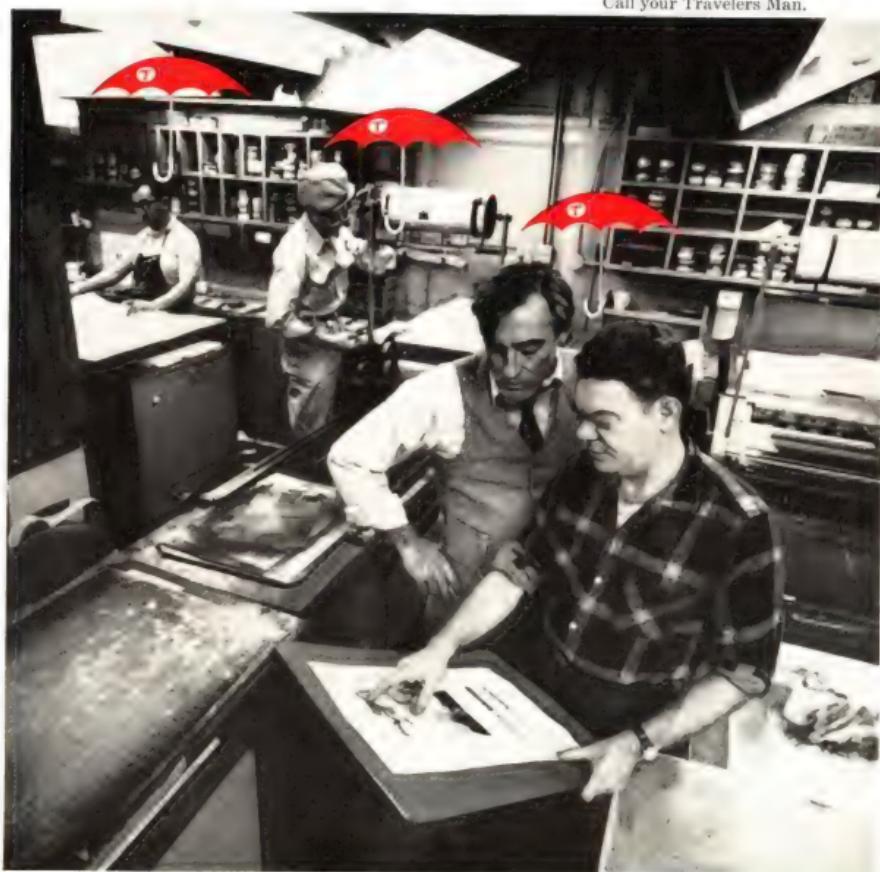
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It's the 175th birthday of the New York Stock Exchange



This scene shows the beginning of what was to become the New York Stock Exchange. On May 17, 1792, under a buttonwood tree on Wall Street, 24 brokers signed an agreement setting up a central marketplace for investors to buy and sell securities issued by the new nation to pay the Revolutionary War debts.

And here's what we're celebrating—the birth of a great American opportunity: a central marketplace which has made it possible for investors to help finance the nation's future and share in its growth. Today, more than 20 million people own shares in American business.

Look around you. The magazine you're holding, the furniture in the room, the glass in the window, the cars on the street—all are products of an economy that does more, for more people, than any other in the world.

Investors own the companies that built much of what you see. These companies are changing the American scene, as they help build the future with new investment and new ideas.

The country itself was a new idea when 24 brokers set up a central marketplace for securities on May 17, 1792. These were chiefly bonds issued by the government of George Washington to pay the \$80 million debt of the Revolutionary War.

The idea of drawing buyers and sellers to an organized central market, to share in the risks and rewards of investing, generated new opportunities for investors to help develop the nation.

How the idea worked

Investors bought shares which had been issued to finance the Erie Canal,

the banks and insurance companies, then the railroads which opened the whole continent to trade.

By 1911, investors were buying automobile stocks, one of a host of industries that helped create the kind of economy the world had never seen before.

Today, more than 20 million investors are part owners of the nation's publicly held companies, which have helped raise capital by issuing stock.

To serve these millions of investors, there are now 651 member firms of the New York Stock Exchange, with 35,000 brokers in 3,700 offices.

How volume helps investors

In contrast to the 31 shares traded on the dullest day in Exchange history (1830), last year's daily volume averaged more than 7 million. Thousands of investors, through their brokers, "meet" in the central auction marketplace each day, to buy and sell the stocks of some 1,200 companies which have qualified for listing on the Big Board. This concentration of investors' orders is one reason why listed stocks can usually be

bought and sold so easily.

Automated equipment at the Exchange speeds the handling of orders. Prices of transactions are flashed as far as Europe and Hawaii, usually within a minute. And hundreds of rules and regulations, mostly self-imposed by Exchange members, offer a contrasting reminder of the buttonwood scene.

Today, the value of shares traded in a single hour on the Exchange floor exceeds the \$80 million debt which gave birth to the nation's marketplace 175 years ago.

As members of the Exchange family we celebrate the fact that the purpose of the marketplace remains the same—yesterday, today and tomorrow—to provide a means for industry and investors to share in the nation's progress.

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SPORT

AUTO RACING

Deadly Antiques

By almost any test, auto racing ranks as the most dangerous and demanding of sports, the ultimate in man's ability to drive an automobile fast, controllably. Control is the key word. For all their speed, racing cars are also intended to be safe. They are equipped with ultra-sensitive steering, roll bars to protect the driver, specially designed tires to insure maximum road adhesion. Still drivers die, and it is not always entirely their fault.

The tracks share the blame. Some old tracks have been modified for today's cars. But the Indianapolis Speedway has turns that are banked 9°—just as they were 56 years ago, when the first Memorial Day 500 was won at 74 m.p.h. It is no surprise that 30 drivers have lost their lives at Indy. What is remarkable is that last week, practicing for this month's 500, drivers were turning 170 m.p.h. laps and though twelve crashed, none was killed.

The real antique among race tracks is the 38-year-old Monaco Grand Prix course. It is really not a track at all—merely a hair-raising path through the city streets of Monte Carlo, barely wide enough to allow one car to pass another, and replete with such hazards as a curving tunnel in the middle of a 120-m.p.h. straightaway and two hairpins. It is hard enough to steer a Corvair around a 180° turn, let alone a 400-h.p. Formula 1 racing car. In the past 15 years, the winner's speed has climbed from 58.2 m.p.h. to 75.8 m.p.h.

Into the Water. It was at Monaco that Italy's world champion, Alberto Ascari, drove straight through a sea wall into the Mediterranean (luckily, he could swim); that Rudy Caracciola suffered the leg injury that left him a cripple for life; that Luigi Fagioli crashed and died. Last week 16 cars and drivers took the starter's flag, and only six fin-

ished the race. Among those who did not: Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1965 Grand Prix champion, who smashed into a retaining wall and walked away.

Nowhere nearly so lucky was Italy's No. 1 driver, Lorenzo Bandini, 31. Roaring out of the tunnel into sunlight, Bandini's Ferrari careened off a guard rail, slammed into a lampost, flipped over and burst into flame. It took rescuers four excruciating minutes to pull him out. Doctors charted ten chest fractures and third-degree burns over 70% of his body. Three days later he died.

The race was won by New Zealand's Denis Hulme, averaging 75.89 m.p.h. Much of the luster went off his victory in the uproar that followed. U.S. Driver Dan Gurney insisted: "Cars are meant to negotiate a track, not the other way around." But Claude Bourillot, president of the Fédération Française des Sports Automobiles, argued that most European tracks are 50 years behind the times. "We are," he said, "like aviators trying to land Boeing jets on the airfields of 1914."

OCEAN RACING

Demolition Derby

If Monaco was a dice with disaster, the Bahamas 500 ocean powerboat race last week turned into what one contestant aptly termed "a demolition derby." The general idea of ocean powerboat racing is to take a boat out into the deep, open her up to 50-60 m.p.h., and pray. The Bahamas 500 was designed as the granddaddy of them all—a 512-mile-circle around the islands from Grand Bahama, and all for \$50,000 in prize money. It should have been \$1,000,000, considering the carnage.

On race day, a stiff 22-knot wind built up 6-ft. to 10-ft. waves. But out they went, 63 of the fastest, most expensive outboards, inboards, diesels and stern drives ever assembled on one patch of water. Bill Petty's *Pussy Cat*, a

23-ft., 550-h.p. Sportsman worth \$20,000, was barely clear of the harbor when it caught fire and burned to the water line. Minutes later, Bill Lewis' 40-ft. Formula came apart and sank. Only 32 boats reached the initial checkpoint at Bimini; of these, twelve never reached Nassau.

At that point, the leader was Bill Wishnick's 32-ft. Maritime, *Biz Broad Jumper*, powered by two monstrous 700-h.p. Holman & Moody engines. Then the rudder fouled. That left the race to *Mona Lou III*, another 32-ft. Maritime, powered by twin 427-h.p. Mercruisers and piloted by Florida's Odell Lewis, 34, who used to wrestle alligators for sport until it got too tame. Bound along at an average 50 m.p.h., he finished in 12 hr. 36 min. 20 sec., just as darkness closed in on Grand Bahama. "I ain't afraid of alligators," he said, "but nothing is going to keep me out there on that ocean after dark."

Skippers of the 15 other survivors had to live through some dark moments before they came limping in during the next 22 hours. By what seems a miracle, no one was killed in the race, or even seriously injured.

GOLF

Who's Who & Where's Jack?

There are two questions that anyone who has been following the pro golf scene this year has to ask himself. The first is: "Who is Frank Beard?" And the second is: "What ever happened to Jack Nicklaus?"

Twice within a month—at the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions and at last week's Houston Champions International—Frank Beard, a bespectacled 28-year-old, has sunk a sizable putt on the 72nd green to beat Arnold Palmer for the winner's check. Considering that Palmer, at 37 and with \$87,073 already in his till this year, is playing the best golf of his career, those two defeats are all the more remarkable because



Good Water from Bad: A Report from General Dynamics

When is a water shortage not a water shortage?

Most of the time.

Except for the relatively small areas of the earth covered with desert, water supplies in lakes, rivers, and underground tables would be more than ample for the world's population—if it were all fit to drink.

In many cases it is too brackish: its heavy concentration of dissolved salts makes it either dangerous or just plain bad tasting. "Salts" are not just common table salt (sodium chloride); a dissolved salt, by definition, is a solid substance that is soluble in water.

Hundreds of thousands of families already use double water systems. Available water from the tap is used for general cleaning. For drinking and cooking, they buy bottled water.

Conventional treatment systems can remove most of the solids, such as those that come, say, from the wastes and sewage that pollute so many of the nation's rivers. But to get rid of the dissolved salts—to desalinate—subtler techniques are required. One is reverse osmosis.

Osmosis, forward and reverse:

Since 1962, General Dynamics has used reverse osmosis to desalinate water, mainly under contract to the Office of Saline Water of the Department of the Interior.

Osmosis is a phenomenon that occurs naturally whenever a dilute liquid

Below: water flow from 10,000 gallons-per-day reverse osmosis unit is checked by General Dynamics engineers before unit is shipped.



(such as fresh water) and a concentrated liquid (such as salt water) are separated only by a semipermeable material—that is, one which selectively permits one kind of molecule to pass through it, but not another kind.

Under ordinary conditions, fresh "pure" water would diffuse through such a membrane material into an adjacent "impure" saline solution.

But apply pressure to the "impure" water and reverse osmosis takes place: the flow through the membrane goes the opposite way.

Water molecules from the salty solution are forced through the membrane into the fresh water. The "selective" permeability of the material acts as an effective barrier to the passage of salt molecules.

The mysterious membrane:

The heart of the process is a membrane only five thousandths of an inch thick. This membrane is basically made of cellulose acetate in a transparent film form resembling household plastic wrap.

It had been known for some time that fresh water passed readily through certain of these membranes, but dissolved salts and other impurities did not. Nobody knew quite why. An assumption was that the membrane was a very fine mechanical filter—water molecules were small enough to seep through the holes in the film, but salt molecules were too large.

General Dynamics' scientists found that the cellulose acetate membrane, thin though it is, has two different layers.

A spongy porous material that accounts for 99.8 percent of the membrane's thickness is mainly supportive, and lets both water and dissolved salts through.

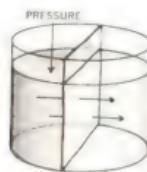
The actual stopper was the second layer, only ten-millionths of an inch thick. This thin second layer is nonporous. Its action is molecular and chemical rather than physical. It *absorbs* water molecules—absorbs them more readily than the salt molecules, allowing the absorbed water molecules to move through the membrane easily and to reappear on the "pure" low-pressure side. Less than five percent of the salt molecules get through.

The same process that keeps out dissolved salts also holds back other waste matter, even bacteria, and—some researchers suspect—viruses.

General Dynamics reverse osmosis units are built up of modules which can contain up to 300 square feet of membrane per cubic foot.

Reverse osmosis units are already being built in a variety of sizes. A single small module can satisfy a family's daily drinking water needs. By linking enough modules, larger units process thousands of gallons a day. And still bigger combinations will be able to process hundreds of thousands—or even millions—of gallons of water daily.

Some conventional forms of desalination require large installations and large heat sources to make steam for an essentially distillation process. Reverse osmosis plants can be compact because the water remains in its original liquid state throughout the process.



The Phenomenon of Reverse Osmosis

Normally, water from a dilute solution will flow through a semipermeable membrane towards a concentrated solution. Reverse osmosis takes place when pressure is applied to the concentrated solution and forces water in the opposite direction. 1. Salt molecules (marked "S") have little chemical affinity with membrane molecules. They tend to be rejected, in spite of the applied pressure, by the membrane barrier. 2. Water molecules mingle intimately with membrane molecules in the ultra-thin layer of the membrane—the "diffusion region." This union and diffusion is molecular: it is not a physical filtering of water. 3. When the water molecules pass through the ultra-thin diffusion layer into the porous supportive layer of the membrane, they liquify and become water again. 4. Pure water droplets continue to seep through the membrane and emerge on the low pressure side.

Ordinary electric power operates a pressure pump. Simplicity of design permits a system to operate virtually unattended for long periods between maintenance checks.

From rivers and mines:

The General Dynamics units have been test-operated under a variety of local water conditions: on rivers where the water was polluted both with industrial wastes and concentrations of salts from ocean tides, and in industrial applications such as coal mines.

The drainage of acid water from mines presents a major pollution problem. Sulphuric acid in the mine water dissolves minerals containing iron, calcium, and magnesium, creating a whole complex of salts that become a hazard to fish, wildlife, and municipal water supplies. The reverse osmosis experiments held back most of the heavy concentrations of dissolved salts from the mine water and produced high quality fresh water.

In factory use, reverse osmosis units in combination with conventional filters (to eliminate gross physical particles), could clean used factory waste water before it re-enters rivers, with some portion of the freshly processed clean water recirculated for reuse by the factory.

Reverse reverse:

Reverse osmosis has another potentially valuable and almost opposite use: water extraction.

For example, water is traditionally boiled out of maple sap to make maple syrup. This is an expensive and time-consuming process. Pilot tests by the Department of Agriculture indicate that a reverse osmosis unit can achieve the same result. In this case, the useful product is what is left after the water is removed.

Theoretically, the extraction principle can be applied to many products, including chemicals and pharmaceuticals, that now require elaborate pro-

cessing to be concentrated or made water-free. Research is creating a "family" of membranes for a variety of specific jobs.

Certainly fresh water produced by reverse osmosis, or any desalination process, is more expensive than water from local natural sources. Yet in many areas where good water is a scarce and expensive resource, the reverse osmosis process may already be economic.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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BEARD

Better a cup than a basket.

they were engineered by a virtual unknown who turned to golf because he was a failure at basketball.

Brother of Ralph Beard, three-time All-America guard at the University of Kentucky, Frank had ideas of following in his brother's footsteps until he discovered that the market for basketball players who were never going to grow past 6 ft. and 170 lbs. was limited. He went to the University of Florida on a golf scholarship, turned pro after graduation. In 1963, his first full season on the tour, Beard earned \$17,938, and he has progressed steadily upward ever since. His official winnings so far this season are \$50,993; his unflappable, mechanical game reminds some of his fellow pros of Ben Hogan. Doug Ford, for one, insists that "Frank is the most consistent player, the best swinger on the tour." Beard himself is not too sure. "I'm never going to beat Nicklaus when he's right," he says. "Jack is just too long."

Jack has not been right very often this year. Going into last week's Greater New Orleans Open, he had not won a tournament in nearly four months; he had missed the cut at the Masters, placed 34th in the Jacksonville Open, 31st in the Pensacola Open, 37th at Houston. His official earnings for the year were only \$15,511. "I haven't had a whole lot of confidence," he admitted—but that was before New Orleans. In the first round at Lakewood Country Club, he belted a drive that was measured at 320 yds.; in the second he drove the green of the par-four twelfth hole—360 yds. away. Jack's first round score was a two-under-par 70; he followed that with a 68 and a 69; at week's end had moved into a tie for the lead with Canada's George Knudson.



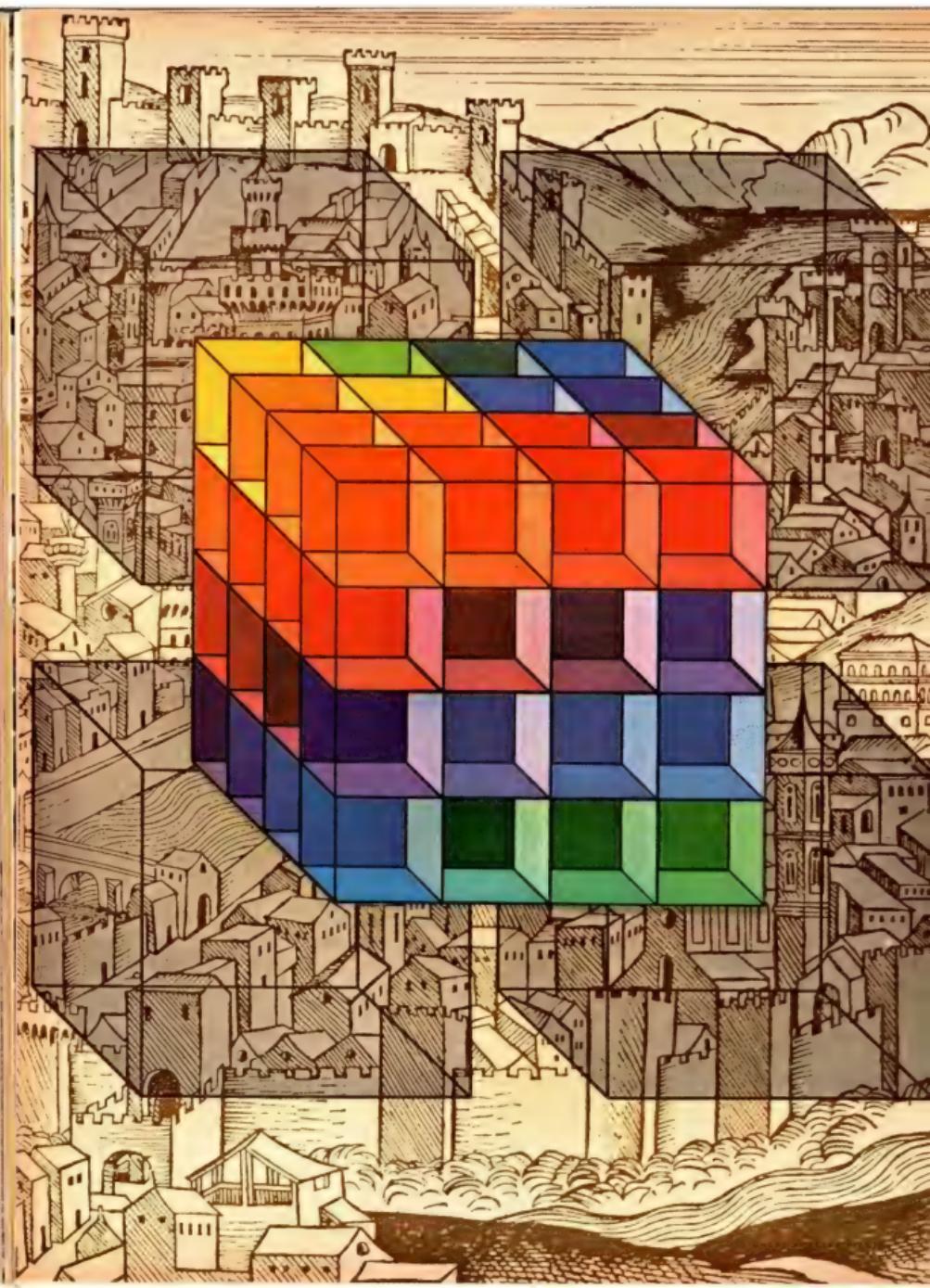
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Are Our Cities Dying?

by EDWARD J. LOGUE

Administrator of Redevelopment, City of Boston

Presidents and pundits, bankers and civil rights workers join other public-minded citizens in expressing their alarm about the state of America's cities. They are right. In a society of rising affluence too much of the inner city is sinking into pervasive decay.

Some observers despair and propose the city be abandoned. Others suggest panaceas, usually governmental, which will allegedly cure urban cancer. Quite recently suggestions have been made that perhaps the present enterprise system should take on the job of curing the city's ills.

In this confusion of analysis and prescription we often seem to lose sight of the basic purpose for which the city exists, of how hard it is to build a great city and how inadequate any alternative to the city proves to be.

I have walked the streets of great cities around the world wondering how and why they came to be. They are marvelous in their diversity. Each city has its own special emphasis—perhaps as a port, a seat of government, a center of manufacturing. Yet they all have one thing in common—the city is a place of exchange—of goods, of course, but equally important, of ideas.

No suburban shopping center, no landscaped industrial park, no elegant, cloistered research center, no system of instant remote communication is going to take away the primacy of the urban center where the jostling of old and new ideas shape the world we will live in.

The city is not obsolete. It is the center

of our civilization. In earlier times we accepted this and made our cities, particularly their centers, graceful and proud. Today many deny the city the right to be important, to be beautiful, to be cared about.

Technology has made it possible for the very important people who dominate our economy to use only a piece of the city quite comfortably, regardless of the decay that is never more than a mile from their seats of power. These powerful men are usually those who have done least to make the city livable. As wealth and power increasingly ignore land and political boundaries, it is possible to grow up, prosper and die without ever having been a citizen of a city in the Athenian sense; a fund raiser for almanac, or a board member on a community chest agency, seems to be the average limit. The idea of active citizenship still is embarrassing to many business leaders.

I believe we can improve our cities and we can do so quickly without waiting for the necessary but cumbersome public aid programs, vital as they are. The first thing we can do is to improve their tone, decide we care, allow a concern for the city as a whole and its future to guide private decisions.

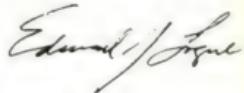
When banks redline a blighted area and shut off investment they may protect against short run risk. But there is a cumulative loss of confidence that can change a whole city's faith in itself. Unfortunately, most new investment decisions—a branch bank, a supermarket,

a new factory—are made only in areas entirely safe. Do we realize what we do when we rule entire sections of a community off limits? Why are we surprised when those millions thus cut off from society decide that they do not belong and do not care?

I believe our government must have an important role in saving our cities because it, in effect, is saving itself. I believe that the education of a million slum children, giving them a chance to become part of America, is more important than putting a new town on the moon. I believe our national priorities should be reappraised and much more governmental attention given to our cities. Even more, however, I believe that the private enterprise system must face the challenge of the slums.

The imagination and the drive that has made our system the most productive in the world must be turned to the task of renewing our cities.

Maybe it means we should overhaul the Internal Revenue Code to make it as attractive to invest in the slums as it is to buy tax-exempt bonds or search out oil and gas. If we do, we might just connect up 10 million presently forsaken people with the mainstream of American life. There is still time. Let us make a start before it is too late.



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THE LAW

JURIES

Diluted Doubt

A vital element in the criminal jury system that the U.S. has inherited from Britain is the concept of unanimity. For a man to be convicted, the prosecution must persuade every juror that he is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. The hope is that a holdout will sometimes prevent a miscarriage of justice. But in Britain the unanimity requirement is about to be abandoned.

Prodiced by a crime rate that has sharply increased since World War II, the Labor government introduced a Criminal Justice reform bill into Parliament last fall. Tucked away among its provisions was the proposition that instead of being unanimous, criminal jury verdicts should require only a 10-to-2 majority. The proposition was surprising in almost every way, not least of all because it provoked practically no reaction from either the public or the press. It was supported by some of the highest ranking jurists in the land, notably the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Parker of Waddington, who argued that under the present jury setup "many, many guilty persons are acquitted."

Unreasonable? The problem, said those who supported the 10-to-2 majority, is that too often justice is frustrated by a silly, prejudiced, stupid, obstinate or even bribed juror who will not go along with the other eleven. Tory shadow cabinet Home Minister Quintin Hogg joined his Labor opposite number Roy Jenkins in supporting the legislation. "A reasonable doubt," he said, "is nothing more than a doubt from which reasons can be given. The fact that one or two men out of twelve differ from the others does not establish that their doubts are reasonable."

All very well, countered Tory M.P. Sir John Hobson, "if all the jury were doing was objectively solving an intellectual problem. But it has a much more important function, that of applying its subjective judgment to the witnesses who appear before it. Each one of the twelve jurors must consider how far one or other of all those witnesses are or are not to be believed."

Last month the majority-verdict rule passed its third reading before the House of Commons by a comfortable 180-to-102 vote. The bill then went to the House of Lords, which is expected to okay it in a few weeks.

THE SUPREME COURT

Hint on Obscenity

No U.S. problem is more aggravating to the Supreme Court than obscenity. If a publication is obscene, the court has said, the First Amendment does not protect it. But obscenity defies specific legal definition, and attempts at rulings have left things more muddled than ever. Last October, the court took under con-

sideration two cases involving booksellers from New York and Kentucky who had been convicted for selling such obscene publications as *Lust Pool* and *High Heels*. A third case concerned the right of Arkansas to suppress and destroy various girlie magazines, including *Gent*, *Bachelor* and *Swank*. Though it had taken the cases to consider other issues, the court finally reversed all three judgments on the ground that none of the publications was obscene.

The unsigned 7-to-2 majority opinion set no new obscenity guidelines. But it did hint at some. The court noted that the cases before it had not raised the question of "pandering" or "trilling" advertising, the basis last year for the court's upholding of the conviction of

First, he outraged that any jury could have voted against your man. Say that the members were too ignorant or prejudiced to understand the defense argument. Then say that it doesn't matter terribly anyway, since you are going to appeal and get this obviously incorrect verdict overturned. This will give the impression that you have somehow not lost the case after all. Having created this spark, do not allow it to go out for lack of attention. Fan it like crazy.

Pick a Witness. Go on television. Do not choose an educational channel or anything like that. Go for the big Nielsen. A late-night talk show with some sympathetic comedian like Joey Bishop or Johnny Carson is the best. If possible, get on two rival shows, one the day after the other. Spell out why your client was railroaded while the host nods in friendly agreement. This will give



BEING MADE UP FOR THE JOHNNY CARSON SHOW
Create a spark, fan it like crazy.

EROS Publisher Ralph Ginzburg for sending obscenity through the mails. The court also pointed out that the cases did not involve laws aimed at barring distribution of obscene material to juveniles or at protecting the public from being unwillingly exposed to such material. The virtually gratuitous mention of the three unraised questions seemed to indicate that the court may eventually look favorably on laws which specifically attempt to keep smut from children and out of the public eye.

LAWYERS

Handbook of Success, Chapter III

If you have followed the instructions in Chapter I (How to Get Famous Fast) and Chapter II (How to Stay that Way), you will by now have undertaken the defense of several celebrated accused murderers. If you are acceptably brilliant, you will have become famous before 35, as promised on the dust jacket. Unfortunately, regular reliance on the Big Important Trial (BIT, for short) will inevitably cause trouble. Sooner or later, you will take on one or two clients who get convicted. Danger lurks at such a crossroad, but have no fear. It is merely time for aggressive imagination.

viewers the idea that what you are saying must be right.

Do not neglect newspapers. If at all possible, think of a different thing to say each day so that there will always be a story about you in every paper anyone picks up. This will help to convince people that what you are saying is important. A sample approach: pick out a prosecution witness and attack him. For instance, the venerable medical examiner who gave damaging testimony as to how the murder victim died. Say that the way he runs his office is "a scandal." There may be phrases of his that you can turn to your own use, like: "I have dealt with the greatest defense lawyers in the world, but I have never met anyone in the legal profession like you."

Maximum Exposure. Though this approach is almost certain to work, you should take advantage of the fact that you are now on top of the heap—just in case it doesn't last. Your name should be big enough to get you into movies, perhaps playing yourself in one of your big cases. Another natural: a weekly interview show on TV where you could cross-examine famous people. Say you are doing it to raise the level of TV and to show young lawyers that there is no taint attached to criminal law.

If your schedule permits, it is best to

If you're interested in the amount of "tar" and nicotine in the smoke of your cigarette:

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*As reported in the November, 1966 Reader's Digest

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try all of these things at the same time. This will mean days of practically full-time effort, but it will pay off in maximum exposure. This was the tactic followed by a famous lawyer who had just lost two important cases, F. Lee Bailey.

TRIALS

Twelve-Calorie Count

Calories Don't Count was the come-on title of a book by Dr. Herman Taller that has sold almost 2,000,000 copies to would-be weight losers since 1961. The book particularly recommended use of safflower-oil capsules made by Cove Vitamins and Pharmaceuticals, and then was used in Cove promotion. Trouble was, the capsules were virtually useless in the prescribed doses. At least that was the contention of the Food and Drug Administration, and last week a federal jury in Brooklyn finally found Taller guilty on eight counts of mail fraud, three of violating FDA regulations and one of conspiracy. He faces a maximum sentence of 50 years.

Reaming-Out Dräno

The drain in her bathroom sink was clogged, and Mrs. Frances Moore of Oak Lawn, Ill., decided to clean it out with Dräno. But before she could unscrew the cap, the can exploded at the seam and her face was splattered with the product, which is more than half lye. In less than two minutes, she was blinded for life. That was nearly eight years ago. Last week, after listening to her story, a Cook County Circuit Court jury decided that the Drackett Products Co., manufacturers of Dräno, should pay her \$930,000.

The size of the award was largely due to the jury's finding of "wilful and wanton" misconduct by Drackett. One of the most chemically active products made for the home, Dräno produces hydrogen gas and generates heat of 212° to melt or otherwise destroy materials clogging a drain; all it takes to start it sizzling is contact with water. Mrs. Moore's lawyer contended that moisture had somehow got into the can, and that the company was aware that this could happen. Its quality-control department, he said, had noted "that the material itself was lumpy, indicating the presence of moisture."

But the company did not follow corrective recommendations. Compounding the trouble was the fact that at the time of the tragedy, Dräno lids had been changed from the press-on to the screw-on variety. The threaded lid was capable of withstanding far more pressure than the can itself. At least three cans, in addition to the one that blinded Mrs. Moore, exploded and caused injuries before the company changed the cap. Now a flip-top lid is used, so that even if moisture should get in and cause a pressure-building reaction, the top would probably pop off gently long before an explosive force could develop and blow the can apart.

STOCKBROKERS TO KNOW



General Partner and Chairman of Paine, Webber's Policy Committee, Reuben Thorson is surrounded by his five resident partners, left to right, Robert L. Raclin (Commodities); John G. Capps, Jr. (Brokerage); William K. Palmer, III (Corporate Sales); Harry A. Fischer, Jr. (Underwriting); and Richard F. Corrington (Institutional).

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

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ART

MUSEUMS

New Man at MOMA

When Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art was founded 38 years ago, it stood almost alone in the museum field as an institution dedicated wholly to making people see, understand and enjoy strictly modern art. On July 1, MOMA's first director, Alfred H. Barr Jr., 65, who has been its director of collections since 1947, will retire. A year later the current director, René d'Harnoncourt, 66, will step down. To replace them, the museum last week announced



LOWRY & FAMILY
Scholar on the scene.

it had picked Cincinnati-born, Chicago-educated Bates Lowry, 43.

A Renaissance scholar whose Ph.D. was on the Louvre and whose books include a history of Renaissance architecture and a widely used introductory college art text, Lowry at first glance seemed an odd choice for the Modern. But in recent months, Lowry, who is currently head of Brown University's art department, has gained national recognition. Last November, when news of Florence's inundation was spread across the headlines, he and colleagues at Brown got on the telephone, called friends across the U.S., overnight formed the Committee to Rescue Italian Art. Since then CRIA, with Lowry as national executive chairman, has raised \$1,750,000 toward restoring the treasures of Florence.

The Modern knew about Lowry, a strapping (6 ft. 3 in.) father of two teenage daughters, long before them. MOMA Curator William Seitz (now at Brandeis) had been impressed by a contem-

porary-art exhibit, "The Object Makers," that Lowry staged while chairman of the art department at Pomona College from 1959 to 1963. Lowry is frank about what he considers the Modern's primary problem today: "It has suffered from being too successful."

Manhattan supports four contemporary-art museums, plus a score of enterprising galleries—and many of the Modern Museum's spiritual children stage exhibits more modern than its own. All the same, Lowry believes that the Modern is capable of outpacing them all. This will not be done merely by displaying firsts. Bringing a scholar's eye to the contemporary scene, he will rely on the museum's comprehensive collection of paintings, sculpture, films and architectural designs, hopes to use it to make tomorrow's innovators more understandable and enjoyable by placing them in a historical context.

ARCHITECTURE

The Design Governor

In 1642, a Japanese *daimyo*, or feudal lord, named Yorishige Matsudaira rode 350 miles southwest from Tokyo (then Edo) to take over the provincial capital city of Takamatsu on the sunny island of Shikoku. To commemorate his arrival, he called in the finest landscape architects in the land and had them build a magnificent garden, known as Ritsurin Koen, or Forest of Chestnut Trees, that even today draws visitors from all over Japan. When they come, they see in flourishing Takamatsu, now a city of 240,000, many another sight to please the eye. For Masanori Kaneko, 60, the local governor, has taken a leaf from Matsudaira's book.

Childhood Memories. In his 17 years in office, Kaneko has turned the out-of-the-way, largely agricultural prefecture of Kagawa into an architectural showplace and art center, and he has become known far and wide as the "design *chiji* (governor)." For the Takamatsu Library, he brought in Yoshinobu Ashihara, architect for Japan's pavilion at Expo 67. Professor Junzo Yoshimura, original architect of Emperor Hirohito's new palace in Tokyo, managed the restoration of the exquisite Moon-Scooping Pavilion, built by Matsudaira's men. Hiroshi Oe, 53, a distinguished, Shinto-influenced modernist, is represented by a new baleomedic suburban high school, plus a \$745,000, six-story cultural hall ("Almost like a dream girl," says Kaneko. "I've fallen head over heels for it"). The hall's entrance is graced by a handsome piece of sculpture by Masayuki Nagare, Japan's foremost sculptor—and a Takamatsu resident.

Kaneko is proudest that he snared Japan's leading architect, Kenzo Tange, 53, to design his Kagawa prefectural headquarters, which is considered even finer than Tange's Tokyo city hall, and

Takamatsu's new gymnasium (see color). For the latter, Architect Tange called on his childhood memories of Japan's traditional, majestic wooden barges ("Takamatsu, after all, is a city by the sea"). Building it, with its cable-suspended roof and abutment-supported "bow" and "stern," proved a contractor's nightmare. Whenever the gripes seemed insurmountable, Kaneko cheerfully exhorted the workmen to "show us your patriotism, for this is a work Japan will be proud of."

Four-Time Winner. Kaneko believes that "politics and architecture are, in the final analysis, one and the same. Both must be dedicated to enriching the minds of the people." Though he has run into criticisms for extravagance, he devotes only 4% of the budget to architecture, keeps building expenses to a minimum—Tange's prefectoral hall cost only \$780 per square foot (i.e., \$11,10 for his Tokyo city hall). The citizens of Kagawa seem to appreciate his philosophy. They have re-elected Kaneko to office by overwhelming majorities four times in a row.

PAINTING

Meadows' Luck

There they were, scattered through the 15-room mansion of Texas Oil Millionaire Algar Hurtle Meadows, elegantly framed paintings by nearly every leading painter of Paris. You name them, Meadows had them—Picasso, Matisse, Dufy, Derain, Modigliani, Bonnard, Degas, and on and on. For insurance purposes, they had been appraised by New York Art Expert Carroll Hogan at \$1,362,750. On the market, works by such artists might fetch \$3,000,000. But, confided Oilman Meadows to his admiring guests, they had cost him "closer to \$400,000 than a million," and maybe as little as \$250,000.

In 30 years, Al Meadows, 68, built General American Oil Co. into one of the nation's leading crude-oil producers, with affiliates in Europe and Canada; controls it with stock worth \$68 million. "In oil and real estate, sometimes I've made \$500,000 in a day—never made a really bad deal," he boasted. "Al operated on the same code in buying art that he did in oil," says one of Meadows' closest friends. "A man's word and handshake were good enough."

Disintegrating Canvas. But in shifting from oil to oils, Meadows' luck and his eye for a bargain failed him. Last December he invited in Dallas Art Dealer Donald Vogel to discuss putting some of his French masterpieces up for sale. "It was a crushing experience," Vogel recalls. "When I examined a Bonnard closely, it just disintegrated before my eyes. The colors were not right, the texture was not right, and I knew that the picture was elsewhere, in a rather noted collection."

So shaken was Vogel that when fellow members of the Art Dealers Association of America came to Dallas in



PHOTOGRAPH BY TATEKI BY OSAWA MURAI

Gigantic ark, designed by Architect Kenzo Tange in form of a traditional Japanese wasen (barge), looms above factories in seaport town at Takamatsu. Portholes (right) serve as ventilation for multipurpose interior, here used for volleyball. Gymnasium seats 1,300 spectators in "bow" and "stern."





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MEADOWS



LEGROS

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February he had them invited round to Meadows' house. "As we entered," says New York Dealer Klaus Perls, "we saw a huge fake Vlaminck, and on the opposite side was a fake Picasso." Nor did the count end there. By the end of the tour, A.D.A.A. members politely informed Meadows that of the 58 paintings he had purchased over the past four years, he was the proud possessor of 44 fakes, including 15 Dufys, nine Derains, seven Mudguards, five Vlamincks and two Bonnards.

"Best Con Men Ever." "But this is fully documented," a baffled Meadows would occasionally interject. The A.D.A.A. members were not surprised, documents are even easier to forge than paintings. Last January French police raided the apartment of one Raoul Lessard as he was leaving for New York, found a suitcase with four fake paintings, forged custom stamps and certificates by experts, all addressed to Dallas. Lessard has been acting as "private secretary" to a dandy named Fernand Legros, who last March in Paris sent a photo of a painting supposedly by Andre Derain to an auction house, only to have the painter's widow question its authenticity. Two Dufys and a Vlaminck offered by Legros to the house were handed over to police.

Legros, who spends his time between a Paris apartment, a New York hotel suite (he briefly operated a Manhattan gallery), and various hideaways, has so far insisted that he made innocent mistakes. But Lessard is a French Canadian, and Legros is a naturalized U.S. citizen of French extraction; this description tallies with the two men from whom Meadows bought most of his paintings. "They were charming—real artists, the biggest con men ever," says Meadows wryly. But he is not taking the A.D.A.A.'s judgment as final. While an-

other French dealer, who sold Meadows seven fakes for \$100,000, has already agreed to refund the Texan's money, Meadows is insisting that French experts render a verdict on the remainder.

Room for Experience. Meadows' problems with art experts may not be ended. In 1962, he offered Southern Methodist University a new museum, to be stocked with his collection of Spanish old masters, and endowed it with \$1,000,000. But art scholars are now taking a closer look at Meadows' Spanish collection mostly bought from one Madrid art dealer and valued at \$3,000,000. Already one expert has flatly declared the El Greco *Annunciation* a fake, and others are being questioned.

If Meadows proves to have been duped again, he will not be alone. "There is hardly a new collection in the U.S. that does not have at least one fake," says Joseph Chapman, former FBI agent on art frauds. The problem in rooting out the fakers is that the gullible buyer will rarely swear out a complaint, often chooses to auction off his mistakes or donate them to charitable organizations as a tax write-off. Says one Los Angeles investigator: "How many con games are there that have the power to convert the victims into accomplices after they have found out that they have been had?"

As for Meadows' lark, he confesses to have learned his lesson. "One thing I know," he said last week, "I'm no damn expert. You won't find me buying paintings ever again without the advice of a museum director." What will he do with those fakes that he is stuck with? "I might build me a room on the side of the house in Dallas," mused Meadows. "It will be the 'My Experience with Fake Paintings' room. I'd add just one more picture—one of myself, and call it *Me, Sap.*"

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EDUCATION

TEACHING

The New B.M.O.C.s: Big Machines on Campus

For years U.S. educators have touted the potentialities of the computer as a teaching tool. Dartmouth Mathematician John G. Kemeny contends that "the computer revolution will be just as significant in education as the industrial revolution." Now, computers have arrived on many campuses for programmed instruction, the solving of intricate problems by students, and the simulation of real-life situations in computer-controlled "games." M.I.T.'s civil engineering department is so enthusiastic over computer-aided instruction that it divides history into "B.C." and "A.C."—before and after computers.

Because "computing is becoming almost as much a part of our working life as arithmetic or driving a car," the President's Science Advisory Committee has urged colleges to spend \$400 million a year on computer instruction by 1971. It wants the Federal Government to help by sharing the cost of acquiring and operating the big machines.

For Modern Man. The most common classroom use of the computer is to take over time-consuming drill in the basic definitions and concepts of a discipline. At the two-year-old Irvine campus of the University of California, which bills itself as "designed for the modern man," 17 courses are partly taught by computer. In Geography I, for example, the machine leads students through such questions as: "How does geography's focus differ from that of the other social sciences?" (Correct answer: "Geography is interested in the spatial impact of all categories of human behavior, whereas other disciplines tend to focus upon a single category.") If the student re-

sponds with any or all of the key phrases in the answer, the computer replies "good," or "excellent," and proceeds to the next question.

Harvard can operate one of five major computers from 50 keyboards around campus and is putting another 25 in student dormitories starting next month. One result will be to allow economics students to pretend that they manage a business firm; as they make decisions on wages, prices and products, the computer will monitor their profits—or losses. The University of Michigan uses computers in 150 courses, ranging from literature to political science, but mostly in engineering. More than 90% of the undergraduates at M.I.T., where 150 remote computer consoles are available, regularly use computers. Like the system at such other schools as Caltech, Dartmouth and Carnegie Tech, much of M.I.T.'s computer activity involves students' processing individual research data on the machines. At Texas A. & M., students drop their computer data at a window, walk half a block to find the answers waiting on a table—and find the process so pleasant that they dub these evening sessions "happy hours."

Predicting Peace. Individual projects include the expected in civil engineering: the design of 20-story buildings at M.I.T., where, before the computer, students labored over plans for two-story structures. A music student at Carnegie Tech composed a musical score by computer: after its performance by a chamber-music society, critics called it "flat but interesting." Art students at Harvard create modern abstractions by using a computer to scan a conventional scene, then program it to delete parts of the picture. Two M.I.T. political science students fed 300 variables from two

dozen small wars into computers to predict the outcome of the Viet Nam war. Their less than sensational finding: if both sides follow present tactics, the war will move gradually toward settlement.

The main value in such work, some computer enthusiasts say, is that it promotes logic. "You can't program a problem unless you understand it and think clearly," says Lafayette College's Computer Director James Schwar. Most students cozy up to their computers. "They have no fear of them," explains Harvard Linguistics and Mathematics Professor Anthony Oettinger. "The problem is to keep them from getting addicted."

Go to Sleep. A few students complain that the computer is too inflexible a taskmaster. Asked in a programmed geography course how she would use a vacant lot in downtown Chicago, Irvine Drama Student Tana Shattuck proposed a new musical theater for the space. "The computer answered, 'You need more sleep,'" she recalls. "But I wish I could have talked with it about my idea. It was programmed for a certain thing—but I'm not."

Cost is still the biggest problem. Carnegie Tech spends \$3,000,000 a year just to operate its three-computer Compecenter, which will add a fourth computer and employ 14 full-time professors next fall—partly by courtesy of a \$1,000,000 gift from Richard K. Mellon. With 43 remote stations, Dartmouth's \$2,500,000 facility pegs the cost for each second of student use at 7¢. Though appreciative of vast federal help in building computer facilities for Government research, college administrators voice a universal complaint—Government auditors do not allow charges for student use of the machines.

The President's committee estimates that 75% of all U.S. undergraduates are enrolled in courses in which a computer would be "very useful"—yet less than 5% of the students have "adequate" access to such machines. A recent survey by *College Management* magazine showed that more than half of U.S. colleges (but only 12% of the universities) have no access to computers at all; only 16% of those that do are using the new, more practical, "third generation" computers. If the computer is really going to revolutionize education, the colleges are going to have to develop more flexible and sophisticated approaches to programmed instruction—and the Federal Government is going to have to decide whether it wants to put its money behind the computer as a teaching as well as a research tool.

STUDENTS

Potted Ivy

In a wide-ranging analysis of alienated students—the bored, the unhappy, the apathetic—University of Wisconsin Psychiatrist Seymour L. Halleck told a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Detroit last week: "Smoking marijuana has become almost an emblem of alienation. The al-

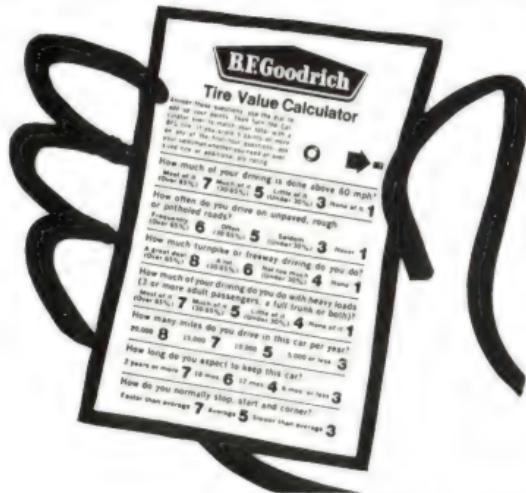
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TRANSAMERICA CORPORATION

has acquired 95.7 percent of the outstanding shares of

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

Pursuant to an Exchange Offer dated March 6, 1967, Transamerica Corporation acquired 1,542,738 shares of Common Stock of United Artists Corporation as of the close of business on Monday, May 1, 1967.

The undersigned initiated and assisted in negotiating this transaction and served as Dealer Managers of the Exchange Offer.

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May 8, 1967

LAZARD FRÈRES & CO.

iated student realizes that the use of "pot" mortifies his parents and enrages authorities." Unable to change a flawed world, the alienated also seek a quick, "autoplastie adjustment" in themselves: "They can create a new inner reality simply by taking a pill or smoking a marijuana cigarette."

Statistics seem to support Halleck. A recent poll indicated that 15% of Princeton undergraduates had experimented with drugs, and that a surprising two-thirds of these were on the dean's list. The *Crimson* figured that 25% of Harvard students had smoked marijuana at least once. On the basis of a survey that he has just completed, Yale's chief psychiatrist, Dr. Robert Arnstein, estimated last week that 20% of Yale students have smoked pot, half of them four or more times.

According to Wisconsin Psychiatrist



DR. & MRS. FIEDLER
Emblem of alienation.

Halleck, one of the root causes of student alienation is isolation from adults: "A student can spend months on a large campus without having a conversation with a person over 30." As a result, students develop "subcultures dedicated to the rejection of adult values." When it comes to drugs, though, the ironic fact is that often the adults with whom alienated students do establish contact are themselves narcotics users. Example: last month Yale's popular Art History Instructor William Woody, 30, was arrested by New Haven police for possessing marijuana. At the State University of New York at Buffalo, Critic-Novelist Leslie Fiedler, 50, was arrested in his home during a pot-and-hashish party, together with his wife, his 26-year-old son, the son's wife and two 17-year-old boys. Fiedler, who will be tried on drug charges next month, declared that "What's really involved is not a criminal proceeding but an attempt to limit my freedom of speech." Fiedler wants to legalize pot—a seeming recipe for more student alienation.



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MUSIC

BALLET

Delightful Dilemmas

As Rudolf Nureyev proclaimed, Manhattan's Lincoln Center last week was "a ballet supermarket," and balleromaniacs dashed eagerly from aisle to aisle to sample the best offerings. At the New York State Theater, the American Ballet Theater opened a month-long stand featuring the man whom Nureyev considers the finest male dancer in the world: Denmark's Erik Bruhn. Meanwhile, a few grand jetes across the Lincoln Center plaza, London's Royal Ballet twirled past the midpoint of its six-week season at the Metropolitan Opera, featuring Margot Fonteyn and the male dancer whom Nureyev considers second only to Bruhn: Nureyev.

Comparisons were irresistible, but as the week's performances emphasized, Bruhn and Nureyev are not really comparable. Bruhn, a mature 38, has polished his classical style to a peak of powerful precision and expressive economy. In the U.S. premiere of his pas de deux for *Romeo and Juliet*, he evoked muted strains of Romeo's tragic ardor, but the focus was less on his characterization than on the discipline of his whippet leaps and turns and the flawless flow of his carries with Italy's graceful Carla Fracci. Marvelled Nureyev: "His technique is too good to be believed."

New Medium. The 29-year-old Nureyev, on the other hand, still triumphs through personal magnetism and the passionate abandon of his spectacularly athletic portrayals. As Adam in the first New York performance of Roland Petit's acrobatic modern parable, *Paradise Lost*, he bounced, somersaulted and writhed with fiery grace against a backdrop of pop-art settings—and at one point took a breathtaking dive between

the painted lips on a huge poster of Eve's face (TIME, March 3). "He keeps revealing new sides," said Bruhn. "Paradise Lost is a new medium for him, very good for him."

Besides pitting Bruhn and Nureyev against each other, the two companies squared off with competing full-length versions of the seemingly inexhaustible classic, *Swan Lake*. Here the Americans scored an ironic coup, for their production was staged by a *premier danseur* of the Royal Ballet, David Blair. By going back largely to the seminal 1895 production in St. Petersburg, Blair restored the choreographic brilliance of the work; but he also added dances of his own and reshuffled the story with a knowing eye for drama. The result—handsomely mounted and costumed—was not only the most substantial *Swan Lake* in years but also consistently cohesive and convincing theater.

Misty & Misty. By contrast, much of the Royal Ballet production looked musty as well as misty. Yet in the fervent fluidity of their *corps de ballet*, and particularly in the incandescent performances of Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn, the Londoners had an asset that the Ballet Theater version, ably danced as it was, could not match. Dame Margot, 48 this week, has distilled the Odette-Odile role to a consummate purity. She did not seem to project it so much as to be devoured by it, until it was almost impossible, in Yeats's words, to "know the dancer from the dancée."

As if this were not enough for the comparison shoppers, the troupes presented duplicate performances of other works as well. Notably, there was Igor Stravinsky's ritualistic mosaic of a Russian peasant wedding, *Les Noces*, which the Royal Ballet gave earlier in the for-

mal, restrained version by Bronislava Nijinska. Last week the Ballet Theater showed off Jerome Robbins' dazzling choreography for it in a vigorous, soulful ensemble tour de force. The Americans also drew 17 curtain calls when they unveiled Eliot Feld's *Harbinger*, a lively and neatly dovetailed abstraction set to Prokofiev's *Fifth Piano Concerto*. It was a week of delightful dilemmas for the audiences, but nobody had more fun with it than the dancers themselves. On their nights off, they crossed over regularly to watch the competition at work. Bruhn and Nureyev not only caught each other's performances, but also worked out in classes together and occasionally took off on the town. And lest anyone make too much of the rivalry between them and their companies, Nureyev spoke for everybody when he said: "We don't clash. We have different things to say."

OPERA

Met for the Masses

In its glossy new quarters, New York's Metropolitan Opera cannot satisfy the growing demand for tickets. The waiting list for season subscriptions numbers 7,000. This past season, the backlog of mail orders for individual tickets mounted to 5,000 by November, after which the Met accepted no more, and thousands of opera fans were turned away from the box office.

Now, the masses who have been left out will have their chance, for the Met will come out to them. This week the company announced plans to give concert versions of *La Bohème*, *Madame Butterfly* and *Lesu* in New York parks this summer—the first free public performances in its 82-year history. The series of nine performances will have an estimated potential audience of 400,000, more than half as many people as attend the Met's entire regular season.



BRUHN WITH FRACCI IN 'ROMEO'



ON THE TOWN WITH NUREYEV - RIGHT:

Bargains for comparison shoppers in the supermarket.



NUREYEV IN 'PARADISE LOST'



VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY WATCHING JOHNNY



FATHER & MOTHER CARSON



NEBRASKA'S GOVERNOR TIEMANN

Everyone's cup of bedtime coffee—with none of the caffeine removed.

TELEVISION

Midnight Idol (See Cover)

An elderly woman in Columbus, Neb., turned on her color TV set, tuned in the *Tonight* show, and settled back to watch Johnny Carson. "And now—here's Johnny!" called Announcer Ed McMahon as the star skipped onstage—fetchingly handsome, slant-thin, loose-limbed, and wrapped in a Continental-cut suit. "My name is Shirley Hofnagel," he began with eyes laughing, "and I'm here to talk tonight about the wonderful progress that medical science has made in sex-change operations."

The studio audience rolicked to that line, but the lady in Nebraska rose from her chair, muttering, "That's not so funny, McFee!" With that, she swept into the kitchen to brew a pot of coffee. And no doubt to ponder the mysterious equations of show business that have enabled her son John to become the nation's midnight idol by telling silly jokes like that.

Mrs. Homer L. Carson knows that there is more to the equations than an occasional misfiring joke. Her son, at 41, is an institution, a cup of bedtime coffee with none of the caffeine removed. "We're more effective than birth control pills," says Carson, improvising a bit on his own slightly leering line that people watch him "through their toes"—that is, lying down in bed. On good nights in midwinter, there might be as many as 10 million viewers, according to Nielsen. But if there are fewer on other nights, Carson at least gets a crack at his audience five nights a week on NBC stations from 11:30 p.m. to 1 a.m., an hour earlier in the Central Time zone).

Whether they are in bed or chairs, the viewers' reward is the most consistently entertaining 90 minutes to be seen anywhere on television. *Tonight* was a lively-enough show in the five years when it was run by that mercurial madcap Jack Paar, but since Carson took over in

SHOW BUSINESS

1962, it has become brighter, smoother and more sophisticated. Carson's opening six-minute monologue is generally humorous, despite an unfortunate preoccupation with bathroom jokes. The rest of the bill is filled with two or three musical turns, a guest comic's bit or a mildly satirical skit, and—best of all—engaging conversations with guests who range in celebrity from Vice President Hubert Humphrey to people who are merely interesting—an Australian stowaway, a clearly spurious seer, a subway conductor turned poet.

Muzzy Hours. But Carson's chief attraction is Carson. An assured, natural entertainer—he was already a network headliner at 29—Johnny is the epitome of cool. He is intelligent, laconic, deferential and facile. On occasion, he asks the studio audience to submit questions to him on any subject. Somebody once asked: "Are women permitted in Hefley's bar [the NBC hangout in Rockefeller Center]?" Replied Carson swiftly: "Permitted to do what?"

Most of all, Carson is a master of the cozy pace and mood that he believes are appropriate for the muzzy midnight hours. Unlike Paar, he avoids meet-the-press-style interviewing, and never goes beyond his intellectual depth. Neither does he use his territorial swift wit to cut down his guests. One night, Zsa Zsa Gabor hogged the show terribly. While Carson will sometimes needle her to her face ("Any girl who has a drip-dry wedding dress can't be all bad"), he held off this time till the next night, announcing: "We got a call from the Stage Delicatessen after the show. They wanted to hang her tongue in the window."

Commercially, the show is sold out well in advance, and its annual network billings of \$20 million enable *Tonight* to gross more than any other entertainment program on television. It is not

only the size of the audience that attracts Carson's advertisers, but its quality as well. His viewers are mostly urban and at least high-school-educated—young enough to stay up late with ease, or successful enough not to have to show up too early for work. Jimmy Stewart watches, and so do Bobby Kennedy, Ed Sullivan, Darryl Zanuck, New York's Mayor John Lindsay, Nebraska Governor Norbert Tiemann, Robert Merrill and Nelson Rockefeller. Rocky was Carson's guest recently and suggested that Johnny run against Bobby for the Senate in 1970. There was much good-natured kidding, and the next night Carson was still playing the gag. "I have no intention of running for public office," he said. "As was telling my wife Joanne Bird. . . ."

Nielsen Quaver. Carson's dominance of nighttime television gave him the clout to beat NBC into a big raise after the recent AFL-TRA strike. Previously, he was getting about \$15,000 for doing five times a week what Dean Martin does once for \$40,000, and he was paying his own staff, to boot. Johnny's new contract gives him fuller control of the show. NBC now pays the extras and gave Carson a raise to about \$20,000 a week, bringing his annual TV income to more than \$1,000,000.

Carson had NBC at his mercy, of course. Thanks to his popularity, the network is dominant in the late-night time slot, but the other networks and independent challengers were moving in to get a piece of the action. CBS, whose affiliates generally run movies opposite Carson, tried to buy him away from NBC, but as Johnny put it, "I would feel as out of place on another network as Lurleen Wallace giving a half-time pep talk to the Harlem Globetrotters."

Meanwhile, ABC signed Nightclub Comie Joey Bishop as host of a copycat show opposite *Tonight*, but Bishop is being elbowed in the ratings by nearly 3 to 1. The even newer syndicated *Lovin' Vegas Show* with Bill Dana scarcely excites a quaver on the Nielsen meters.

Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. has two talk-variety entries—Mike Douglas, in 142 cities, Merv Griffin in 90. But Carson is considered so formidable that Griffin opposes him head-on in only one market, New York City, while Douglas is programmed nowhere after 6 p.m.

Sporadic Specials. All this late-night TV activity, says Actor Tony Randall, a frequent Carson guest, is a response to "an unwritten law that says people must be entertained 24 hours a day and must have a choice of six channels all the time." If that's a law, there are a lot of people who don't obey it. But latest studies show that the average TV set burns more than six hours a day, and that the average viewer spends more than three hours before the tube. This helps to explain why TV advertising has grown to \$3 billion a year in billings and why the nation's TV stations earned about 30% profit before taxes in 1965, the last year tabulated by the FCC.

Any similarity between those outsize statistics and quality programming is, of course, incidental. The "wasteland" that Newton Minow complained about in 1961 is still parched; a Roper Research study found that 18% of TV viewers agreed with Minow in 1963, and 29% are with him today. Television journalism and sports coverage are getting better, and even commercials are improving; but regularly scheduled programs are still as vapid as ever. Mindless game shows and cheery-teary soaps dominate daytime television. Prime-time TV (7:30-11 p.m.) is hardly more satisfactory. The top-rated Nielsen shows for 1966-67 are either tired adventure series such as *Bonanza* and *Dragnet* or low-IQ sitch-coms on the order of *Beverly Hillbillies* and *Bewitched*. The only steady programs that offer the hope of entertainment are Old Stand-bys Red Skelton, Jackie Gleason, Ed Sullivan and Dean Martin—and movies, for which TV can claim no creative proprietor.



JACK PAAR
In a foxhole with Doris.

ship. The only spice in the schedules are the sporadic specials, many of which are first class; to their credit, the networks next season will produce 300 such programs, including two Truman Capote adaptations on ABC, and at least four newly commissioned works on CBS' *Playhouse*. About half of the specials will be documentaries—among them an NBC study on the state of U.S. justice, a four-hour ABC essay on Africa.

Dial-the-Radio. The trend away from packaged format continues, and the direction is toward talk, talk, talk. Joe Pyne, who gives his viewers a thrill by insulting guests, is running on 46 stations. David Susskind's discussion show hits 17 stations. William F. Buckley Jr., on 20 stations, commands one of the more intelligent talk shows. Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty is a regular chatterbox on local TV, joshing away with Piere Salinger or George Jessel, and Comic Mort Sahl has found a Los Angeles TV soapbox from which to harangue an avid following with his prophecies of Armageddon.

Radio, too, is talking as well as rocking around the clock. For cheap entertainment, there's nothing like the hot-line show. All it takes is a know-it-all at the mike, a big switchboard at the station, and listeners with telephones. People who used to have nothing more to do than Dial-a-Devotion, Dial-the-Weather, Dial-the-Time, Dial-the-News and Dial-a-Senator, can now Dial-the-Radio. New Yorkers will hold the phone for ages waiting to tell WNBC's Brad Crandall what jerks the other listeners are. There is a prestige that accrues to the hot-line caller who succeeds in saying his piece on Viet Nam, abortions, pollution, church and state, and unkempt lawns; and, indeed, WNBC urges people not to call if they have already been on the air once that week.

Lonely People. One way or another, it is audience involvement that makes the talk shows successful—whether the listener is actually participating or just watching or listening. What engages them is a matter for the social psychologist. NBC Vice President Paul Klein suggests that "people are always lonely at night. Forty or fifty percent of the people have had sex partners or none at all." Klein's statistics may be suspect, but after all, he is NBC's man in charge of audience measurement. Sylvester T. Weaver Jr., sometime NBC president and instigator of the *Tonight*, *Today* and *Monitor* shows, believes that the new interest in broadcast conversation is a sign of a higher level of education in the country. Bill Buckley perhaps correctly explains it as "a negative reaction to the situation show" and "gratitude on the part of people who are unable to externalize their feelings."

It could also be that by the time the 11 o'clock news has rolled by, audiences are ready to put their minds up in curlers and just plain relax. They have followed the puerile plot lines of the regu-

lar adventure and comedy programs only to find themselves despairing once again in the land of *déjà vu*. "In all these series," says Johnny Carson, "the characters are predictable, the dialogue is predictable, the format is predictable. The audience is interested in something where they don't know what's going to happen next."

Performer & Critic. Carson's bag is unpredictability, not only in his offhand humor but in his visual performance. He is General Electric himself, a master of a thousand takes. He's got a Jack Paar smile, a Jack Benny stare, a Stan Laurel flutter. If a joke dies, he waits a second, and then yawns a fine Ed Sullivan "Ho-o-okey . . ." A sudden thought—either his or a guest's—will launch him into an imitation of Jonathan Winters imitating an old granny. He can spread his eyes wide open into a wow. Semi-emancipated puritan that he is (he was reared a Methodist), he can, when a guest goes off-color, freeze his face into a blank that shows nothing but eyes and innocence. He is performer and critic, rapping out a whole perspicuous section of effects to suit a funny line—a wince that clacks like a rim shot, a wagging parodiable indicating consternation, a flam of the head that says go, baby, go.

Frequently, he uses an expression that disassociates him from the proceedings: a visual sigh suggesting that this dame is boring the life out of him, too; or a shake of the head, wondering where the devil this geek got all that garbage. He is often at his best when his material is worst—handy knack for a man who has to come up with 60 laughs a minute. When a gag clunks to the floor, he'll say: "Never buy jokes from people on streets. Give 'em a quarter but never buy a joke from 'em."

Nebraskan Politesse. Some of his seeming ad libs come from a computer-like retrieval system. He has apparently



JOEY BISHOP
In the basement with Merv.

never forgotten a joke, constantly spins off variations on old ones. Once, when he and Exercise Expert Debbie Drake stretched out on mats for a demonstration, he asked: "Would you like to leave a call?" Last month, five years later, he was still using the same line when Singer Roger Miller was dopping off during a discussion. Similarly, Carson's L.B.J. inaugural gag "As I was telling my bellboy, Dean Burch," was transformed a month later, during a CBS upheaval, into: "The television business is tough, as I was saying just the other day to my waiter, Jim Aubrey."

And that is about as tradey as Johnny ever lets himself get. None of the competition can match Carson's audience empathy. He never comes on too worldly or too show biz, shuns its phony language and, whenever possible, the greeting kisses from celebrities who brush cheeks and smack air. In sum, he plays the audience's ambassador to his own show. The idea is not to be too thick with the celebrities or too awed by them. His job is to set them up, to put them on gently, and to raise the questions that his viewers might ask, though always with a Nebraskan politesse. As a result, the viewers get a refreshing view of a celebrity in a personal, informal moment. Says Comic Bob Newhart, who sometimes substitutes for Carson: "The show is people being themselves."

Just Folks. "I don't think there's ever been a mind like it in show business," says Ed Sullivan of Johnny, which may or may not be meant as praise. Steve Allen, who ran the *Tonight* show from 1953-1956, says that Carson "just doesn't look like show biz. He's got that just-folks, Kansas City-Oklahoma City look about him. He doesn't let that professionalism show through." Cartoonist Al Capp, a frequent visitor on the program (who is just now starting up his own late show in Boston) attests to Carson's "intellectual superiority" over the other sit-down comics. Says Capp: "Although he keeps the outward appearance of a bright-eyed Nebraska boy, he really isn't and couldn't play the part nearly so well if he were."

It may be that Carson is applying the Melthanesque principle that "cool" performers are more popular on a "cool" medium like television than, say, a "hot" fast-talking cabaret comic. A relaxed, low-key operator like Johnny invites audience involvement, whereas someone like bellicose Les Crane, who preceded Joey Bishop on ABC, came on so strong that he blew the viewers right out of the bedroom.

Carson thus deliberately controls the temperature of discussion and avoids shooting of star shells. "People ask me," he says, "Why don't you have anything controversial on your show?" But all the shows that have tried to exist with that format have failed. Look at Mike Wallace. Look at Les Crane. Anyway, people mistake what controversy means. We've talked about narcotics addiction, we've talked about civil rights, we've

talked about liberalizing divorce and abortion laws. I've even discussed my own divorce. But it's all in the way you do it. Some people think controversy is inviting a homosexual on the show and asking him 'Should we legalize homosexuality?' That's not controversy—it's an obvious attempt to stir up sensation.

"I've always felt that a show that's on from 11:30 to 1 at night should be entertaining. I've never seen it chiseled in stone tablets that TV must be uplifting. Once you take yourself too seriously, as a humorist—or a comedian—once you start to pontificate, you lose your value as an entertainer. If you're a big movie star, you can do that sort of thing, because you're an actor: your audience sees you as somebody else, and when you step out of the part you're something different—it won't affect your work. But I'm myself on the show; I



THE GREAT CARSONI (AT 14)
More Huck than Horatio.

can't. I could name a lot of guys who have damaged their careers doing that kind of thing."

Switching Subjects. He was not referring to Jack Paar—the two politely decline to discuss each other—but it is true that Paar sometimes confused himself with Walter Lippmann, promulgated a foreign policy (pro-Castro) and in 1961, to the State Department's consternation, played the Berlin Wall. If he were still running *Tonight* today, Jack would probably be telecasting from a foxhole in Viet Nam, with Doris Day as his guest. On the other hand, Johnny has never told the viewer where he stands on political matters. "I have opinions like anybody else," he says, "and I might even be better informed than the average person, because it's my business to keep up on what's happening. But who am I to foist my opinions on the public?"

What he is skilled at is eliciting the opinions of his guests. Admirer Al Capp notes that "so many other interviewers are so busy trying to formulate the next question that you can say, 'I just murdered your sister, and am planning to rape your grandmother,' and they'd

say, 'That's great, Al. Now . . .'" Moreover, Johnny does not step in to kill his guests' lines. Says Comic Woody Allen: "He appears to be most pleased when the guest scores. He feels no compulsion to top me." Adds Actor George Segal, another *Tonight* veteran: "Johnny always makes people look good." Carson describes that talent as "an affinity for editing and pacing"—putting together the right combination of guests, switching subjects when things get dull, throwing in a lively comment at the right moment. "I feel uncomfortable making the guest uncomfortable," he explains. "I don't like to embarrass people on the air."

The one person who is required to play strictly second banana is Ed McMahon, 44, who serves as straight man and prompter as well as announcer. For example, when Carson got caught in a dangling conversation and extricated himself with a cliché, "The grass is always greener," McMahon chimed in: "Could I write that down?" Certain other contributions are considered "stepping out of line," says McMahon. "Johnny was doing a thing once about how mosquitoes only go after the really passionate people. Without thinking, I slapped my arm. It was instinctive. But it killed his punch line." For restraining himself, McMahon is well reimbursed. Just as Announcer Hugh Downs rose from the brow of Jack Paar to become a TV "personality" (*Today, Concentration*), McMahon is now a "star." He is host of his own daily daytime show, *Snafu Judgment*, handles NBC's *Monitor* mike on Saturday afternoons, and plays "spokesman" for Budweiser beer. He's got his own suite of offices and a 14-man staff, and earns about \$250,000 a year.

Toke a Card. Today an announcer, tomorrow a spokesman. Such is another peculiarity of the showbiz equation. For Carson, the rise was a little more gradual. He is not a Horatio Alger hero but an updated and inner-directed Huck Finn. He was born in October 1925 in Corning, Iowa, where his father Homer—dubbed, inevitably, Kit—worked for a utility company. When Johnny was eight, his family moved to Norfolk, Neb. (pop. 15,200), where Homer (who is now retired) was appointed to the district management of the Nebraska Light & Power Co.

By the time he was twelve, Johnny had found his course. "That's when I answered a magazine ad that promised to make me a magician and also 'The Life of the Party.'" Not to mention the death of the household. He worked for hours every day at card tricks in front of the mirror. His mother says he was a pest: "He was always at your elbow with a trick." To this day, reports his sister, Catherine (now a Philadelphia housewife and secretary), "whenever the family wants to needle John, we say, 'Take a card, take a card.'" Still, determination paid off. At 14, Johnny was a pro. His mother stitched up an impres-

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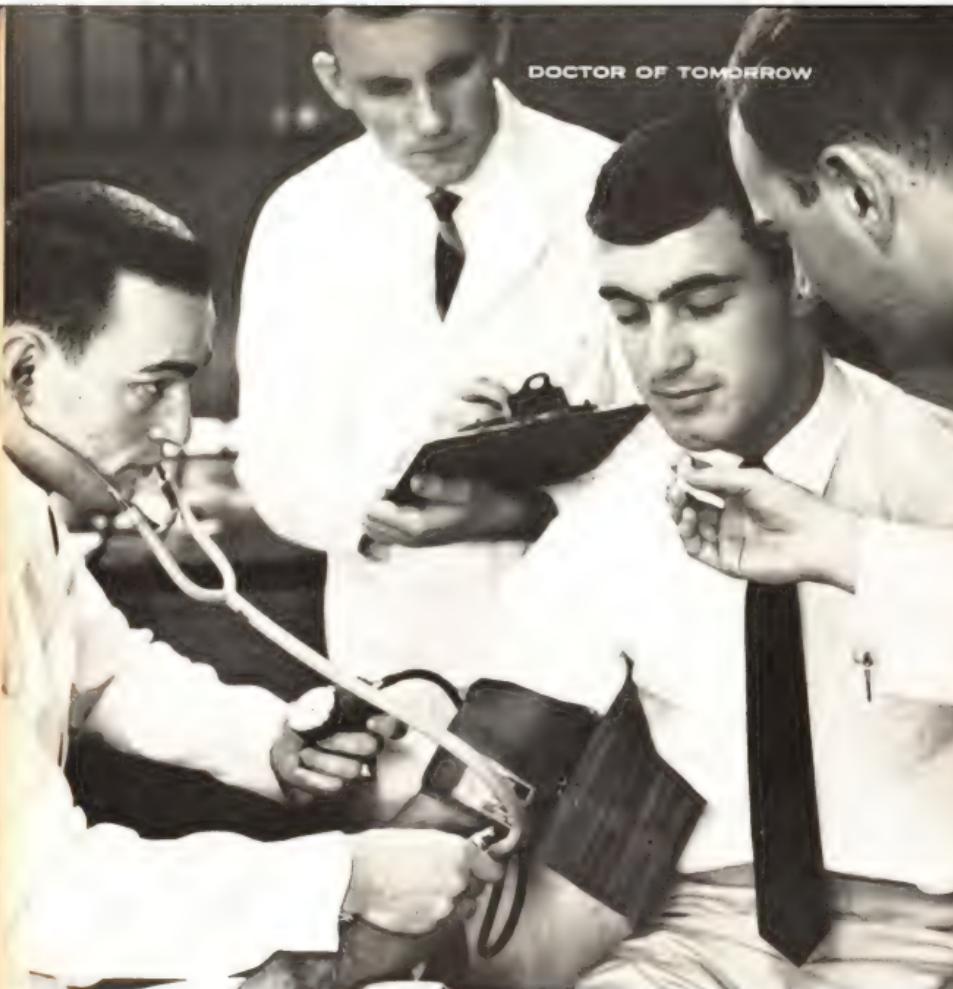
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A-H-ROBINS

sive black banner emblazoned with yellow Chinese-like characters reading THE GREAT CARSON, and Johnny played the Norfolk Rotary Club and local parties at \$3 per gig.

Cleopatra. From high school in 1943, the Great Carson joined the Navy V-12 program, served aboard the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania* and later in Guam. He saw no combat, but he had plenty of time to polish his magic act and work on ventriloquism. He recalls that he devoted a long night to decoding a Navy message, and delivered it to the admiral's quarters at 7 a.m. Visiting with the admiral was Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal, who asked the young ensign what he was going to do after the war. "I hadn't really given it much thought," says Carson today, "but I had to say something." So for the next few hours, he entertained the SECNAV with card tricks.

The great rehearsal continued after the war at the University of Nebraska. Johnny majored in English, Speech and Alpha Phi girls when he wasn't off broadcasting for the local radio station or working magic on the service-club circuit. He was strictly an average student and strictly show business. He played Cleopatra in a fraternity spectacle called *She Was Only a Pharaoh's Daughter, But She Never Became a Mummy*. His senior thesis, titled *Comedy Writing*, was not in manuscript but on tape. Its quotes and footnotes contained excerpts from Fred Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, and Bob Hope shows. Carson's analysis of timing and his appreciation of other crucial matters was somewhat naïve ("A good comedian can get you to buy his sponsor's products"), but "not bad," he insists, "for 18 years ago."

Outlandish Guests. To put it all into practice, Johnny launched an afternoon TV variety show, first for a year and a half over WOW-TV in Omaha, then in Los Angeles, "KNNX cautiously presents Carson's Cellar," he used to say. Thirty weeks later, KNNX threw caution and Carson to the winds, and he latched up as a writer for Red Skelton. One night, during a preshow rehearsal, Skelton got a concussion bonking into a "breakaway" door, and Writer Carson went on in his place. With assurance and finesse, he laid on an ad-lib monologue mocking the economics of the TV industry. It was good enough to prompt critical applause and comparisons with the then reigning comic, George Gobel. "The kid is great, just great," said Jack Benny the next day. Thus was Johnny rewarded at 29 with his own variety network TV show. He thrashed through image changes, seven writers, eight directors and 39 weeks before CBS replaced him with *The Arthur Murray Show*. ABC then tried him on a daytime show, *Who Do You Trust?* The quiet part of the program was downplayed just as in Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life*, and Johnny proved himself so droll at japing with his outlandish guests that he

was soon pinch-hitting for Jack Paar on *Tonight*. When "King" Jack decided to quit, he anointed Carson as "the one who could or should replace me."

Limitless Pool. The *Tonight* show is one of the most pulverizing grinds in the business. Says Comic Dick Cavett, a frequent guest: "It's like going to 200 cocktail parties in a row and being the life of all of them." Johnny's workdays usually start around 8:30 or 9 a.m. in his \$173,000, nine-room duplex at Manhattan's United Nations Plaza. He reads newspapers and magazines, and works out for a while in his den gym. By 2 p.m., his chauffeur, one of the Carson staff of five (none of whom live in), ferries Johnny to his Radio City office in a 1967 Fleetwood Brougham.

The rest of *Tonight's* 37-man staff has already been scrambling since 10:30 a.m. in their dingy old headquarters. One of the critical functions—shared by the show's producer, its two associate producers, four writers and four talent coordinators, and supervised by the star—is the selection of the *Tonight* guests. The pay is only \$320, but the pool is limitless, explains Tony Randall, because the show "is plugsville." Bob Hope, for example, came on recently, chatted a bit, and then showed a 21-minute clip from his latest film, *Eight on the Lam*. At *Tonight's* going commercial rates, that at time would have cost United Artists \$40,000. The second attraction to the stars, says Actress Susan Oliver, is that "when you play a part onstage or in a film or TV, you can't appear as the person you are. But on something like this, you can be yourself—you can show your own colors."

What sort of colors is Carson looking for? "The best guest," he has discovered, "is someone who is not trying to protect his image, somebody who lets his interests run a little bit, who can converse. Someone who can put words together easily, who can relate to what's going on"—someone like Lee Marvin, for example, or Gore Vidal. George Plimpton or Greer Garson (who once played a tiny harmonica held between her teeth). Some of the liveliest moments have been provided not by celebrities but by people with unusual interests. Carson had a hilarious workout recently with William Ottley, a sky diver who gave Johnny a lesson in the art right on-camera. On the other hand, the worst guests, says Carson, are "movie stars in quotes"—the people who have no interests beyond their own careers.

Freer Format. Lesser-known prospects get screened at pre-interview sessions. Comedienne Joan Rivers was rejected six times before she was considered ready: she has been on 18 times since. After the talent is selected, *Tonight* staffers rough out a crib sheet for Carson, proposing possible lines of questioning and the guest's likely answers. Carson rarely talks to the guests beforehand, lest "they leave their flight in the gymnasium."

He first sees his opening monologue



CLOWNING WITH CROONER EDDIE FISHER



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WITH ACTRESS RAQUEL WELCH



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at 5:30 p.m., about one hour before the taping begins. Some of the original concepts may have come from Carson's weekly staff conference, but the daily script is worked up by two writers who are well in tune with Carson's personality. "I edit it," says Johnny, "and I may add a few jokes of my own, or shift things around a little. But I couldn't possibly write a good six-minute monologue every night."

He also brings to the taping a wiry grace and spontaneity that successfully hide all the tensions that contribute to the show's success. Precisely what those tensions are is something that the *Tonight* staff prefers not to discuss. There is no problem with TV Director Dick Carson, who is Johnny's 37-year-old brother, nor with Announcer McMahon, who is one of Johnny's closest friends, despite gossip to the contrary. On the other hand, Carson did fire *Tonight* Producer Art Stark, who was also a close friend and associate for eleven years. Explains McMahon: "Art was more fixed in his idea of the show. Johnny has a freer idea—more explosive." Staffers say that Carson insisted on format changes—chiefly bits that would allow him to get out of his chair for more skits and business with guests—and that Stark was all for adhering to the successful formula.

Similarly, about a year ago, Johnny abruptly canned his manager of eight years, Al Bruno. The story is that the intricate sound and tape effects that go with Carson's cabaret act got snarled by a technician three shows running during an engagement at Miami's Eden Roc. Johnny called up New York, says a friend, actually sobbing. "They didn't laugh," he said. Carson blamed Bruno and bought out his contract.

"Johnny gets angry at ineffectual, inefficient people who don't do their job properly," says McMahon. "He hugs him when people don't pull their oar." Sometimes it hugs him on the air. Not long ago, when some stagehands were chattering while Carson was on, the star turned and snapped coldly: "Are you fellows through now?"

Paper Terrier. When the taping is over, Johnny has a Coke or Michelob, slips into a turtleneck jersey and a cardigan, then, to avoid the ambush of autograph hounds, takes a side elevator down and makes a fast getaway in his waiting limousine. From then on, he writes his own script—one he likes to keep a closed book. Sometimes it is an open ledger. The Chicago Tribune paid him \$25,000 for a 14-part syndicated interview series just completed last week. A top editor of the Tribune concedes that its penetration was "pretty thin."

That is not surprising, for the off-camera Carson is intensely a private man who lacks the peacock fever that afflicts most entertainers. When he goes home after the show, he stays there. He and his second wife, Joanne, 35, a petite ex-model and decorator, get out to dinner only about twice a month, to about

half a dozen places a season and regularly only to pro football games. Joanne, "almost never" entertains. Muffin, their Yorkshire terrier, is paper-trained, so they don't have to walk her. "We enjoy spending our time here," says Johnny. "We have a comfortable home, and we like each other's company. I'm not going to sit around in a roomful of people pretending to have a good time and saying 'Oh, isn't this fun?' when it isn't. I think it's a waste of time doing something you don't really want to because people think you ought to."

Tight Suitcase. Besides, Johnny cannot walk a block without being bugged for autographs or buttonholed by chirping women who invariably announce: "I undress in front of you every night, and

who do not need people. "Johnny," says McMahon, putting it mildly, "is not overly outgoing or affectionate. He doesn't give friendship easily or need it. He packs a tight suitcase." One lady author, who was a guest on the show, puts it more bluntly: "He is a cold fish."

What Counts. Johnny's kicks, says Joanne, "are challenges, any kind of challenges—a book, a person, a sport, a show." His latest reading ranges from his attorney Louis Nizer's *The Jury Returns* to Vidal's *Washington, D.C.* Once he has mastered something—scuba diving, archery and flying—he tends to drop it and move on. Right now he is playing the drums to stereo-set accompaniment, studying astronomy with his 2.4-inch Unitor telescope, and fiddling

TED SANTORI



WATCHING "TONIGHT" WITH JOANNE AT HOME
People who do not need people.

my husband doesn't mind." Equally oppressive are the men who ask coyly: "Can't you come on a little earlier—you're ruining our love life." Carson knows these lines well; he has used them himself. Still, he laughs on the outside, cringes on the inside, and shrugs. "I guess it goes with the territory."

Last week he surprised New York showfolk by hosting a post-premiere party after Singers Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme opened at the Waldorf-Astoria. He was as ill at ease as he is cool on the air, and his eyes twitched noticeably before he and Joanne finally called it a night, long before many of his guests had left.

Yet, says Carson, "I get annoyed when people tag me as a loner. Jackie Gleason loves to mix with people, so they say he's a boozier. You can't win. Because I don't like cocktail parties, some writers translate this to mean 'Carson is hostile to people.'" If he is not precisely hostile, he at least shares a celebrity's distrust of strangers—and distrust sometimes seeps over into contempt. Johnny and Joanne are people

around with motion-picture photography and video taping.

He also visits a good deal with his three sons who attend boarding school on Long Island. Carson divorced their mother, a University of Nebraska girl, in 1962. That subject is barred from discussion, although one associate explains: "Johnny is a man of tremendous growth, and people who don't grow with him, don't stay with him."

What counts with Carson is that his audience, faceless and distant, stays with him. "I think you can tell I'm having fun out there," he says. "I love the applause, the cheers, and sometimes when an audience rises to their feet—that's a hell of a thrill. It's a great thrill to go home in the evening and know you've entertained thousands of people—that all those people are saying, 'Gee, I had a good time.' I wanted to be an entertainer and to be myself, and I made it."

Not that he ever doubts it himself, but it is not at all unusual to find him at home—like millions of others—tuning in the show that begins, "Here's Johnny!" He thinks it's pretty funny, McGee.

MILESTONES

Born. To Sybil Burton Christopher, 38, silver-haired ex of Richard, and hostess of Manhattan's rockingly successful Arthur discothèque, and Jordan Christopher, 26, mop-top guitarist who is Arthur "music director"; their first child, a daughter (she has two other daughters by Richard, he has one by his former wife); in Manhattan.

Married. David Hamilton, 26, advertising copywriter and younger brother of Actor George Hamilton. Lynda Bird's favorite escort; or Helle Melchior, 20, comely Danish granddaughter of Opera Tenor Lauritz Melchior; in Los Angeles.

Married. Barbara Jefford, 36, British actress who recently made her movie debut as Molly Bloom, the earthy heroine of James Joyce's *Ulysses*; and John Turner, 34, British TV actor; both for the second time; in London.

Divorced. Andrea Mead Lawrence, 35, once the world's fastest woman skier, who won for the U.S. two Olympic gold medals in 1952 (TIME cover, Jan. 21, 1952); and David Lawrence, 37, U.S. giant-slalom champion in 1949; on uncontested mutual charges of cruelty; after 16 years of marriage, five children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Philippa Schuyler, 34, Harlem-born pianist with a strong journalistic and humanitarian bent, a one-time child prodigy who performed her own compositions with the New York Philharmonic at 14, in later years made concert tours to many of the world's troubled areas, recounting her impressions in newspaper articles and several outspoken books (*Who Killed the Congo*), also helped found the Amerasian Foundation to aid the mothers of illegitimate children fathered by U.S. soldiers in Viet Nam; in the crash of a U.S. Army helicopter; near Danang, South Viet Nam, where she was doubling as entertainer and correspondent for the Manchester, N.H., Union Leader.

Died. LaVerne Andrews, 51, eldest of the singing Andrews Sisters, who quit school in 1932 at age 17 with sisters Maxine, then 14, and Patti, 12, to play the Midwest vaudeville circuit, finally rocketed to fame in 1937 with *Bei Mir Bist du Schoen*, went on to blend adhesive harmony and speedy tempo into such hits as *Chattanooga Choo Choo*, *Rum and Coca Cola*, *Beer Barrel Polka* and *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*, altogether selling 60 million copies of almost 900 recordings; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Dr. Hein von Dieringshofen, 67, German pioneer in aviation and space medicine, who in the early 1930s was the first to study the effects of high

gravity forces and weightlessness on the human body, frequently used himself as a guinea pig in hell-diving Stukas and free-fall parachute jumps, in 1934 constructed the first experimental human centrifuge, predecessor of the ones now used in training astronauts, later served as the Luftwaffe's chief medical officer in World War II; of cancer; in Frankfurt, Germany.

Died. Elmer Rice (born Reizenstein), 74, U.S. dramatist and one of the first to set the American stage as a vehicle for social criticism; of pneumonia; in Southampton, England. Short, peppery and prolific, Rice despised the frothy shows so in vogue during his youth ("I'm interested in being realistic about life") and used the theater to go his strident views across. Over the years, he bitingly attacked everything from fascism to automation, theater critics, social smugness, TV blacklisting and militarism in more than 50 full-length plays. Only a few of them (1919's *On Trial*, 1923's *The Adding Machine*, 1929's *Street Scene*) won Broadway acclaim. Rice, true to form, remained a protestor to the end, most recently criticizing U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam.

Died. The Very Rev. Francis J. Connell, 79, a dean of Washington's Catholic University of America from 1949 to 1957 and one of the nation's leading interpreters of moral theology, who never hesitated to articulate his often controversial views, be it on the World War II atomic bombing of Japan ("from an ethical standpoint—simply murder"), court-ordered sterilization ("totalitarian, un-American, and irreligious"), or smoking (one pack a day is all right, two packs is a sin); of heart disease; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Alfred E. Lyon, 81, longtime head of Philip Morris, Inc. as president (1945-49) and board chairman (1949-57); of cancer; in Stamford, Conn. An ebullient Britisher, Lyon arrived in the U.S. in 1912 and swiftly showed his Yank cousins what the word salesman meant, getting dealers to push Philip Morris by helping dust their shelves, paying college students to pass out free smokes to friends, sweet-talking night-club ciggie girls into handing customers only Philip Morris when they'd ordered another brand; by 1933, he was the company's vice president for sales and there created one of the world's most famous living trademarks, hiring midget John Roventini to bawl "Call for Philip Maw-riss." His company never led the industry, but largely because of him it grew from \$4,000,000 in 1933 to \$400 million by the time he retired.

Died. John Masefield, 88, Britain's Poet Laureate since 1930; in Abingdon, England (see THE WORLD).

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U.S. BUSINESS

AIRCRAFT

Takeoff for the F-111

As a military-hardware order that had been proclaimed the richest in U.S. history, the F-111 fighter-bomber project seemed likely to set more records for hot controversy than cold cash. Air Force and Navy braves bridled at Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's 1961 decision to build a single all-purpose TFX, as it was then called, for both services. When General Dynamics Corp.'s design got the nod over Boeing's, the bickering grew louder—and helped ease the Chief of Naval Operations out of his job. Congress, too, filled the air with investigations over what critics called "the flying Edsel." So cloudy were the F-111's skies that even last year General Dynamics President Roger Lewis could not guess how big the buy might be: "We don't know how many children we'll have," he shrugged. "We're just engaged."

Growing Pains. Last week, after six long years of political and technological

plane, in its 1,800 test flights to date, has hit speeds as high as Mach 2.5. But the Navy, in particular, has complained that the F-111B, which at 66 ft. and 35 tons has grown considerably from its design size and weight, is too long and too heavy for carrier operations. The price tag, too, has grown. Instead of the \$2,800,000 each plane was originally expected to cost, estimates now put the F-111A at \$5,000,000, the more complex F-111B at \$8,000,000.

Other Plums. Whatever the cost, General Dynamics should fare well—and its F-111 earnings will add a lot of lift to a company already flying high on other projects. Under Lewis, General Dynamics has spectacularly recovered from the staggering \$214 million loss it wrote off on its Convair jetliners in 1961. Climbing back to its 1961 sales peak of \$2 billion, the company last year earned \$58 million on sales that were up by 22% to \$1.8 billion. Nearly 80% of that comes from Government orders for items ranging from Atlas and Centaur rockets for NASA to Navy sur-

facturer of aerospace components. Signal lost out in a bid for ailing Douglas Aircraft last winter, but the Allentown, Pa., truckmaker was only too glad to get under Signal's rich corporate umbrella. Despite record sales (\$412 million in 1966), Mack has been desperately short of capital needed to expand its 20,000-a-year truck output and increase its 15% share of the heavy-duty-truck market. Signal had hardly settled the Mack merger terms, involving some \$185 million in securities, when it reached in yet another direction to buy, for some \$17 million in securities, Arizona Bancorporation, a Phoenix-based holding company with interests in banking, land, steel and insurance.

► Montgomery Ward & Co. scuttled weeks of Wall Street rumors that it was a ripe-and-ready takeover target by announcing plans for an acquisition of its own. Robert E. Brooker, chairman of the Chicago-based retailing and mail-order giant, said Ward would buy Los Angeles' MSI Industries Inc. for some \$90 million in securities as a first step



F-111 WITH SWING-WINGS OPENED FOR TAKEOFF

After the hot controversy, a shower of cold cash.



SWEEP BACK FOR SPEED

birth pangs, the revolutionary 1,650-m.p.h. whiz-bang won its first formal production contract. The Air Force, which is handling all F-111 procurement, gave General Dynamics an order for 493 planes to be delivered by 1970. Of the total, the Air Force will take 395 of its F-111A and FB-111 versions. The Navy, which is still unsatisfied with its model, the F-111B, will take only 24. Britain, with an order for 50, and Australia (24) account for the rest. Total value of the contract, which does not cover engines, weaponry and some electronics: \$1,821,938,651.

Big. The first order came nowhere near the 1,000 to 1,400 planes which, it has been estimated, the project will eventually involve. One reason is that the 23 prototype F-111s built by General Dynamics have had problems. The key swing-wing design, which permits 120-m.p.h. landings and supersonic dashes, has worked well, and the

face ships and nuclear-powered attack submarines.

For the future, General Dynamics is in line for a pair of plums: likely to become \$1 billion projects are the jobs of refitting Polaris subs to handle the advanced Poseidon missile and building a new Navy Standard Missile to supplement two of its earlier products, the Tartar and the Terrier.

MERGERS

The Acquisition Front

Action along the acquisition front moved at a brisk tempo last week. Items:

► Signal Oil & Gas Co., the Los Angeles-based giant (1966 sales: \$1 billion) that aims to strike it rich away from the oilfields as well as in them, added Mack Trucks Inc. to a list of holdings that already includes 48% of American President Lines and Garrett Corp., a manu-

toward building "a substantial manufacturing complex." MSI, last year rang up \$116 million in sales of industrial fasteners, plastics and other products, earned \$6.4 million—which is just the sort of tonic Ward can use. Suffering from tight pressure on profit margins, Ward cleared only \$16.5 million from its record 1966 sales of \$1.9 billion.

► Dan River Mills, a medium-sized Virginia textile firm (1966 sales: \$281 million), and smaller, North Carolina-based Fielderest Mills (\$171 million) decided to copy the long-established industry pattern by merging. If stockholders approve a swap of securities worth some \$87 million, the merged company will have combined sales of more than \$450 million, a strong position as the U.S.'s fourth biggest publicly owned textile company (after Burlington Industries, J. P. Stevens & Co., and United Merchants and Manufacturers), and a new name: Dan River Fielderest Inc.

► American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corp., the nation's No. 1 in heating equipment, commodes and other plumbing fixtures, announced an amicable bid to buy out its Manhattan neighbor, Mosler Safe Co. American Standard hopes to "diversify our dependence on the construction industry," whose current slump has pulled the chain on the company's profits. Despite record sales of \$569 million, earnings plunged 44% to \$10,350,000 in 1966 and are down by 86% so far this year. The company offered \$38.50 a share for the rich safe-and-office-equipment maker, whose sales (\$64 million) and profits (\$4.4 million) have more than doubled since 1962. For Chairman John Mosler and the Mosler family, the sale means that their 46% holding will bring some \$40 million in cash.

► Greatamerica Corp., a Dallas-based insurance and banking combine controlling assets of more than \$2 billion, which blandly described its spectacular 1964 Braniff Airways takeover as "a limited departure from our general goals," suddenly departed again—much to the shock of Cleveland's Glidden Co. Without warning, Glidden was hit with a Greatamerica tender seeking to buy 54% of Glidden's stock for \$30 a share, or \$107 million all told. Texan Troy V. Post, Greatamerica's president, was not saying why he wanted the comfortably prosperous (1966 sales: \$352 million) food, chemical and paint company. But Glidden President William C. Phillips was quick to warn stockholders that "Greatamerica knows that Glidden stock is worth substantially more" than \$30. And at week's end, he was huddling with a friendly merger prospect, General Aniline & Film Co., to prove it.

EMPLOYMENT

Buyers' Market

U.S. employment in April was down in one sector, up in another—and still at an all-time high. The work force in manufacturing industries dropped by 115,000, largely because of accumulated inventories and resulting layoffs in metals, electric-equipment and auto companies. The number of construction workers hired (210,000) was 40,000 less than anticipated because of inclement spring weather and delayed building projects. Up by 260,000, on the other hand, were the number of people employed in service industries, retail trade and all levels of government. In all, unemployment during the month hovered at 3.7% of the labor force, and the number of Americans at work in non-farm jobs rose 100,000 to 65,601,000 people on a seasonally adjusted basis. Such is the demand for labor that even the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics is having a hard time finding young economists to fill out its charts.

Nurses & Maids. Hardest hit of all are hospitals, who now need three employees per patient per day compared to 1.5 in 1946. About 62,000 more regis-



WORKING IN AUTO PARTS PLANT

Difficult even to fill out the charts.

tered nurses are wanted; so are 3,000 janitors and maids, whom hospitals find hard to hire because of relatively low wages. Skilled engineers and technicians have long been in short supply, but so now are such blue-collar workers as tool and die makers, painters and auto mechanics, who can make up to \$18,000 a year. Around-the-clock businesses like hotels are finding it difficult to compete for cashiers and telephone operators with 9-to-5 companies who offer a five-day work week as well. Playboy clubs find it impossible to hire enough bunnies. And in Walpole, Mass., where The Kendall Co.'s fiber-products division needs 60 new people and the employment office is up two flights of stairs, the joke is: "If they can make it up the stairs, they've got the job."



LEARNING THE PLUMBER'S TRADE

And a dearth of bunnies, too.

Rather than waiting for the climbers, Kendall, like many another U.S. company is actively searching for help. With its employees already working 50-hour weeks to keep production up, Kendall is hiring Italian and Portuguese immigrants and Puerto Ricans, even if they speak no English. Similarly in Miami, stores have begun to hire Cuban refugees who know only Spanish; clerks and customers carry out transactions in sign language.

Large companies are recruiting on high school campuses as they once did only at colleges. Southern Bell Telephone sends crews to high schools to demonstrate telephone jobs, mails to graduating seniors congratulatory cards (with job interview proposed), and takes out advertisements in yearbooks. Eastern Airlines, which is trying to increase its work force from 26,000 to 33,000 people, has hired retired stewardesses in 30 cities, sends them out to recruit younger girls. In Boston, John Hancock Life Insurance Co. advertises for secretarial help on rock-in-roll radio stations, brags that its main office is near "the grooviest shops in town." Competing New England Mutual Life Insurance will pay an employee \$25 for persuading a friend to join the company, another \$75 if the friend stays for a year. Avis rent-a-car uses prime-time television to advertise for car washers.

Ladies & Englishmen. Such shortages are changing the look of the labor force. Houston's Ada Oil Co. is now hiring female gas-station attendants who must be at least 5 ft. 6 in. tall in order to reach windshields. And—shades of TV's *Josephine the plumber*—women really are going into plumbing, because male plumbers are in short supply. Chicago's Checker Cab Co. has taken on 40 women drivers and Deere & Co. of Moline, Ill., has women draftsmen, engineers and office managers. With even the supply of qualified women limited, some companies are going outside the U.S. for help. The Bendix Corp.'s Davenport, Iowa, plant, which last year went to England to hire eleven engineers, is now planning to go back to lure skilled blue-collar workers to the U.S.

CORPORATIONS

Top Banana

After decades of prosperity that made it synonymous—often unfairly—with *Yanqui* imperialism, United Fruit Co. suddenly found itself with a host of overripe problems in the late 1950s. In fact, concedes Herbert C. Cornuelle, 47, who last month became president of the world's largest banana grower and marketer: "The reason we look so good now is that it was awfully bad before it got better." As that appraisal guardedly suggests, United Fruit has made a rather striking comeback.

Away with Big Mike. The company's sales have increased from \$304 million in 1960 to \$440 million last year, while per-share earnings have soared from 25¢ to \$3.06. This year's first-quarter

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BUILDER LEVITT

earnings of \$6,000,000 were the best in nine years. Behind its heady performance lies the fact that United Fruit has overhauled its top management. Not the least of the newcomers is Cornuelle himself, a one-shot novelist (his work, *Mr. Anonymous*, has been out of print since 1951*) who guided Hawaii's Dole Co. out of the doldrums before joining United Fruit in 1963. Similarly, his predecessor as president, John M. Fox, 54, now board chairman and chief executive officer, came to the company after a whirlwind success as founder and president of Minute Maid.

With the fresh faces have come a number of changes. Cutting overhead as well as appeasing native resentment over its huge land holdings, the company since 1960 has pared its acreage in Latin American banana lands from 134,593 to 81,089, has managed to increase output just the same. That fear is due largely to the company's development of the new Valery strain of banana, which endures wind, rain and disease better than the company's old Gros Michel (also called Big Mike) variety. Valery also gets a much higher per-acre yield. Even the Valery's biggest flaw has become a virtue: thin-skinned and fragile, it must be shipped in boxes instead of in on-the-stem bunches, and the necessary hand packing, while costlier, has made it easy to slap the company's Chiquita brand name on each banana.

As a result, the housewife can now recognize a United Fruit banana when she sees one. Taking advantage of that, the company has stepped up its advertising not only in the U.S. but also in expanding European markets. Chiquita herself has been appearing in European TV ads since January, though her old song ("I'm Chiquita Banana and I've come to say . . .") has not yet been aired there. Tightening up its European

* His brother Richard has been in print more recently, having written *Reclaiming The American Dream*, a paean to the private sector, in 1965.



WILLINGBORO, N.J., TOWNHOUSE COLONY

"The job gets easier as we get larger."

operations in general, the company hopes to increase its 35% share of Western Europe's banana market.

The Splits. For all its recent success, United Fruit still has some problems. Under a 1958 federal antitrust ruling, the company must divest itself of enough of its banana operations to create a new, competing company by 1971. That only dramatizes the company's over-reliance on a single commodity: despite its other interests (including Revere Sugar, Tropical Radio Telegraph Co.), bananas still account for 65% of its business. Consequently, United Fruit last year acquired the J. Hungerford Smith Co. (manufacturer of soda-fountain syrups) and the A & W root beer-stand system, only last month bought up the Baskin-Robbins chain of franchised ice cream parlors. All this, management hopes, will keep United Fruit's earnings as rich as a banana split.

BUILDING

After the Levittowns

In the postwar housing boom, Builder William Jaird Levitt's 17,000-house Levittowns—on Long Island and in Pennsylvania—came to symbolize an era of mass-produced, look-alike homes. Though they made Levitt & Sons the nation's largest home builders, the Levittowns were sneered at by esthetes, spoofed by cartoonists, massively aped by other builders. His old image lingers on, but Levitt, now 60, has stayed at the top of the \$25 billion industry by changing his whole approach to housing.

Cheaper in Clusters. Instead of monolithic developments, Levitt today has eleven neighborhood-size communities of varied styles and prices (\$16,000 to \$33,000) rising from Long Island to Cape Kennedy—plus operations in Puerto Rico and France. Last month he broke ground for subdivisions near Baltimore and Chicago, the latter his first venture in the Midwest. Earlier this year, he started the first of a contemplated chain of ten home-financing stores called Levittmark, Inc., at his Willingboro, N.J., development, 15 miles from Philadelphia. Two weeks ago at Willingboro, he opened his first colony of town houses—today's euphemism for attached, one-family homes. Priced from \$12,990 to \$16,990, the town

houses put Levitt back into a market that few builders still serve: that comprising families earning as little as \$7,000 a year. Levitt keeps the prices low by clustering the houses on tiny lots around common courtyards and greens, thus cutting the cost of roads and utilities. That also enables him to leave 75% of the land open for parks, play space and a pool.

Through such activities, Levitt's sales climbed to an estimated \$94 million in the company's latest fiscal year and profits rose to an estimated \$3,900,000. Levitt figures that his firm has built 75,000 houses worth \$1.1 billion, including 4,300 last year. This year he expects to build another 5,200. "The job gets easier as we get larger," says Levitt. "There are no brains in this business. Once the management problem is solved, you can do almost anything."

Beyond the Suburbs. Brooklyn-born Levitt, who began building houses on Long Island in 1929 with his late father Abe and his late brother Alfred, solved his management problem painfully. After losing \$763,155 in 1961, he decentralized his operations, surrounded himself with youthful aides (the average age of his five senior vice presidents is 43), began training second-echelon executives because "there's no place for us to steal talent from." Wall Street has responded to Levitt's resulting 20%-a-year growth by lifting the price of Levitt & Sons stock on the American Stock Exchange from a low of \$4 a share in 1963 to \$24.88 at week's end. His own 66% holdings are worth \$50 million.

Levitt's preoccupation today, as he guides his widening empire from an opulent headquarters at Long Island's Lake Success, is creating a new city of a size hitherto only dreamed of: 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 population. It would sprout in 50,000-people installments on a still-secret site in the countryside "where the air is still as God made it." Only by this kind of leap beyond the suburbs, Levitt persuasively argues, can the urbanizing U.S. remain fit to live in as it doubles its present physical plant over the next 35 years. To solve the job problem, he has been dickering with the heads of several major corporations that could put factories in his city. "I have no intention of retiring," says Levitt. "My life is a vacation, and rest I don't need."



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TARIFFS

Toward Agreement

Five times since the end of World War II, the nations of the free world have laboriously negotiated tariff reductions, but the sum of those efforts has amounted to only a nibble at the barriers to expanding world trade and prosperity. Late last weekend, after four years of continuous and suspenseful bargaining, 53 non-Communist countries struggled to the verge of an agreement that should result in the biggest bundle of tariff cuts in history.

Much more than trade depends on the successful outcome of the Kennedy Round. Historically, it represents a last stage in undoing the damage to the world economy caused by the protectionism of the Depression in the '30s. Its failure, coming on top of Europe's new climate of economic nationalism fostered by Charles de Gaulle, could well turn the free world back toward commercial—and political—policies of suspicion and mistrust.

Bluff & Brinkmanship. The key agreements, hammered out in a crescendo of bluff and brinkmanship between the U.S. and the Common Market last week in Geneva, tell a long way short of John Kennedy's hopes when he persuaded Congress in 1962 to empower the President of the U.S. to chop tariffs by 50%. Though levies on many industrial items would fall by the toll 50%, the average tariff cut will amount to no more than 25% on the goods that make up the \$180 billion in annual trade among non-Communist countries. Washington figures that the reductions, phased over four years starting in July, will add at least \$3 billion a year to that volume but leave the total balance of U.S. imports and exports about where it

stands. The effects will be felt by nearly every segment of the U.S. economy. Imported Volkswagens, for instance, will probably cost less to the U.S. consumer, as will French cheeses, Swiss watches, Japanese cameras, Italian ceramics and Hong Kong silk suits. American farmers, on the other hand, expect bigger markets abroad for such items as cotton, tobacco and soybeans.

Because of the June 30th expiration date of the Trade Expansion Act, which enables the U.S. to cut its import duties across the board, the Kennedy Round negotiators came under relentless pressure to end the marathon talks last week to allow time for the complex documents to be prepared for President Johnson's signature. Much of the delay was caused by the Common Market team, led by diminutive Jean Rey, a Belgian lawyer who heads EEC external affairs. Again and again since last fall, Rey stalled the bargaining in order to seek fresh instructions from EEC headquarters in Brussels. As last week began, even persuasive Eric Wyndham White, the British director general of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, which administers the Kennedy Round, was unable to get Rey to commit himself to a final deadline.

At one point, the tensions grew so great that William Matson Roth, a millionaire San Francisco shipping executive who succeeded the late Christian Herter early this year as chief U.S. negotiator, angrily threatened to break off negotiations and return to Washington. That impasse, which might well have doomed the Kennedy Round to failure, was resolved when Nils Montan, chief Scandinavian negotiator, persuaded Roth and the Common Market's Rey to lunch with him at the Geneva Intercontinental Hotel. Over *filet mignon de veau* and a bottle of 1962 Château Capbern St. Estèphe, tempers cooled. Roth promised to stay in Geneva; Rey agreed to quit stalling and wind up the negotiations promptly.

The Case of Dye. Major stumbling blocks remained over free trade in grains and chemicals. But Roth, in a dramatic shift in the U.S. position, withdrew his demand for guaranteed access to Europe's grain markets. Reason: the best offer from the Common Market amounted to less grain than American farmers already sell to the Six. Still, the U.S. insisted that reluctant Europeans join in creating a massive food-and program for underdeveloped countries, which would increase world demand for U.S. wheat. For its part, the Common Market demanded that the U.S. get rid of its 1922 law that bases tariffs on certain chemical imports, drugs and rubber footwear on the American selling price of those products. The result is extraordinarily high import duties—up to 172% in the case of yellow vat dye—



COMMON MARKET'S REY
Faster after lunch.

but only Congressional action can abolish the system.

At week's end, as Rey returned once more from Brussels with final instructions, that haggle narrowed down to how much European chemical tariffs should be sliced before the American selling price is repealed, and how much afterwards—provided Congress agrees. "I think," says Rey, "that we did pretty well." There was still the question of how big Europe's contribution to food aid would be and whether the Common Market could be induced to cut its duties further on such farm produce as meats, canned fruits and vegetables.

Despite some probable disappointments when and if the tariff cuts take effect on the scale indicated by the final bargaining, the free world should move a step closer to economic unity.

GERMANY

Bugging the Beetles

Is it time to exterminate the Volkswagen beetle, which has not changed much since it first began bugging the roads after World War II? West German Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss thinks so—and in a recent speech he warned that VW had better begin to produce a car more attuned to contemporary demands for "performance, comfort and safety."

Strauss's attack was triggered by VW's request that the government relax tax measures that were instituted to ward off a potential deficit in the national budget. Turning the company's complaint around, Strauss charged that the carmaker has come up with little in the way of innovations that might spur the German economy out of its deflated state.

West Germany: currently are showing

REUTER



STRAUSS DURING GYM WORKOUT

Case in point.

an alarming preference for roomier foreign models, which now control 15% of the market compared with 11.6% only a year ago. Getting the biggest new slice of business are French cars, once considered junk in Germany. Warehouses are bulging with unsold German autos, while vehicle exports during the first three months of 1967 were off 15.3% from the same time in 1966. VW factories are producing about 10,000 fewer cars daily than they did in 1966, and since Jan. 1, workers have had 24 enforced days off.

As Volkswagen sees it, the key to its resurgence is decreased taxes on gasoline and new cars, higher tax deductions for commuting by car, and government authorization of reduced auto-insurance premiums. Strauss has other ideas: "It had better consider which market is still particularly receptive to its product in the light of the increased demands of Western Europeans for comfort."

Lashing out at VW's proud heritage, Strauss concluded: "A great name is no longer enough. The needs of car buyers have grown." The Minister is a kind of case in point. Despite a vigorous attack on his own weight problems, Strauss still tips the scales at 205 lbs, and fits better into his own BMW four-door sedan than into a beetle.

BRITAIN

Death of the Queens

As the *Queen Elizabeth* steamed toward New York harbor last week with 711 passengers (capacity: 2,304), a message over the ship's radio instructed Captain Joseph E. Woolfenden to open a sealed envelope he had received before sailing from Southampton. Woolfenden was stunned by what he read. At that moment, the Cunard Steam-Ship Co. Ltd. was announcing in London that the world's two largest ocean liners would be retired—the *Queen Elizabeth* within 18 months, the older *Queen Mary* as early as next October.

While the Queens were known to be sailing in financial straits, Cunard was not expected to phase out *Mary* until late 1968, hoped to keep *Elizabeth* in operation for as long as ten more years. But the ships together have been losing more than \$3,000,000 a year, and, as Sir Basil Smallpeice, chairman of the Cunard group, put it at the London press conference, "We cannot allow our affections or our sense of history to divert us from our aim of making Cunard again a thriving company."

Jampacked G.I.s. Designed as a tandem team for providing weekly passenger service across the North Atlantic, the Queens were the culmination of a dream born in 1840 when Samuel Cunard's *Britannia* became the first regularly scheduled transatlantic liner. At the time that the 80,000-ton *Queen Mary* made her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York in May 1936, only the French Line's *Normandie* could rival her for size and speed. Within six months, work was underway on her even bigger sister ship, the 83,000-ton *Queen Elizabeth*, whose maiden trip to New York in 1940, coming as it did after the outbreak of World War II, was shrouded in secrecy. The Queens served as troop ships throughout the war, eluding German submarines and

The *Mary's* shortest Atlantic crossing was a record three days, 20 hr 42 min., since surpassed by the S.S. *United States*, three days, 10 hr 40 min.

planes to carry as many as 15,000 jam-packed G.I.s on a single voyage.

Then war's end freed the Queens to do the job they were meant for: ferrying pampered travelers in elegant surroundings. As time passed, the ships' 1930s-style trappings made them seem dowdy to travelers with new ideas about opulence. Hurt by jet-age airline competition, the Queens also lost potential passengers to sleeker French and Italian ocean liners. By 1961 the ships were losing money, and Cunard began putting them on winter cruises in an effort to make ends meet. Last year alone, the line spent \$4,200,000 remodeling the *Queen Elizabeth*.

The Queens' nagging troubles threatened to torpedo the entire group of Cunard companies. In 1965 Cunard lost \$7,560,000 on the *Queens* and its five other passenger ships, turned a slender \$520,000 before-taxes profit only because of income from freighters and other investments. Last year's British seamen's strike, which cost Cunard more than \$10 million in revenues, speeded the demise of the Queens.

Winter Scheme. Sir Basil is now hopeful of leading Cunard to "a new and profitable future in a new market situation." Since becoming Cunard's chairman in late 1965, the former BOAC chief has completely reorganized steamship operations, linked up with British European Airways on a new winter-holiday scheme. Vacationers fly via BEA to Gibraltar, then board a Cunard ship for a leisurely Mediterranean cruise. Cunard does not plan to abandon its summer North Atlantic express service. Due to make its maiden voyage in 1969 is a new \$80 million, 58,000-ton, one-class liner, now known only as the Q4, which will be suitable for both cruises and transatlantic crossings.

As for the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, Sir Basil said he would consider selling them to another line so long as they did not compete with Cunard, also mentioned proposals for mooring the *Queen Mary* as an offshore "hotel" at Gibraltar or Los Angeles. Otherwise, the ships figure to be worth \$1,800,000 each as scrap.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

DEVEREUX



"QUEEN MARY" PASSING "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IN NEW YORK HARBOR (1963)
No time to fool with torpedoes.



SIR BASIL



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TIME, MAY 19, 1967

SCIENCE

ELECTRONICS

And Now the Mini-Antenna

Cluttering rooftops, bristling from satellites and planes, protruding from walkie-talkies and TV sets, antennas are both a symbol and a necessity of the communications age. To transmit and receive signals efficiently, however, an



ENGINEER TURNER



PROTOTYPE MINI-ANTENNA
It just looks big.

tennas must often be inconveniently large. Their sheer bulk adds crucial pounds to the weight of spacecraft, causes extra drag on the otherwise streamlined surfaces of supersonic aircraft, and is a dead giveaway to the location of radio operators on the battlegrounds of Viet Nam. Now, because of the persistence of an Air Force scientist, antennas are about to be cut down to size.

Ten years ago, Edwin Turner, a civilian electrical engineer in the Air Force Avionics Laboratory at Dayton's Wright-Patterson A.F.B., became convinced that a large antenna could be duplicated electronically by a smaller device. The solution, he felt intuitively, was a miniature antenna with an active, built-in transistor circuit. Unable to perfect the mini-antenna himself, he turned to other electronics experts for help but was told repeatedly that his concept was not feasible. To work efficiently, they said, an antenna had to be physically at least one-quarter as long as the wave length of its design frequency. In the frequency range used by television, for example, this requires antennas at least a few feet long.

Stubby Arms. Finally, during a 1963 visit to Germany, Turner mentioned his

idea to Physicist Hans Meinke, a microwave expert whose research is partially financed by the U.S. Air Force. Meinke immediately grasped Turner's concept, volunteered to work on it, and was awarded an Air Force contract. Now, after four years of mathematical analysis and laboratory work, he has finally built several prototype models of the mini-antennas that Turner visualized.

The simplest of Meinke's devices, which the Air Force calls Subminiature Integrated Antennas (SIA), consists of three stubby, pencil-sized arms, each attached to one of the three terminals of a transistor. Combined with the electrical properties of capacitance, inductance and resistance in the antenna arms, the transistor forms a circuit that has a low resonant frequency and thus "looks" physically bigger to incoming radio waves. Using the receiver to which it is attached as a power source, it can amplify by a factor of ten to 100 the small currents induced in the antenna by radio waves.

Eliminated Ears. "Although the theory is pretty complicated," explains Turner, "we have in effect substituted a short antenna carrying a large current for a long antenna carrying a small current." Thus an SIA only a few inches long and weighing only an ounce or two is sufficient for the efficient reception of normal television signals over an extremely wide band in the 100-megacycle range.

By using SIAs, says the Air Force, it will be able to eliminate 10 lbs. to 500 lbs. from the weight of aircraft and space vehicles. Built-in SIAs will also eventually eliminate the conspicuous whip antennas on military radios and their civilian counterparts. And when the mini-antennas are mass-produced, Turner says, manufacturers will be able to build them inside TV sets at a cost of only \$2 or \$3 apiece, eliminating familiar "rabbit ears" and costly, inelegant roof antennas.

PHYSICS

The Hunting of the Quark

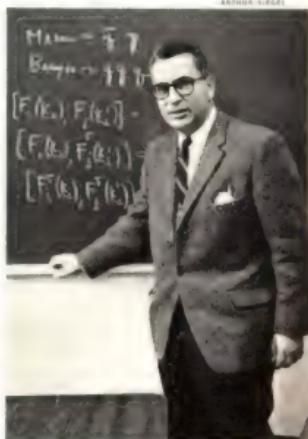
As they probe deeper into the heart of the atom, discovering ever smaller and more mysterious particles and particles within particles, scientists have succeeded in bringing the once stable world of nuclear physics to a state of near chaos. Groping among their new-found lambdas, pions, kaons, sigmas and other bits of matter with strange names and even stranger characteristics, physicists hope some day to restore order by finding a truly elemental particle—one out of which all the others are made.

The need for this key building block of the universe became so great that in 1962 Physicists Murray Gell-Mann and George Zweig, working independently, devised and described hypothetical par-

ticles that would meet all of the necessary requirements. Gell-Mann insisted that his particle, which he called the quark, was simply a theoretical tool useful in describing the nature of subatomic particles; it did not necessarily have to exist. But ever since, physicists have been searching in vain for a real quark. Now two British scientists, writing in *Nature*, have suggested that the search for the quark be conducted in the lower ionosphere, 30 miles above the earth.

Moss into Energy. Gell-Mann's quark is an unusual creature indeed. Unlike other known particles, which are electrically neutral or have positive or negative charges that are whole multiples of the basic charge of the electron, quarks would have a charge of either one-third or two-thirds of the unit electron charge. Arranged in different combinations, quarks would form practically any one of the confusing variety of subatomic particles.

Stranger still, as other scientists have deduced, the quarks would be from 10 to 20 times as massive as the proton, one of the heaviest of the subatomic particles. But the proton, according to



PHYSICIST GELL-MANN

Maybe a flytrap will catch one.

Gell-Mann's theory, would consist of three quarks. Then why does it contain only a fraction of the mass of the quarks? The answer, physicists believe, is that most of the mass of the three quarks in a proton is relativistically converted into the tremendous energy that binds them together.

This strong attraction of one quark for another has actually hindered the great quark hunt. To split a proton into

* A name that Gell-Mann borrowed from a line in James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*: "Three quarks for Muster Mark!"



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its constituent quarks, for example, would require an atom smasher at least 30 times more powerful than any yet built by man. But scientists believe that the celestial processes generating cosmic rays are energetic enough to produce free quarks.

Atoms in Oysters. One group of European scientists used a unique, electronically assisted telescope to search for quarks among cosmic-ray particles that strike the earth. The Russians report that a quark-hunting cosmic-ray experiment was carried aboard their Proton 3 satellite. Neither venture was successful. Other scientists have suggested the use of radio telescopes for discovering evidence of quarks produced in highly energetic radio galaxies and starlike quasars.

Argonne National Laboratory physicists have also examined iron meteorites, air and sea water in a vain attempt to find quarks that had combined with stable atoms. Instead of being electrically neutral, they reasoned, such atoms would have fractional charges imparted by the quarks—enabling scientists to separate them out in an electric field and analyze them. Because quarks would more likely combine with heavier atoms, one scientist has suggested looking for quark-bearing atoms in oysters, which tend to concentrate the heavier elements in the seas.

30 Miles Up. Arguing that others may have been quark hunting in the wrong places, British Physicists J. B. Hasted and M.R.C. McDowell have suggested a new area of search. As quarks rain down on the earth, the British scientists suggest in their *Nature* article, those with a negative charge combine with oxygen in the ocean to form fractionally charged quark-oxygen atoms. When the quark-oxygen atoms are carried into the air during the normal evaporation and precipitation cycle, they are repelled by the atmospheric electrical field, which extends some 30 miles above the earth's surface, and are driven into the lower ionosphere. The charged atoms should hover above this level, the scientists say, prevented from settling back to earth by the repelling electric field.

Hasted and McDowell propose to capture the quark-oxygen atom by launching a Venus's-flytrap rocket that would open its jaws at an altitude of 30 miles, adsorb the oxygen atoms on an activated charcoal surface and bring them back to earth. Any oxygen atoms combined with quarks could then be identified by examining the sample with a mass spectrometer, which would separate them out because of their odd mass and fractional charge.

If real evidence of quarks is found, says Hasted, "elementary-particle physics will have taken the next great step forward. It's so important to find quarks that it's worth looking anywhere. But we think that it's much easier to look in the lower ionosphere than anywhere else."

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MAGNANI IN "ITALY"
Traffic in irony.

Tales with Stings

Made in Italy is a mosaic of ironic episodes that attempts to provide a portrait of modern Italy. A good many of the scenes are merely black-out sketches, some as brief as a minute: a beautiful girl stares wistfully at a bridal gown in a shop window; the camera pulls back to show her nun's habit. A group of starving peasants gaze at a wall poster reading "Help India." An inquiring reporter asks a man without TV what he does to amuse himself. The man gazes at his pregnant wife and their eight children and roars with laughter. An Italian and his wife, scouring Florence in search of a Raphael painting, find that only the foreign tourists know where it is. A farmhand in a field stops pitching hay—long enough to nurse her baby.

The longer stories come equipped with stings in their tales and often seem to be born out of O. Henry by Moravia. In one of the most moving incidents, a girl (Catherine Spaak) puts on airs with a boy she has just met, describes Capri as a passé resort, and puts down her wealthy parents as "bourgeois." When he escorts her to her Roman town house, she climbs up the stairs—and then climbs down again as soon as he is gone. After descending still farther, she goes into the janitor's basement apartment, where her father greets her with a curse and a vicious slap across the face. When the boy telephones to wish her good night, she masks her son as laughter.

The film's funniest episode stars Anna Magnani as a middle-aged mother hen trying to herd her brood of three children, her terrified husband and her aged mother-in-law across a highway. Screaming at policemen, interfering with drivers, Magnani is a law unto herself as she belts the offending cars with her purse and shouts epithets at everything that dares to move against her. In a series of bright sight gags, she dashes between wheels and fenders, rescuing children, husband, and finally her



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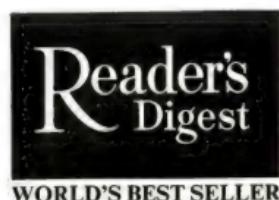
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Household heads 18-35, 1961 vs. 1966

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mother-in-law's shoe—only to find that the store she is seeking is back where she started from. Wearily she sits down, preparing to face her sworn enemy, traffic, once more. The camera lingers lovingly on her face—humorous, furious, infinitely attractive, and altogether Italian.

Sibling Revelry

The *Jokers* are two wealthy, wastrel brothers (Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed) who decide to get their kicks by pinching the crown jewels from the Tower of London.

To this end, they plant bombs all over town, then phone anonymous tips to Scotland Yard. The hobbies bob up in the lion house at the zoo, the Albert Memorial. At one point, they even invade a ladies' loo. By the time a call comes to defuse a bomb in the Tower, the Yard's guard is down, and the hobs, disguised as demolition experts, easily lift the loot. Caught and incarcerated in the Tower, at film's end the culprits are conspiring to commit more sibling revelry—an escape that will make their big crime seem small-time.

Not a bad idea for a funny film—ten years ago. Unfortunately, *The Jokers* are by now low cards in a worn-out deck. The subject of countless scenarios from *The Lavender Hill Mob* to *How to Steal a Million*, the hoary story of the happy heist is as much a cliché as the tale of the gun fighter who wants to hang up his shooting irons. Brisk pacing might have helped, but Michael Winner's dilatory direction slows the picture's pulse. The only theft that comes off is Michael Crawford's—and he steals the show. Currently starring in Broadway's *Black Comedy*, Crawford, at 24, displays a plastic face and an elastic grace—comic credentials that should allow him to travel in faster and funnier company.



REED & CRAWFORD IN "THE JOKERS"
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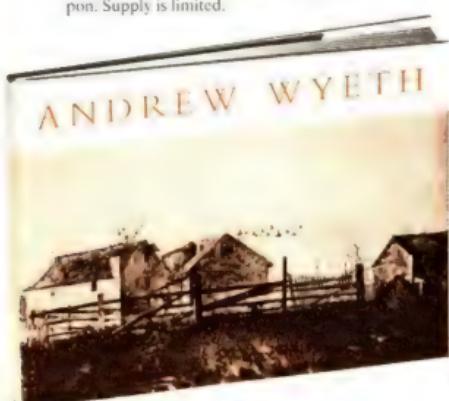


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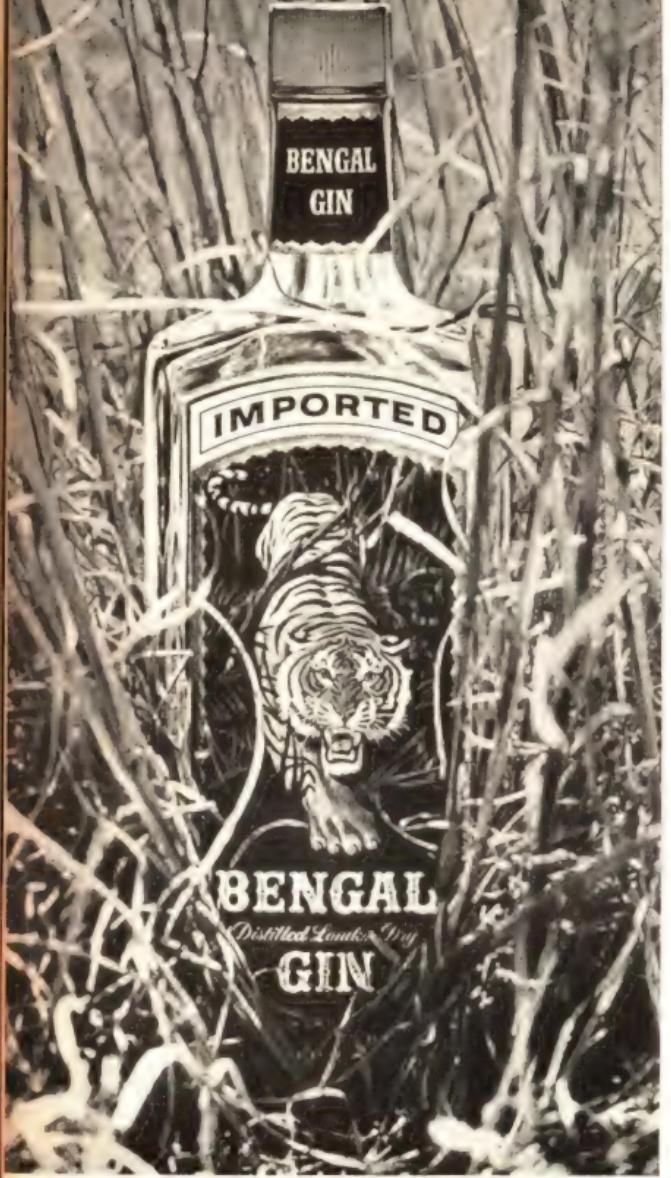
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DEE & HAMILTON IN "DOCTOR"
Pains all around.

A Fade Worse than Death

Doctor, You've Got To Be Kidding! proves that the gossip columns are wrong: George Hamilton's true love is really Sandra Dee. Cast as a pell-mell-centered business executive, he treats the camera as a mirror, narcissistically smirking and posing while he crows his subordinates and wows his seductive secretary (Sandra Dee). After a night together, the lovers argue, then separate for a pregnant pause of nine months' duration. One day, Hamilton gets run over by five cars. Thus it happens that the lovers meet again and marry in the hospital—she writhing with labor pains, he writhing with visceral pains, and the audience writhing at a fade worse than death.

To add to the tragedy of this erstwhile comedy, Celeste Holm, who plays Sandra's mother, pronounces such stagy prattle as: "Don't you like him any more? I mean are you afraid it was just (pause) physical?" For those who wonder whatever happened to that angry young hippie, Mort Sahl, Doctor casts him in a cameo part as a square night-club owner. Even a grain of Sahl adds no flavor to this tasteless trifle.

A Thing Called Dough

The Cool Ones are fun-lovin' Americans who want nothing less than to make a billion dollars as rock-'n'-roll singers and become instant celebrities. Among them is Debbie Watson (TV's Tammy), a Go-Go bird in a gilded cage who busts loose and tries to make her way to the top of the charts. Should she decide that happiness is just a thing called dough? Or should she step down into the role of mousewife to her baritone-hay friend (Gil Peterson)? Eventually, as is proper in this kind of Hollywood hokum, she does both. But before the final fadeout she is preached at and screeched at by Roddy McDowall as her manager, Phil Harris as a TV producer, and Mrs. Miller (TIME, May 13, 1966) as herself. After a cascade of blaring echo-chamber numbers, Mrs. Miller's wobbly warbling sounds peculiarly pure and fresh. She seems the coolest of them all.

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Men Facing Death

BATTLES IN THE MONSOON by S.L.A. Marshall 408 pages. Morrow. \$6.95.

Viet Nam is no war for the classic military historian. It offers no vast clash of arms; no divisions sweep and pivot to the grand strategy of latter-day Clausewitzes. Instead there are quick, dirty fire fights—usually on no more than platoon or company scale—set in copses of bamboo and thorn vine so thick that men kill at a range of 10 ft. without having once seen each other. It is a war of leg-shearing booby traps and dung-smearred *punji* stakes, of profes-

An Khe headquarters. In a tin box on one of the Communist bodies was a Chinese mortar sight, on others a compass, quadrant and binoculars: ominous evidence that the North Vietnamese might be preparing to clothe An Khe with mortar fire in preparation for an assault. Into the mountains swept chopper loads of Air Cavalrymen to "spoil" the Red attack before it could be mounted.

Though the Air Cav ultimately drove an entire North Vietnamese regiment off the hills, it paid a bloody price. On one landing zone—"a burned-off, trampled and rubble-strewn glaciis about double the size of a basketball court"—an Air Cav platoon led by Sergeant Robert L. Kirby, a slight, solemn, 29-year-old Los Angeles Negro, was ambushed by a full company of North Vietnamese. With the platoon was *Look* Editor Sam Castan, 32, working on a story about "the thoughts of men facing death." Kirby managed a quick radio call for help before taking four shell fragments in the head that somehow failed to kill him or even knock him out. Most of the platoon, though, was wiped out in the first assault. Kirby and a few survivors, including Castan, fought their way out of the encirclement behind a barrage of hand grenades. All of them were wounded at least twice. Castan, belatedly armed with Kirby's .357 Magnum pistol, disappeared into the man-high elephant grass and was gunned down. His film of the doomed platoon was found days later on a dead Red Kirby, who was carrying only a flare pistol, escaped by blasting a skirmisher between the eyes with his last flare. One of his buddies survived by playing dead. It was not surprising that the deception fooled the enemy troops: a Red bullet had torn through his left ear and out his nose.

Deeper Meaning. Marshall's other accounts are equally graphic: the "perfect ambush" of a Communist column by American Claymore mines, which so shredded the enemy that a full body count could only be made by tallying weapons; the "long patrol" of Sergeant Robert Grimes Jr., another brave Negro, who took his men deep into Red territory—each armed with 800 rounds of ammo and plenty of Tabasco sauce to flavor condiment for cold C rations; a "chequerboard" search through thick jungle by the 101st Airborne, which finally pinned down and slaughtered 400 North Vietnamese in log bunkers.

"How many other bodies were entombed under the shattered walls and roots of the hilltop bunker line is beyond saying," writes Marshall. "The visitors had no wish to delve and dig for the sake of such meaningless statistics. The war in Viet Nam is so little understood by their countrymen that the



MARSHALL

As intimate and immediate as a leech.

skill and personal courage. It is also a war that is tailor-made for a writer like S.L.A. Marshall, who can reconstruct a small-unit action so that it takes on the intimate immediacy of a leech beneath a platoon sergeant's collar.

Product of a three-month Viet Nam tour in the summer of 1966, this book follows elements of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) and the 101st Airborne Division through the string of Central Highlands skirmishes, ambushes, successes and failures that were known as Operations Crazy Horse, Austin 6, and Hawkhorne II. Marshall, at 66 a retired brigadier who once was the youngest American company commander in World War I, viewed most of the terrain and some of the fighting himself, meticulously interviewed survivors and strategists to produce his *Staccato* narrative.

Ominous Evidence. *Crazy Horse* began quite by accident when a patrol of Montagnard mercenaries, led by a U.S. Special Forces sergeant, "zapped" a North Vietnamese platoon in the mountain massif to the rear of the Air Cav's

relative death rate of the two sides is given wholly disproportionate emphasis." After reading this book, those statistics take on a much deeper meaning.

Hero as Celebrity

BY-LINE: ERNEST HEMINGWAY edited by William White. 489 pages. Scribner. \$8.95.

Ernest Hemingway is becoming the publishing business' posthumous answer to cottage industry. Three years after his suicide, *A Moveable Feast* arrived, literary leftovers served up by his widow, Mary. Now, after another three years, comes this 77-piece assembly of Papa's journalism, newspaper and magazine pieces edited by William White.



HEMINGWAY (1937)

A tracer for the rise and the decline.

professor of journalism at Wayne State University.

Although *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway* is really source material for Hemingway biographers and thesis hunters in the Eng. Lit. factories, the book does have intrinsic value for non-academic readers. Hemingway told good yarns. His fishing and hunting stories made sea and forest seem God's heaven. And he had wise words for would-be writers: "Real seriousness in regard to writing is one of the two absolute necessities. The other, unfortunately, is talent." But always the book's main interest is the author. It traces the rise, the peaking out and the decline of Ernest Hemingway as stylist.

The Image. First there was the bright 20-year-old, freeling formula features at \$10 apiece to the *Toronto Star Weekly*. Next came Hemingway at 23, foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star*, filing color stories on the Greco-Turkish war and the Genoa Economic Conference, along with vignettes of trout fishing in Germany and the "king business" in Europe. Some of that early stuff was basic Hemingway, clear as

"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"I am not sure that in a great state it is capable of a remedy; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all unnecessary expense, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance.

"The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.

"Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.

"But" (said he) "it proved a dear cap to our congregation."

"How so?"

"When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds."

"True", (said the farmer) "but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; and you know that the industry has continued, and is likely to con-



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brusell-Smith

tinue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes."

"Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl needs a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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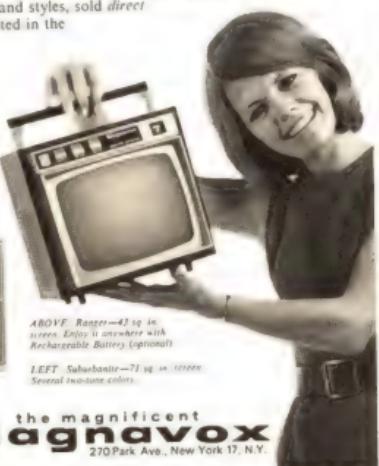
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glass. He attended a prestigious press conference given by Benito Mussolini. *Il Duce* "sat at his desk reading a book. His face was contorted into the famous frown. He was registering Dictator . . . and he remained absorbed in his book . . . I tiptoed over behind him to see what the book was he was reading with such avid interest. It was a French-English dictionary—held upside down."

By the mid-1930s Hemingway was the celebrated author of *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*, he had a tough and masculine image to live up to. He harpooned a 50-ft. sperm whale off the coast of Cuba, and he also clumsily managed to shoot himself through both calves with a .22 Colt automatic. He was doing his writing at Key West in those days, and "to discourage visitors while he is at work your correspondent has hired an aged Negro who appears to be the victim of an odd disease resembling leprosy who meets visitors at the gate and says, 'Tse Mr. Hemingway and Ise crazy about you.'"

Manic Sentences. He eventually tired of his self-imposed isolation. Hemingway the North American Newspaper Alliance correspondent went to Spain to cover the Civil War, and there he did his best reporting. His words wept at the barbarism of battle. "The company had gone on [toward Teruel] and this was the phase where the dead did not rate stretchers, so we lifted him, still limp and warm, to the side of the road and left him with his serious waxen face where tanks would not bother him now nor anything else and went on into town." A wounded Loyalist soldier had a "face that looked like some hill that had been fought over in muddy weather and then baked in the sun." Hemingway reported so well and so movingly from Spain that two of his newspaper pieces later appeared virtually intact as short stories.

His trek down from the summit began with his all-knowing China stories for the newspaper PM and continued with his World War II pieces in *Collier's* magazine. He, not events, became his subject. He reported how Hemingway landed on D-day in an LCV(P), and told the commander how to find Fox Green beach. He told how Hemingway fought ahead of the Allied armies with a group of guerrillas. It was Hemingway who liberated Paris and a fair sampling of French wine cellars.

The last Hemingway is Papa running off at the mouth, unzipping his ego in public, and writing manic sentences. Out of control, Hemingway became a parody of himself. Military parlance, scrambled syntax, bravado posturing descended on his magazine pieces like an awful curse. *Look* bought "The Christmas Gift," Hemingway's 1954 account of near death in two plane crashes in Africa. What *Look* published was a mawkish self-portrait of the Hemingway hero emerging from the jungle



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with two bunches of bananas, four bottles of Carlsberg beer and a jug of Grand MacNish. At 54, he was ready to take the count.

Thirty years after his moveable Parisian feast, Hemingway remembered that Gertrude Stein had told him to "get out of journalism and write... the one would use up the juice that I needed for the other. She was quite right and that was the best advice she gave me." But he did not take it. Instead, he became a gossip columnist, with himself as sole celebrity.

Catcher in the Rice

CLOWN ON FIRE by Aaron Judah, 211 pages. Dial \$4.50.

The reader will quickly recognize him as a literary cousin of Holden Caulfield.

—Jacket blurb

I mean I recognized the goddamn kid right away. He's my Jewish-Indian literary cousin Joe Hosea, the one who got thrown out of prep school in Bombay because the phonies thought he was trying to burn down the school. A very big deal. I mean all he did was drop a match in a pile of wood shavings in the carpentry shed. Then my literary aunt and uncle packed him off to military school. Way off in the Himalayas, for Chrissake.

Alienated. What really knocks me out about old Joe is he is a moron just like I was when I got the axe at Pencey Prep. I mean he's really irresponsible. My Aunt Nina wants him to be a Disraeli or something, but Joe's ambition is to be a *khutmid khalo*. If you must know, that's a person rich Hindus hire to lie in their beds at home while they go on holiday so the bedbugs will have somebody to bite. Joe's a terrific liar, so you never know when he's kidding around. I mean he's a madman. Joe's

Clown on Fire

Aaron Judah



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always horsing around doing things like converting to Mohammedanism at the lousy military school up in the goddamn mountains so he can sleep with his Muslim classmate's sister, who he's never even seen, for God's sake, I mean Joe's really alienated.

There's a lot of that. Santha Rama Ran is in the front of the book about old Joe's family and how they came to India from Poland or Lithuania and all. His mother is always telling Joe to tuck his goddamn shirt in, but she's mostly wrapped up in all the swell work she's doing for the Bombay chapter of the Hadassah and worrying about her daughters marrying some Buddhist. His father—Sir Abraham, for Chrissake—is a King's Counsel, a lawyer who's only interested in making money. Boy, that's one thing Joe is really ambivalent about. "I hated the poor because they had no money," he says, "and the rich because they had."

Please Be My Guru. The part of *Clown on Fire* that really kills me is Joe trying to find himself. I mean he looks all over India. That's because he's depressed as hell about life and how hard it is to make meaningful relationships with people! It knocks me out the way he's always asking people, "Will you be my guru?" I know it sounds like one of those wacky *New Yorker* stories about sensitive teen-agers growing up in India wearing pith helmets instead of red hunting hats. But Joe is telling it the way it really is, effendi.

This hell of a book about my cousin was written by some English writer named Aaron Judah. It is the second of three novels on the Hosea family, but the first to be printed in the U.S. For this one, Judah got a Dial Press Fellowship Award for Fiction, whatever that is. The publisher says it's to encourage young authors. Judah is 43 already, for Chrissake. It's supposed to be goddamn secret how much the fellowship pays, but the fact is Dial gave this Judah less than a thousand dollars. That's not very encouraging for someone who is really a *very* funny writer. And I mean that sincerely, even if it is true that I wrote a story like this myself way back in '51 when I was just a kid.

Short Notices

AGAINST ENTROPY by Michael Frayn
248 pages Viking \$4.95

After spending seven years working for British newspapers, Pundit Michael Frayn is convinced that they are all suffering from a disease called entropy—the process by which things fall apart. Which is just what they do in this engaging novel set in the offices of a large London daily. No one on the staff has more than a passing concern for the interests of the paper. One staffer spends the day turning out scripts for the BBC; another writes syllabuses for grammar school courses; John Dyson, a department head, yearns to establish himself as a television panelist. Frayn's greatest



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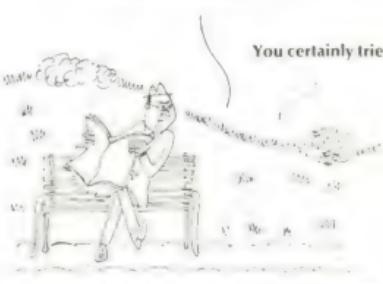
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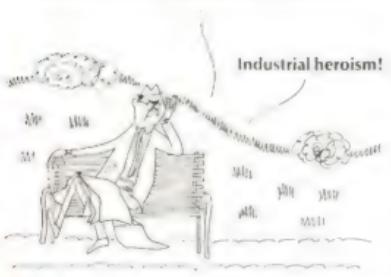
That was our Big Year.
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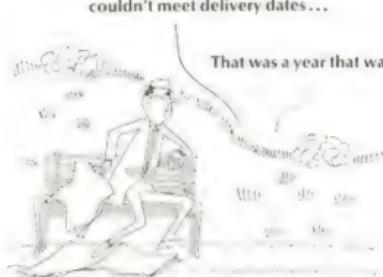
We automated our assembly lines...
put up a new plant...
it still wasn't enough...



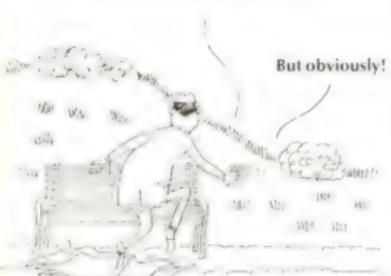
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comic invention is to take a horde of thirsty European journalists on a boondoggling press junket to the Near East. At each unlikely way station toward a destination never reached, they consume more and more free booze, "compliments of Magic Carpet." By the time of the denouement in Ljubljana, £5,000 worth of liquid hospitality has been consumed. While they drink, Frayn mocks but does not eviscerate; the chroniclers of a society, he seems to be saying, mirror the society itself.

THE PLOT by Irving Wallace 828 pages: Simon & Schuster \$6.95

Question: Can a book that is obviously destined to be a bestseller be all bad? Answer: Yes. Irving Wallace (*The Man, The Prize, The Chapman Report*) runs through several plots in *The Plot*: the Kennedy assassination, a defrocked diplomat's attempt to prove himself innocent of accusations of treason, an ex-President's struggle to uphold his fading reputation, an exiled party girl's scheme to re-enter her native England, a down-and-out reporter's comeback attempt. By a stretch of imagination no greater than Wallace's, Dwight Eisenhower, Christine Keeler, Alger Hiss and the entire journalistic profession could conceivably sue. But why should they? Nobody could accuse *Plot's* characters of resembling real people.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY by Jerome Weidman 521 pages: Random House \$6.95

When Jew meets Gentile in the U.S., it is not always a case of one shoving the other off the sidewalk. But such nasty little scuffles have high frequency in the books of Jerome Weidman, as in his 15th novel, *Other People's Money*. The hero, Victor Smith, is orphaned at three when his parents go down on the torpedored *Lusitania*. Young Victor is in-

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stalled in the luxurious Manhattan home of Walter Weld, his father's employer, where he is later joined by young Philip Brundine, another orphan of a Weld employee. Remarkably, neither child seems to have any living relatives. More remarkably, both are Jews, but Victor does not know it and Philip pretends he isn't. It further develops that imperious Mrs. Weld, who has lavished attention, money and care on both boys, is a determined anti-Semite, and even though she herself has had a longtime affair with a Jew, she coldly tells Victor that he cannot marry her daughter because he is a Jew. This improbable situation is not redeemed by a literary skill that is no more than competent.

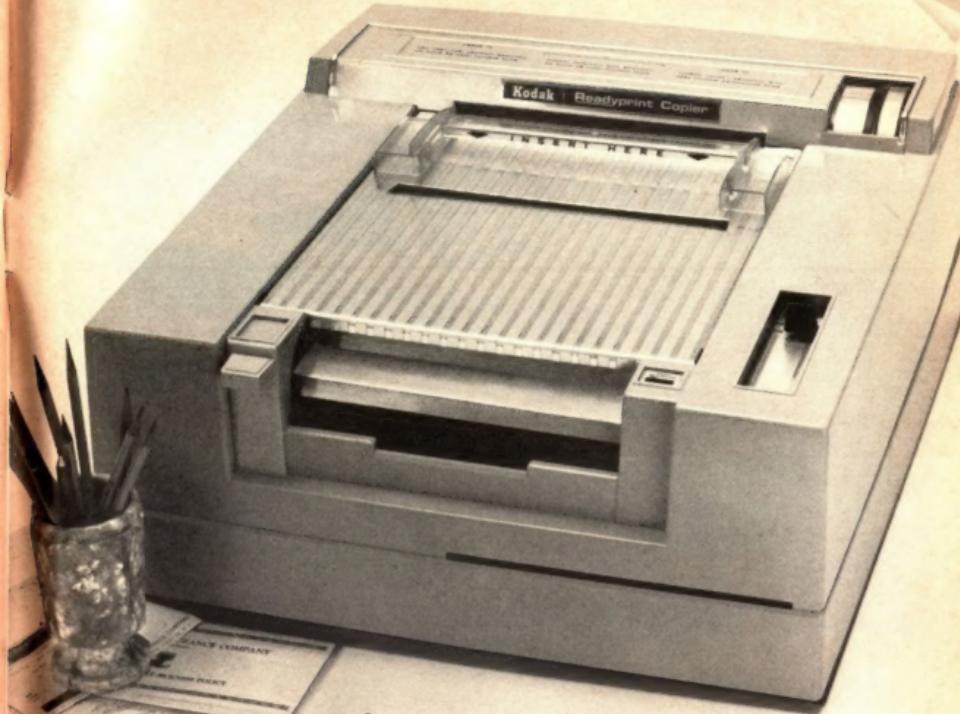
IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY by J. B. Priestley. 276 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$5.95

At 72, J. B. Priestley is a British institution: a word factory who has turned out 29 volumes of assorted nonfiction and 24 novels. Yet each successive effort manages to offer a number of odd little surprises. The first in this novel is that a man of Priestley's age should be at all interested in examining Swinging Britain; the second is that his study makes such jolly good entertainment. The hero is Tom Adamson, a young Australian university professor who has come to England searching for his absentee father. His quest scrapes his sensibilities against the Big Beat, campy pubs, Socialists, Tories, rebellious kids, bad pork pies—all the things that give the old country its overwrought atmosphere. And he sheds a few colonial illusions in a bedtime encounter with a cool countess.

Priestley plainly sees no reason to despair over the frenzied goings-on, particularly among the kids. In fact, he says, the real "lost souls" don't wear their hair long and play guitars. They have crew cuts, trained minds, sign on for research in biological warfare, and don't give their parents a moment's worry.

R.F.K. THE MAN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT by Ralph de Toledano. 381 pages. Putnam. \$6.95

This biography of Bobby Kennedy is not quite as venomous as Victor Lasky's *J.J. K., The Man & the Myth*, nor does it have the I-was-there authenticity of Theodore Sorenson's *Kennedy*, or the sharp historical insights of Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s *A Thousand Days*. Nevertheless, De Toledano's *R.F.K.* owes plenty to all three—along with dozens of other fileable Bobby notes and quotes from a multitude of other public-library-shelf sources. Predictably, the author has let his right-wing bias warp the good and winnow only the bad from the reams of words that have already been written about Bobby: he has created an absurdly baileaf, pastepot portrait of Kennedy that is as amateurishly written as it is inaccurately reported.



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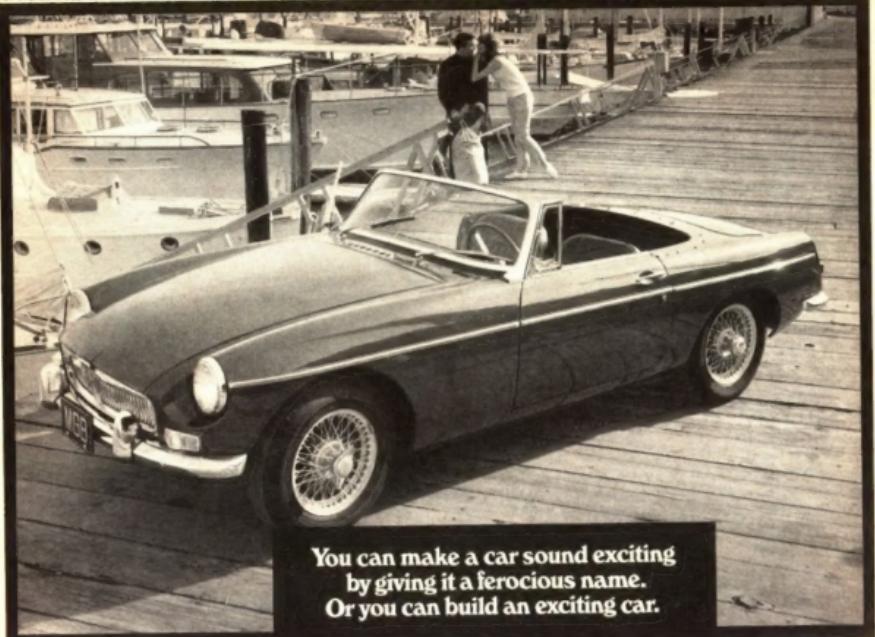
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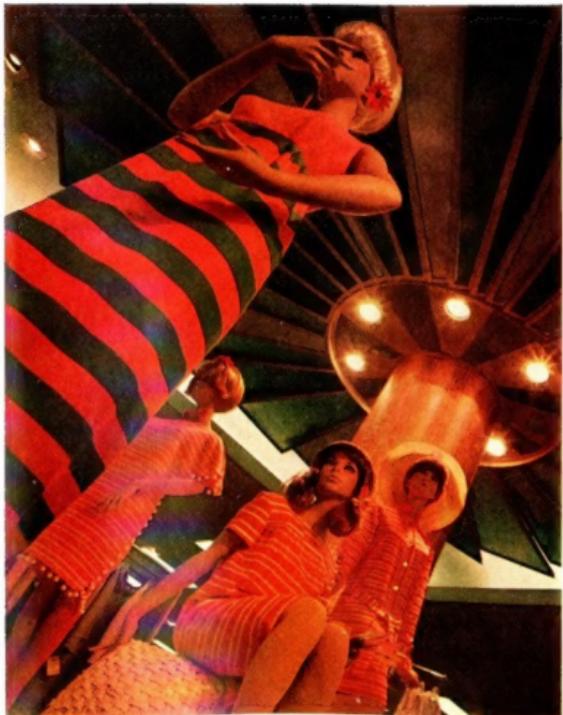
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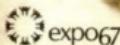
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